

MARCH - APRIL
NO. 15

10¢
K
ID

"RED" RABBIT

Comics





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SEND TODAY MORE FUN FOR EVERYONE

"BASHFUL BUNNY" LIGHTS UP WHEN YOU TICKLE ITS TUMMY!!



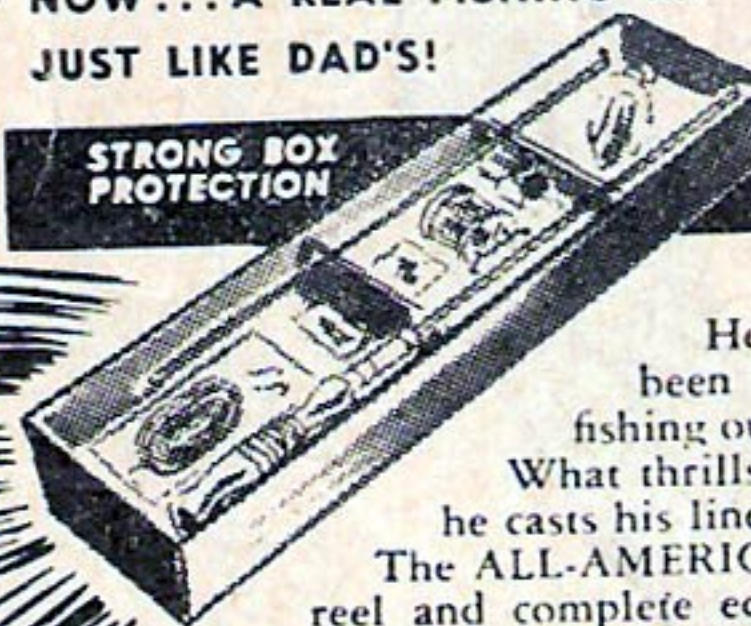
- The Ideal Gift
- Has Electric Light Eyes That Lite Up and Shine
- Fascinating to Young & Old Alike

Here's a bunny who's completely captivating... tickle his tummy and his eyes light up to show you he loves you! Battery and two colored bulbs come completely assembled... can be easily removed and replaced to last a lifetime. He's all pink and white, with the perkier ears, a set of proud whiskers, and a bonny blue ribbon to tie around his neck.

ONLY \$2.98 **SEND NO MONEY**
Rush your order today. Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

THE ALL-AMERICAN FISHING OUTFIT!

- COMPLETE 12 PIECE FISHING KIT!
- PERFECT FOR SALT OR FRESH WATER
- NOW... A REAL FISHING KIT JUST LIKE DAD'S!



Here's the gift junior's been waiting for! A real fishing outfit just like Dad's... What thrills and excitement when he casts his line and hooks a big one! The ALL-AMERICAN comes with rod'n reel and complete equipment for fresh or salt-water fishing. NO extras to buy—this set is really complete! Watch Junior's friends envy him with this handy-dandy gift! **SEND NO MONEY.** Rush your order today. Remit order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

\$2.98 (complete)

ORDER NOW

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 484
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the following items I checked below:
Enclosed: ☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.

- ☐ Bashful Bunny...2.98 ☐ Palooka Bop Bag.2.98
☐ Fishing Outfit... 2.98 ☐ Cuddles.....2.98
☐ Tune King Accordion.....2.98

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

JOE PALOOKA 'BOP' BAG



THE SOCK SENSATION OF THE YEAR

Hey kids! Here's real fun, lots of action, real sport with JOE PALOOKA 'BOP' BAG—colorful, lively, animated punching bag. Knock it down, it always comes back at you for more! An ideal tackling dummy—wrestling partner—sparring partner. Punched against a wall it becomes a rapid punching bag. Perfect as an exerciser and trainer, indoors or out. Made of extra heavy long lasting vinylite, over 25 inches tall, with metal valve for easy inflation. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

IMAGINE
ONLY
\$2.98
complete

SQUEEZE ME.../COO!

Introducing "CUDDLES"



- 13 INCH LIFELIKE DOLL
- WASHABLE RUBBER WONDERSKIN
- SHE DRINKS, WETS, SLEEPS, COOS

Every child's dream will come true with CUDDLES—sensational 13 inch DRINK-AND-WET DOLL of washable rubber WONDERSKIN—the amazing new lifelike doll skin! SHE COOS delightfully when you squeeze her, when you hug her. Adorable CUDDLES has long wavy hair, sparkling blue eyes that open and close. She drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her—move her cuddly arms, legs and head—make her walk, sleep and coo! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

only
\$2.98
complete

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
READ MUSIC!

NO PRACTICING OR
EXERCISE NEEDED!

TUNE KING!



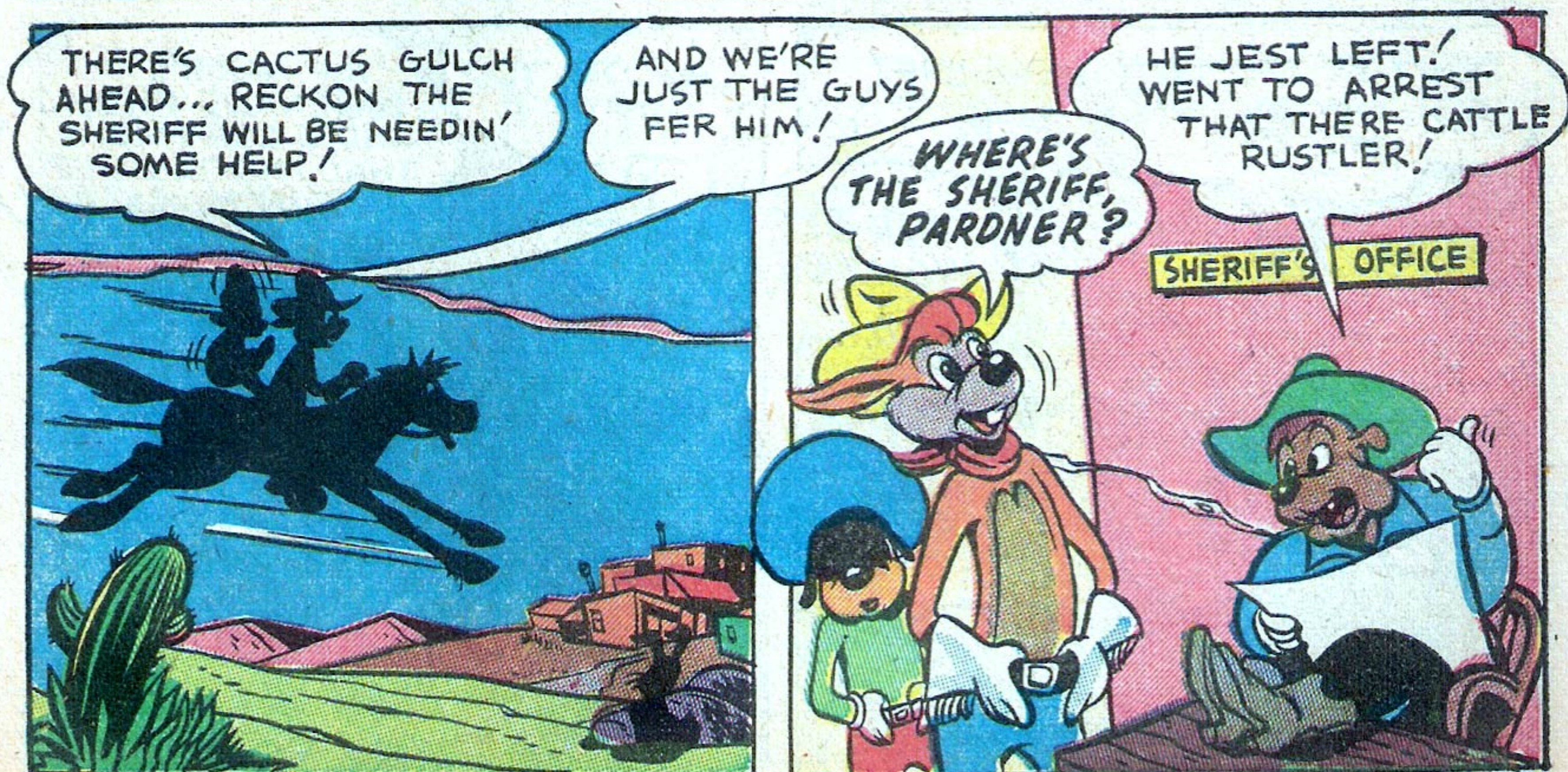
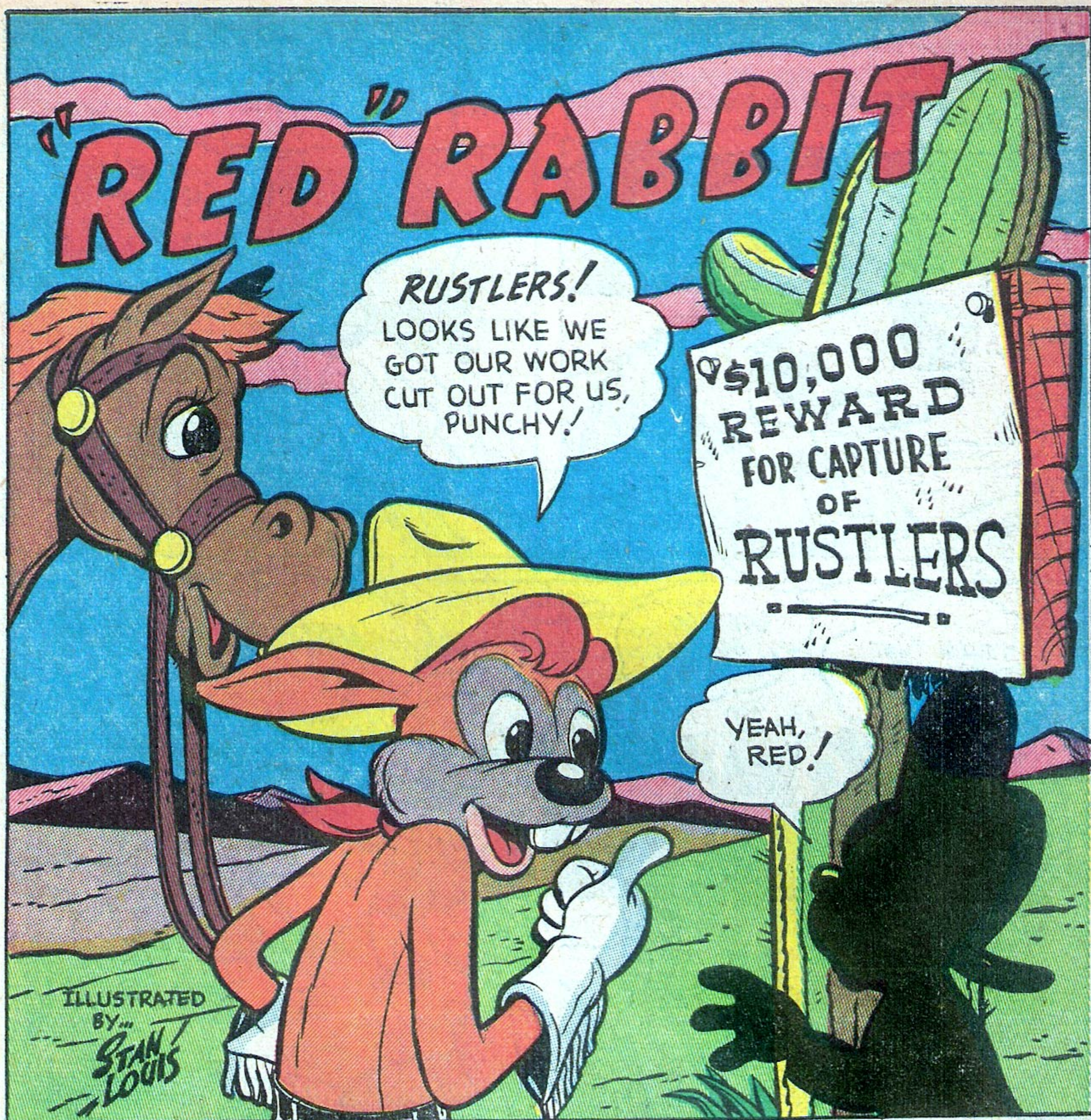
SWING
ACCORDIAN

Complete With
FREE
Instruction Book.

- Authentic Piano Keyboard
- Lifetime Vinylite Bellows
- Carefully-Tuned Brass Reeds
- All-Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the TUNE-KING Swing Accordion will make every boy & girl or adults the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored, authentic piano-accordion keyboard simplifies playing—and makes your friends think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. **FREE:** An instruction book that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage or C. O. D. plus postage.

Imagine
Only
2.98



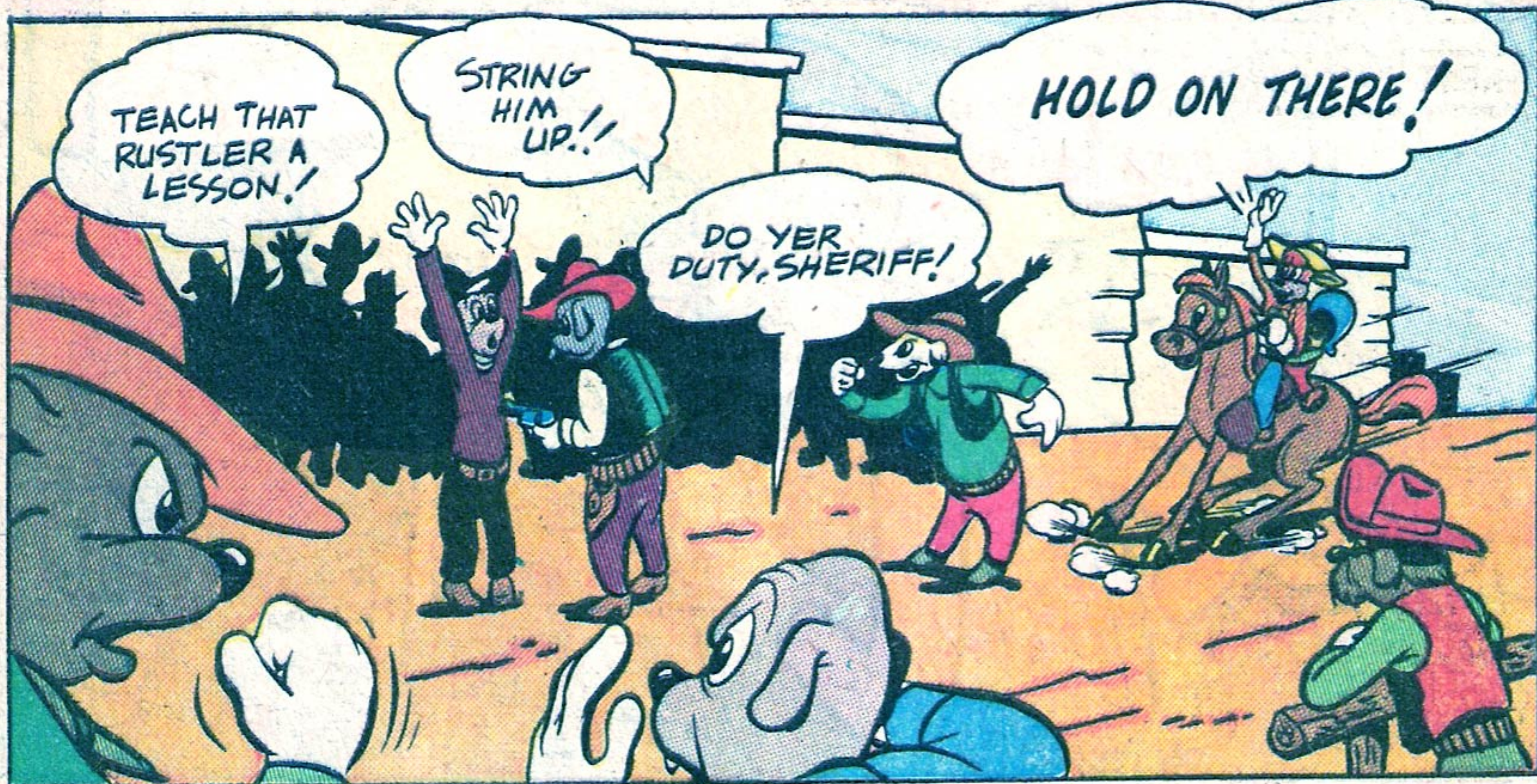


THAT NEW RANCHER... NAME OF
BADLANDS RILEY... FOUND A PASSEL
OF HIS CATTLE IN JAKE MILLER'S HERD!



JAKE MILLER? MUST BE
A MISTAKE... HE NEVER STOLE
A DOGIE IN HIS LIFE!

WE'D BETTER
LOOK INTO THIS,
RED!



TEACH THAT
RUSTLER A
LESSON!

STRING
HIM
UP!!

DO YER
DUTY, SHERIFF!

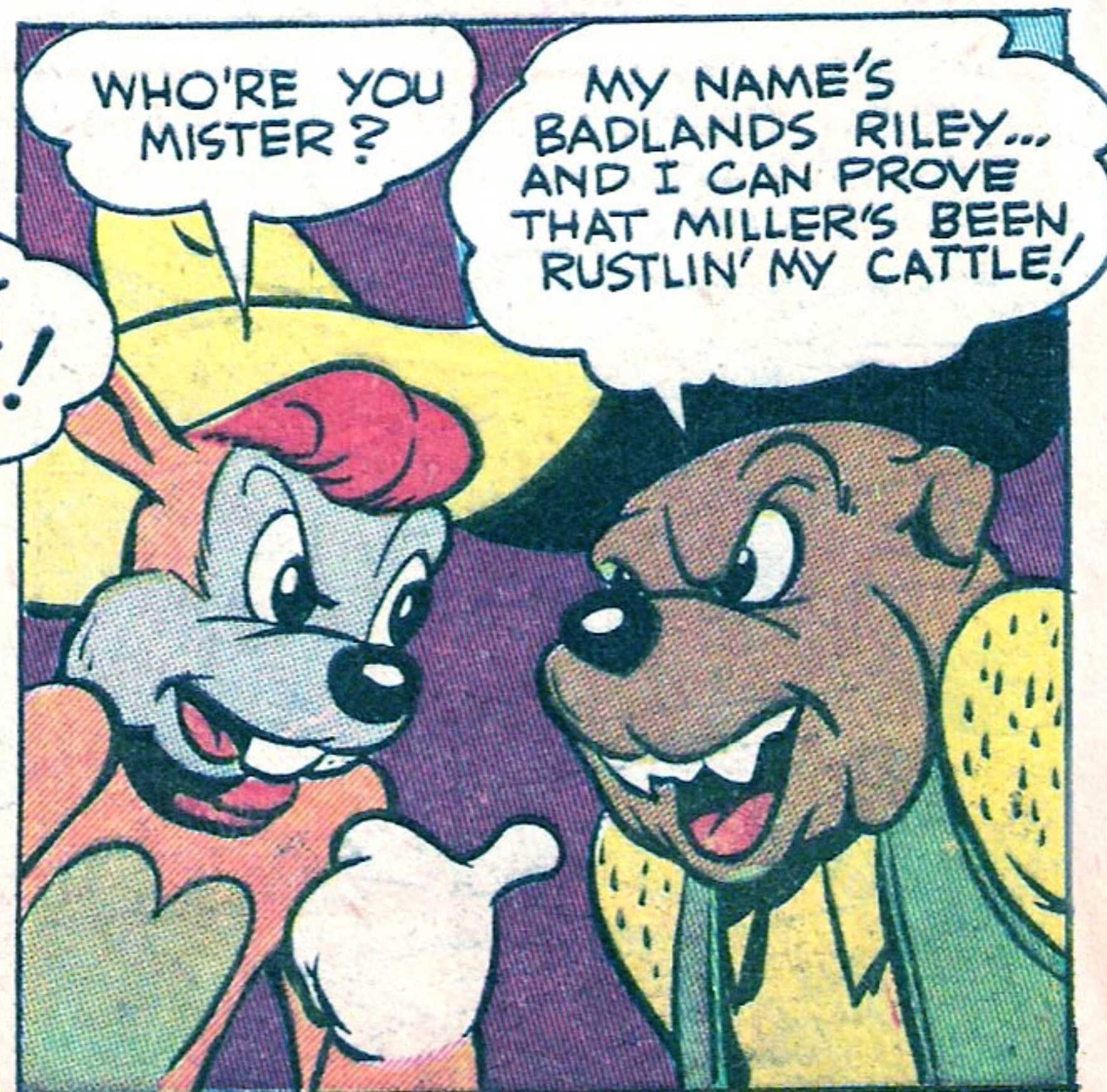
HOLD ON THERE!



DON'T BE TOO HASTY, SHERIFF!
GOT ANY EVIDENCE AGAINST
MILLER?

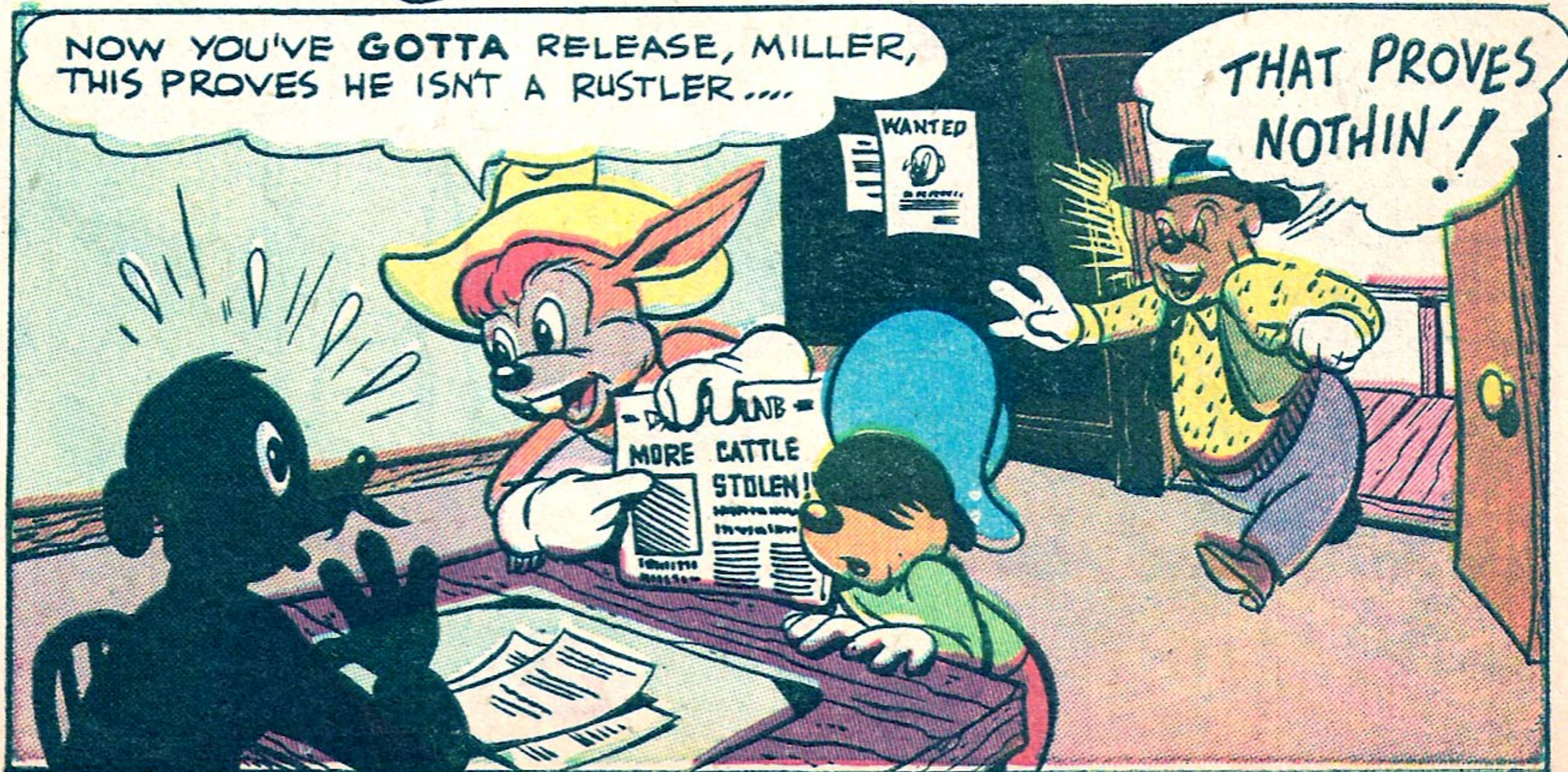
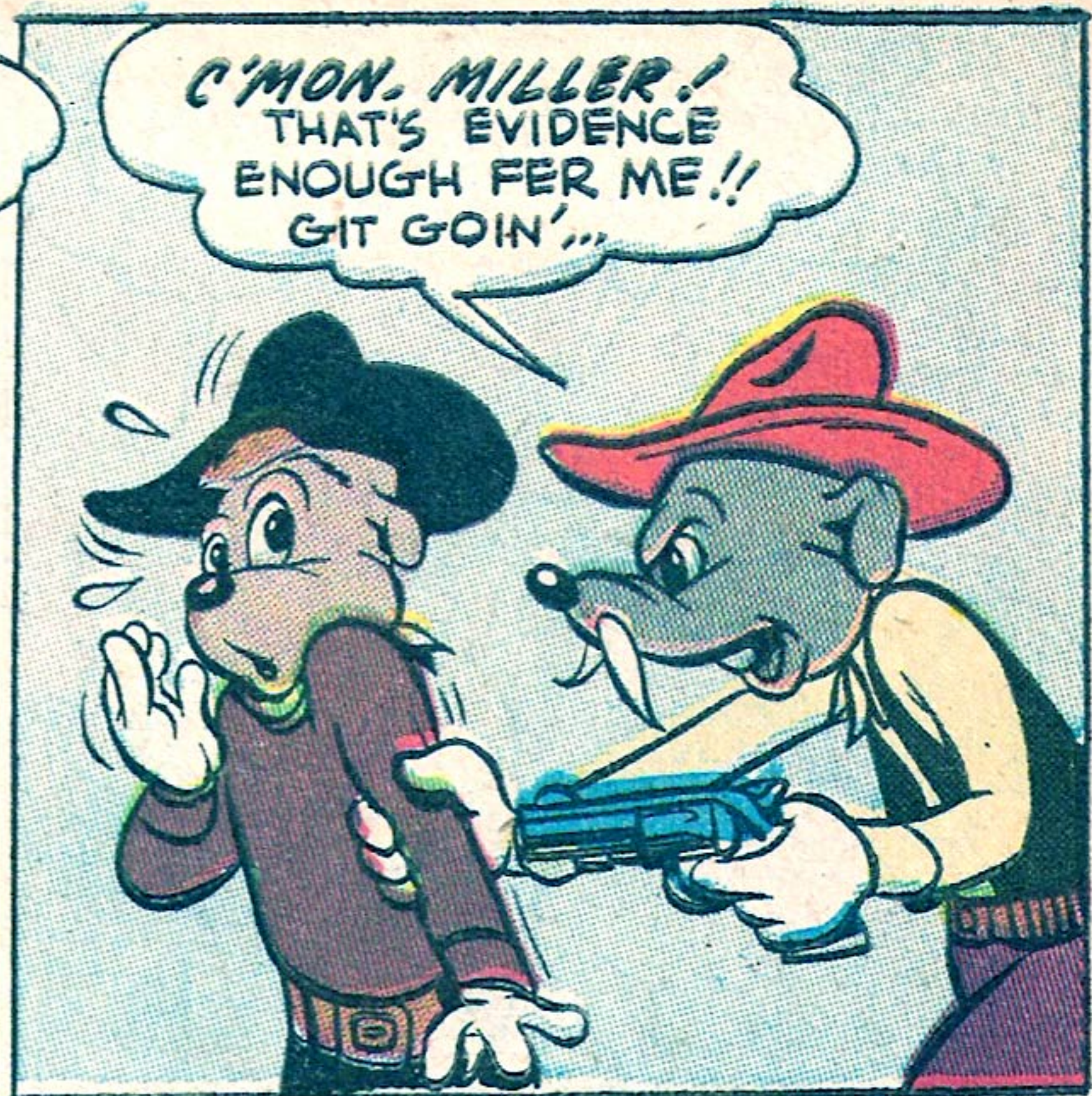
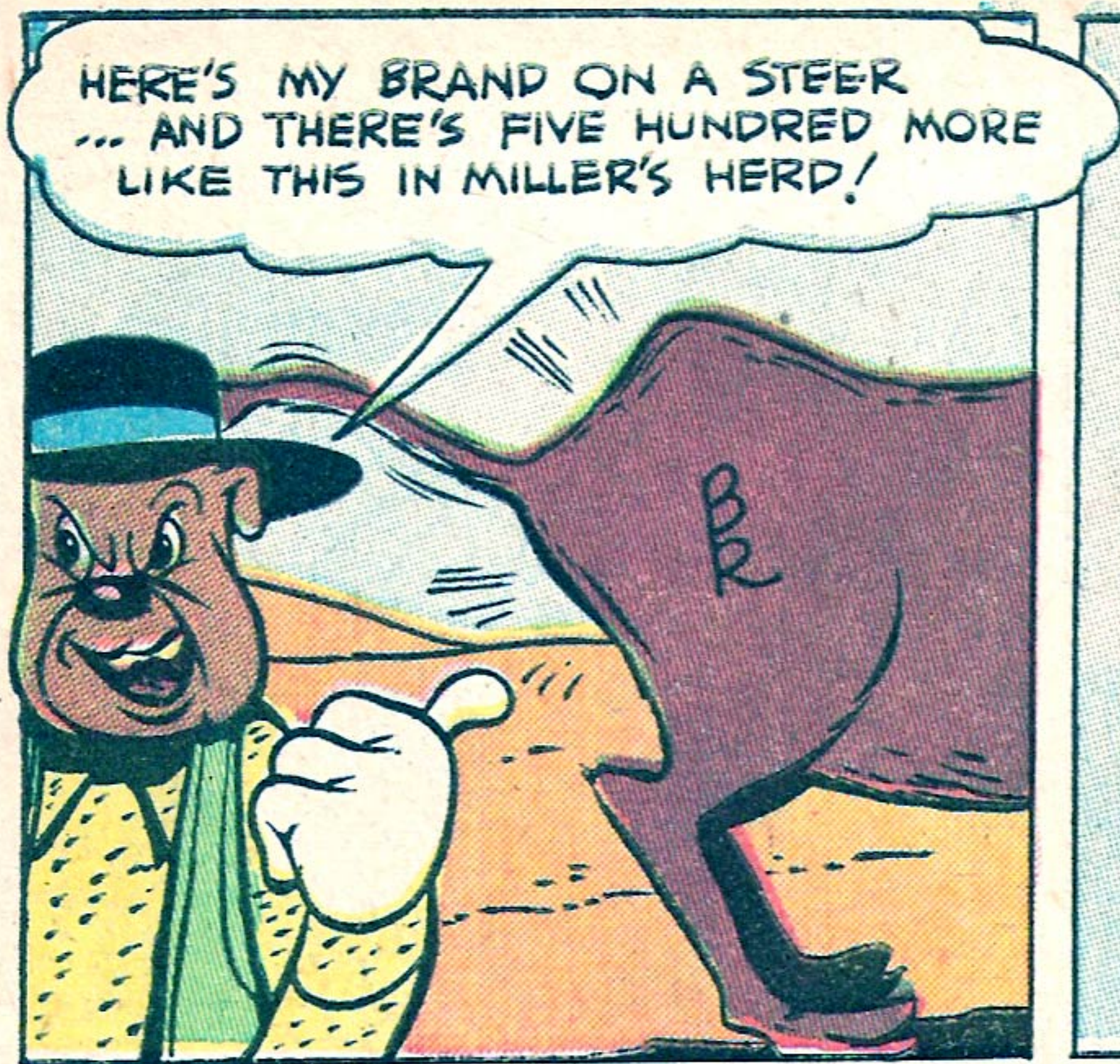
WAAL...

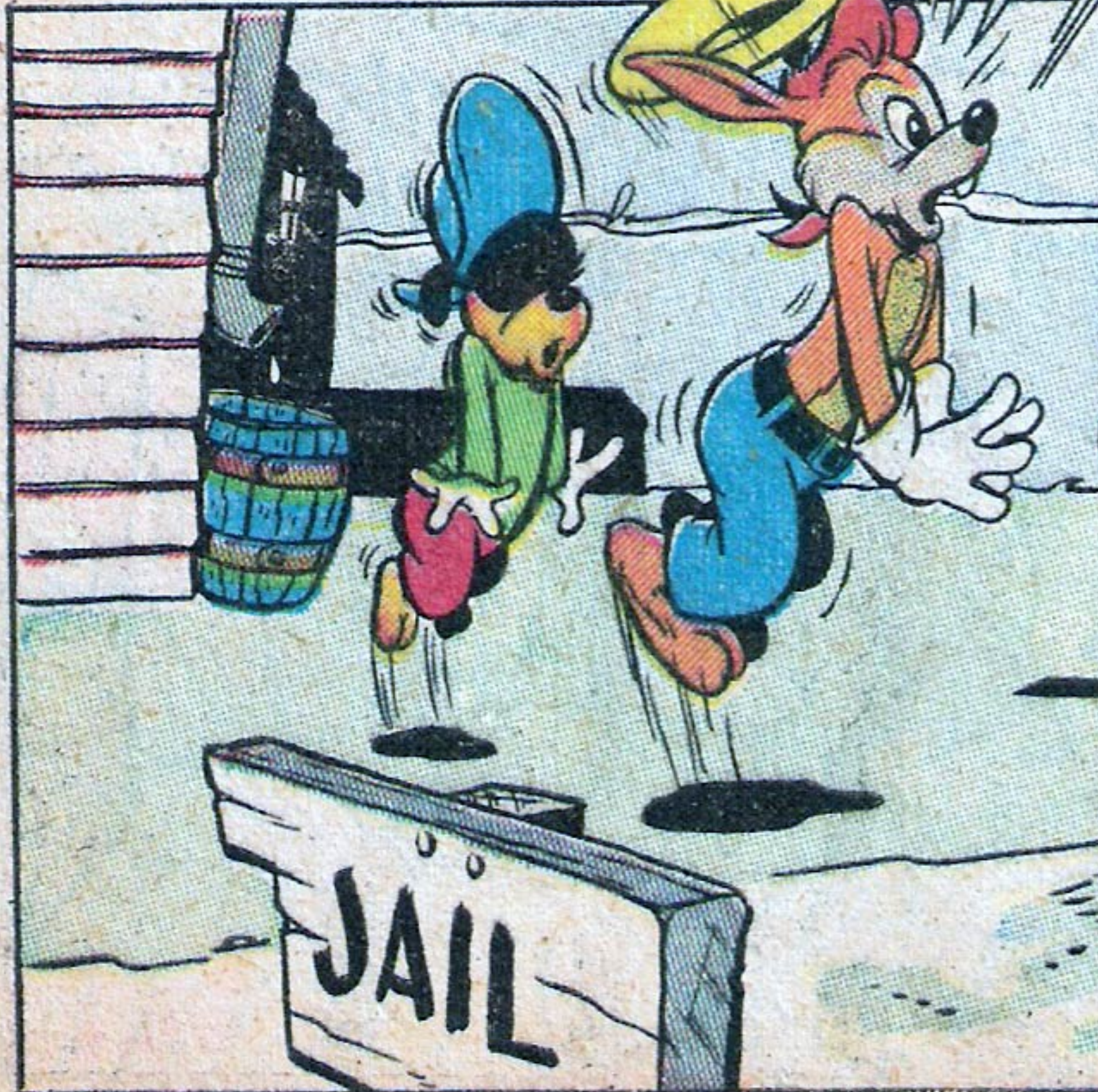
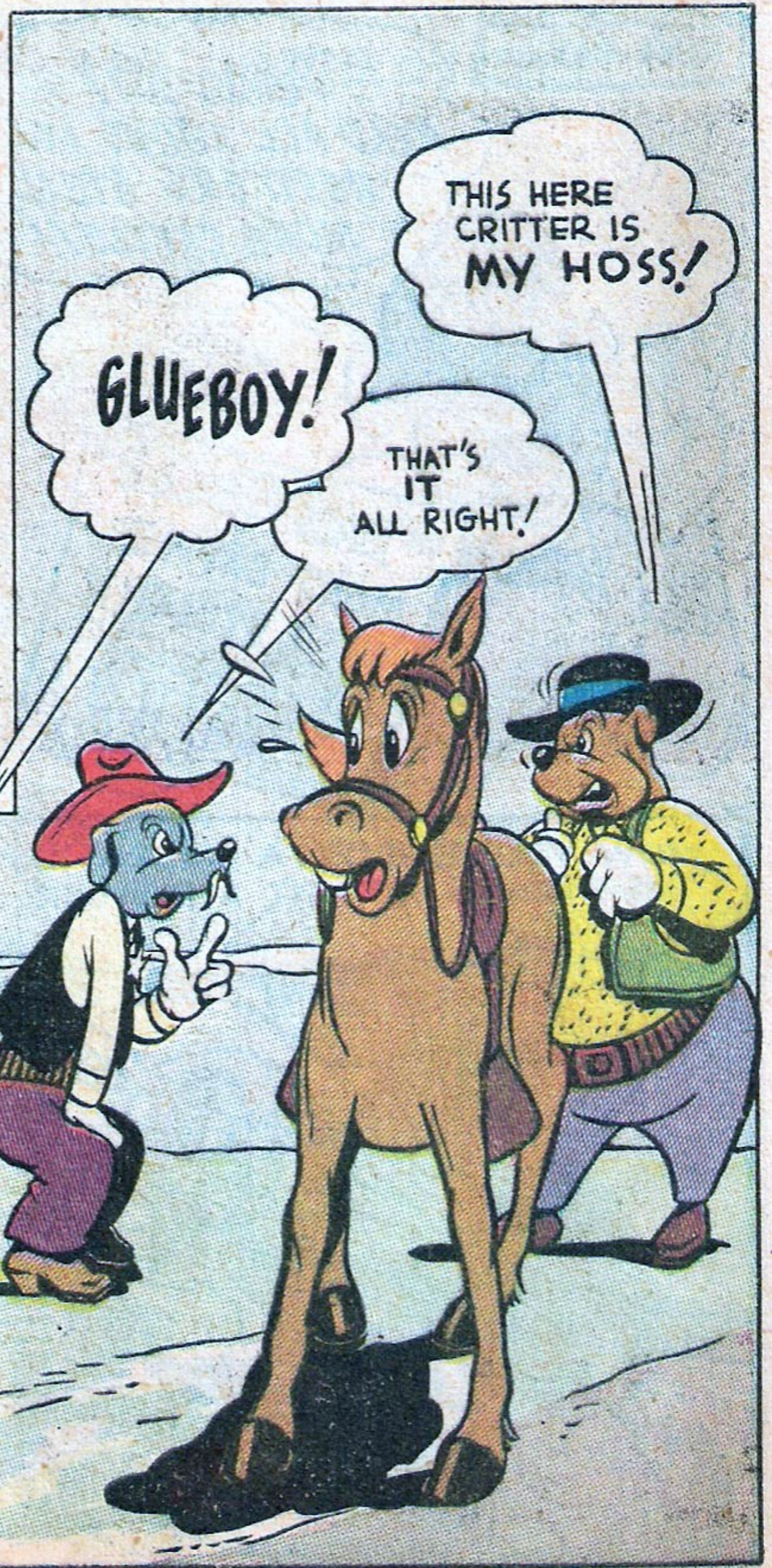
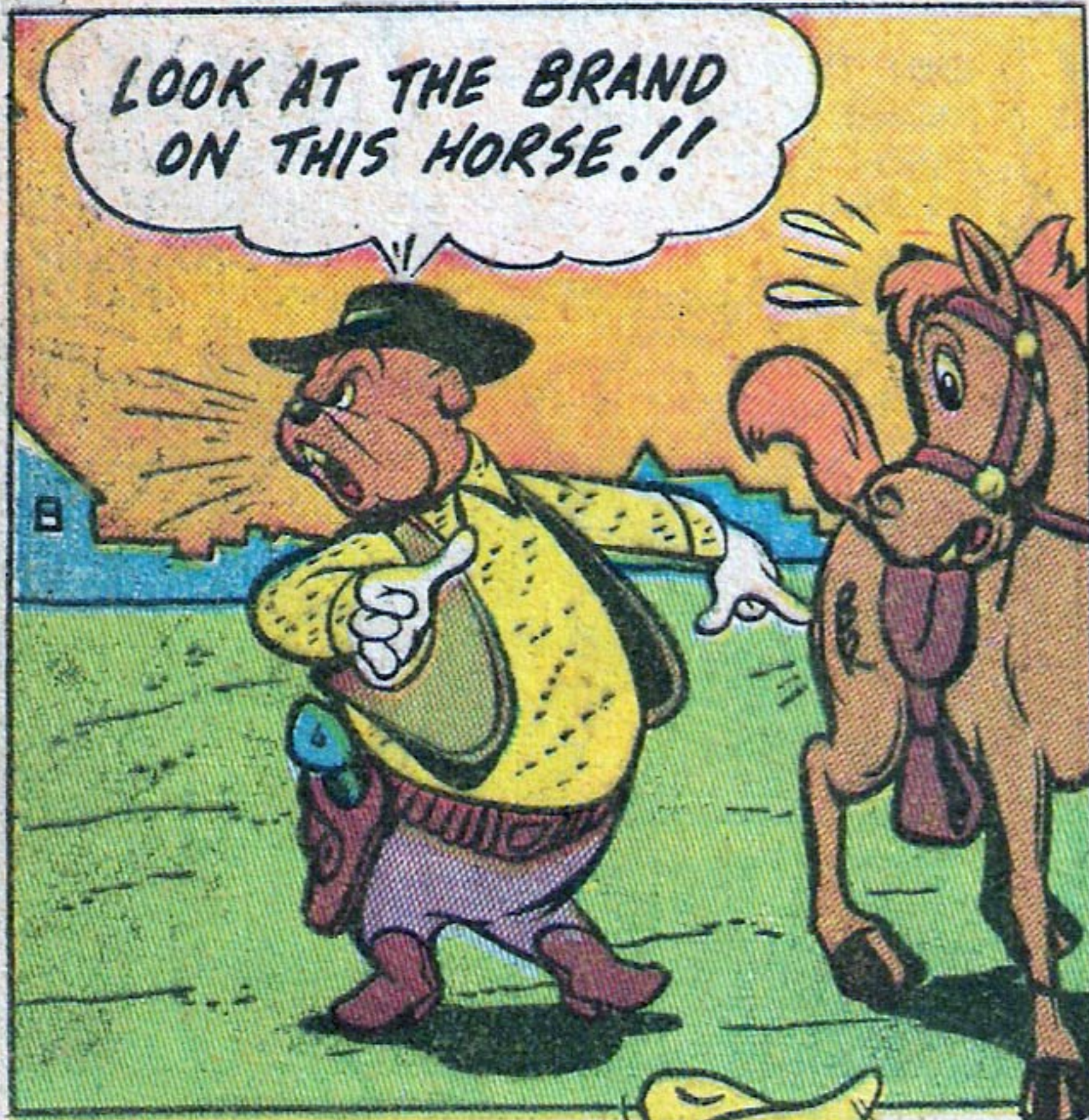
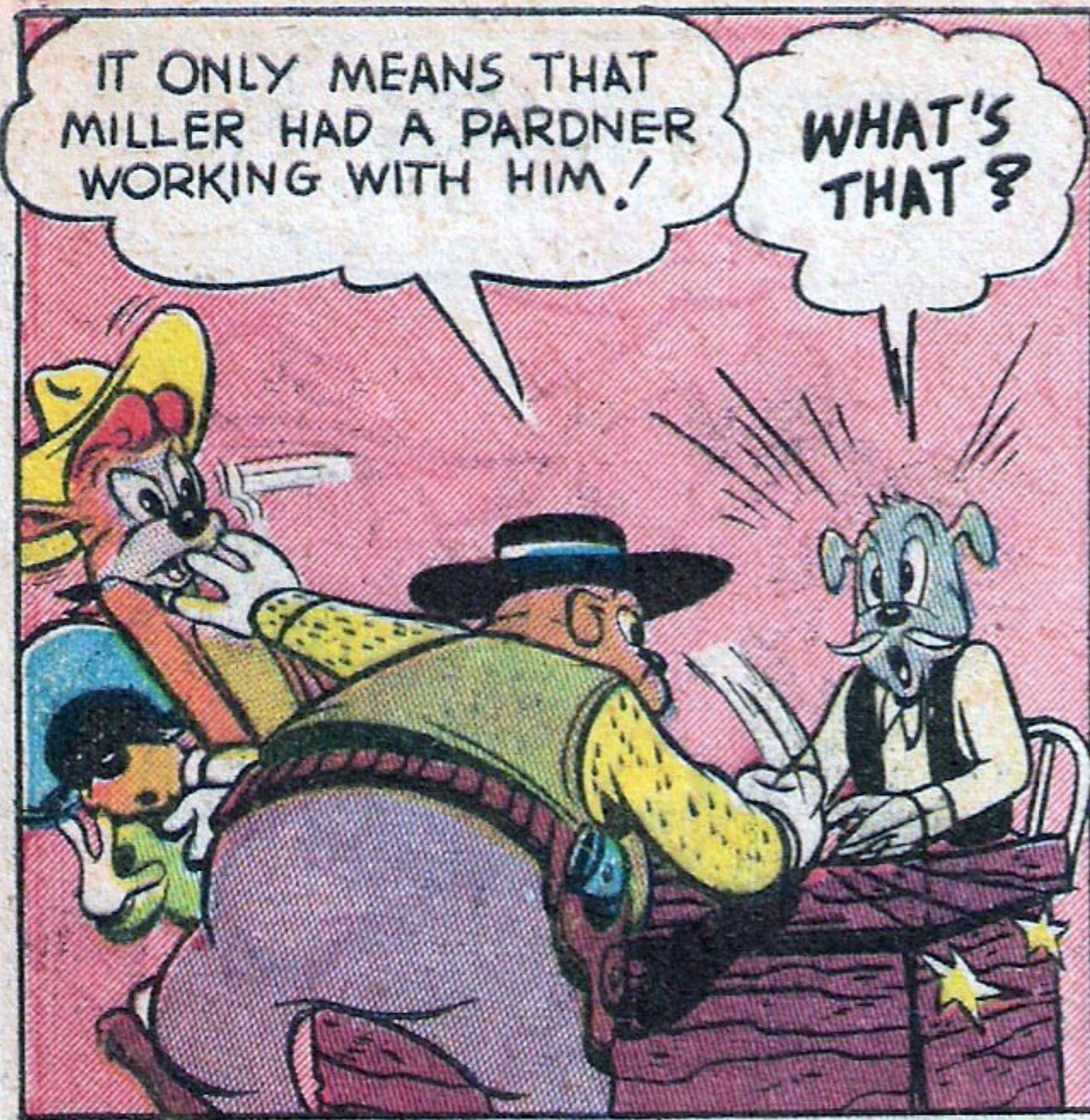
YOU BET
WE HAVE!

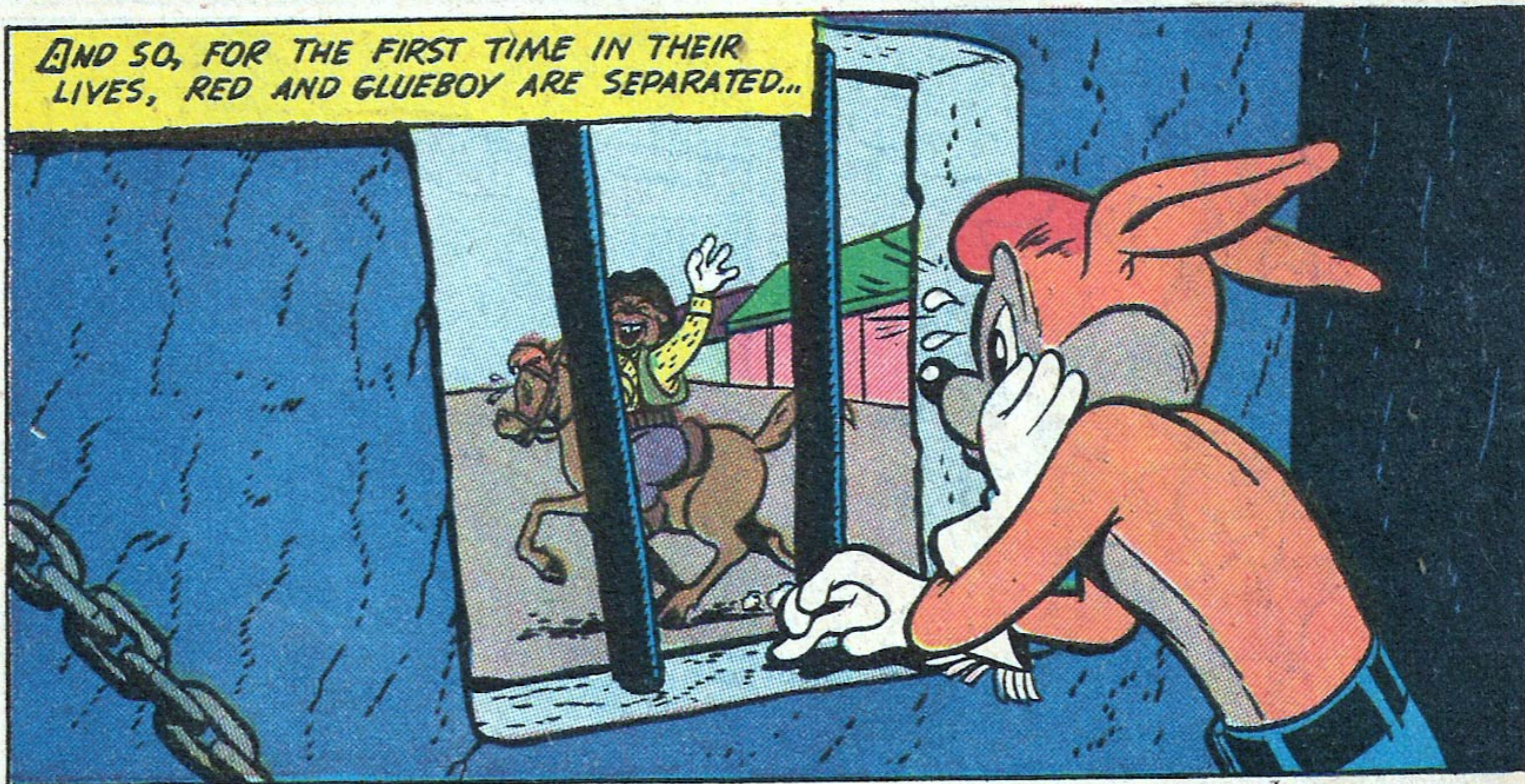


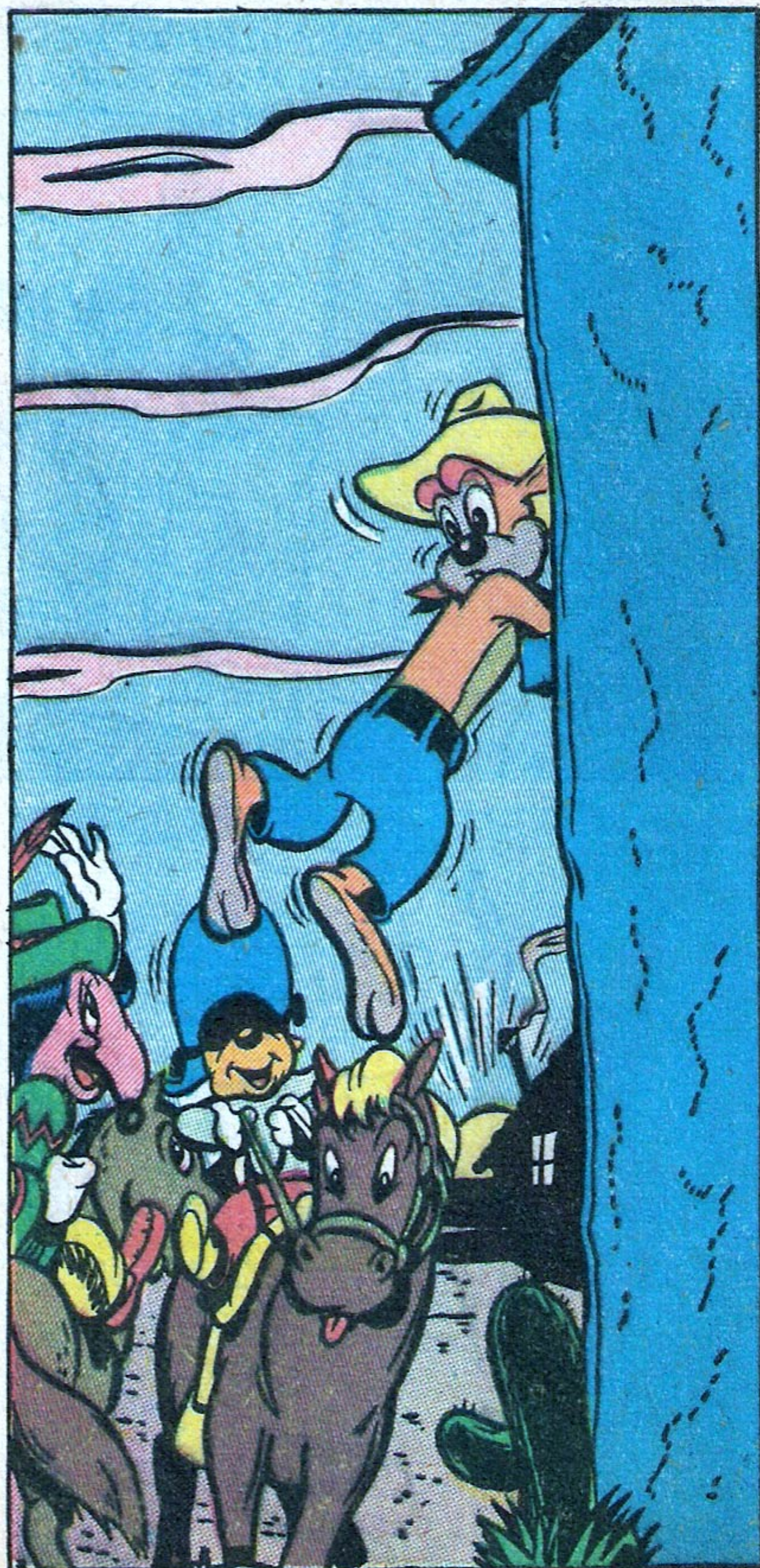
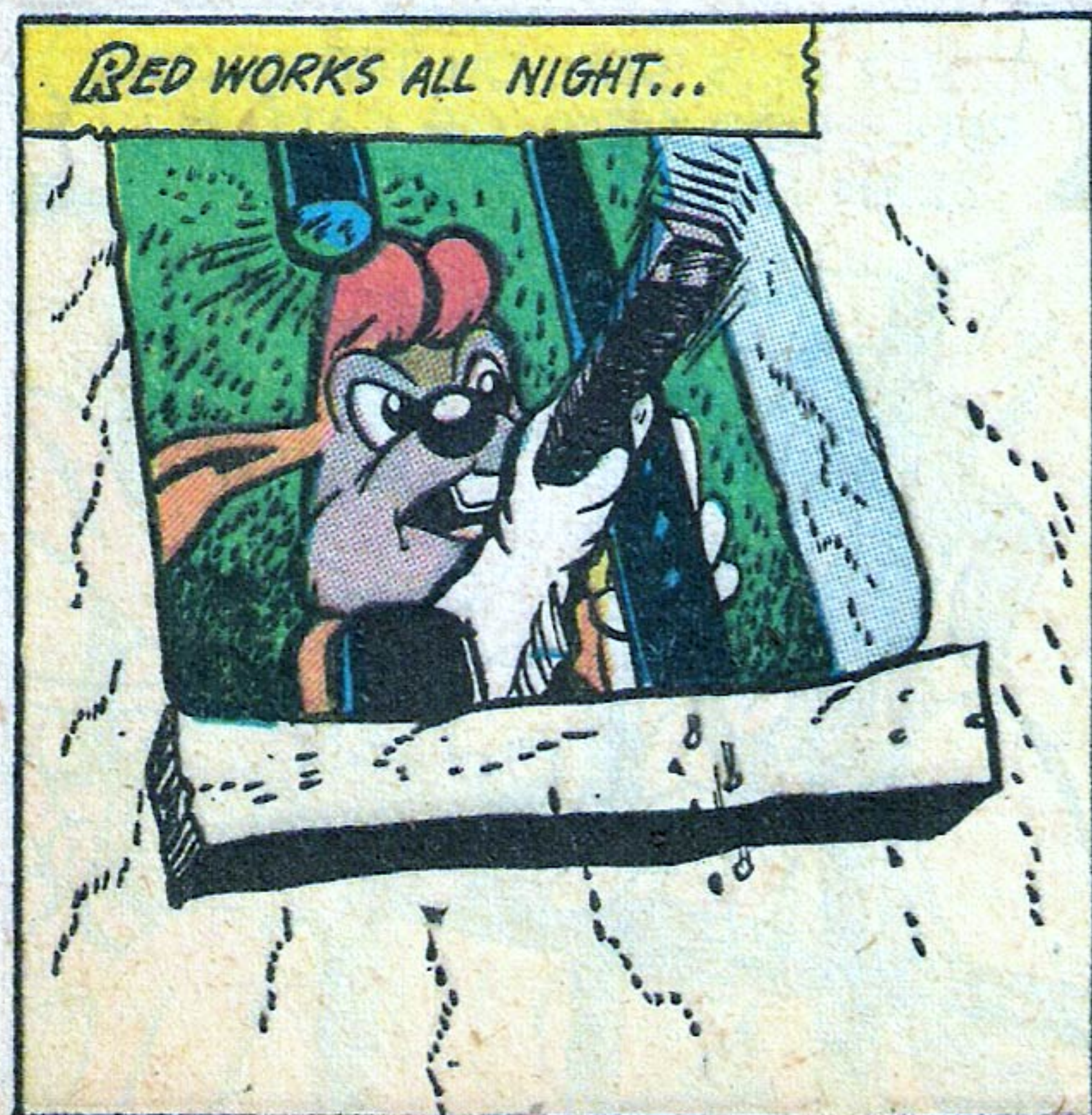
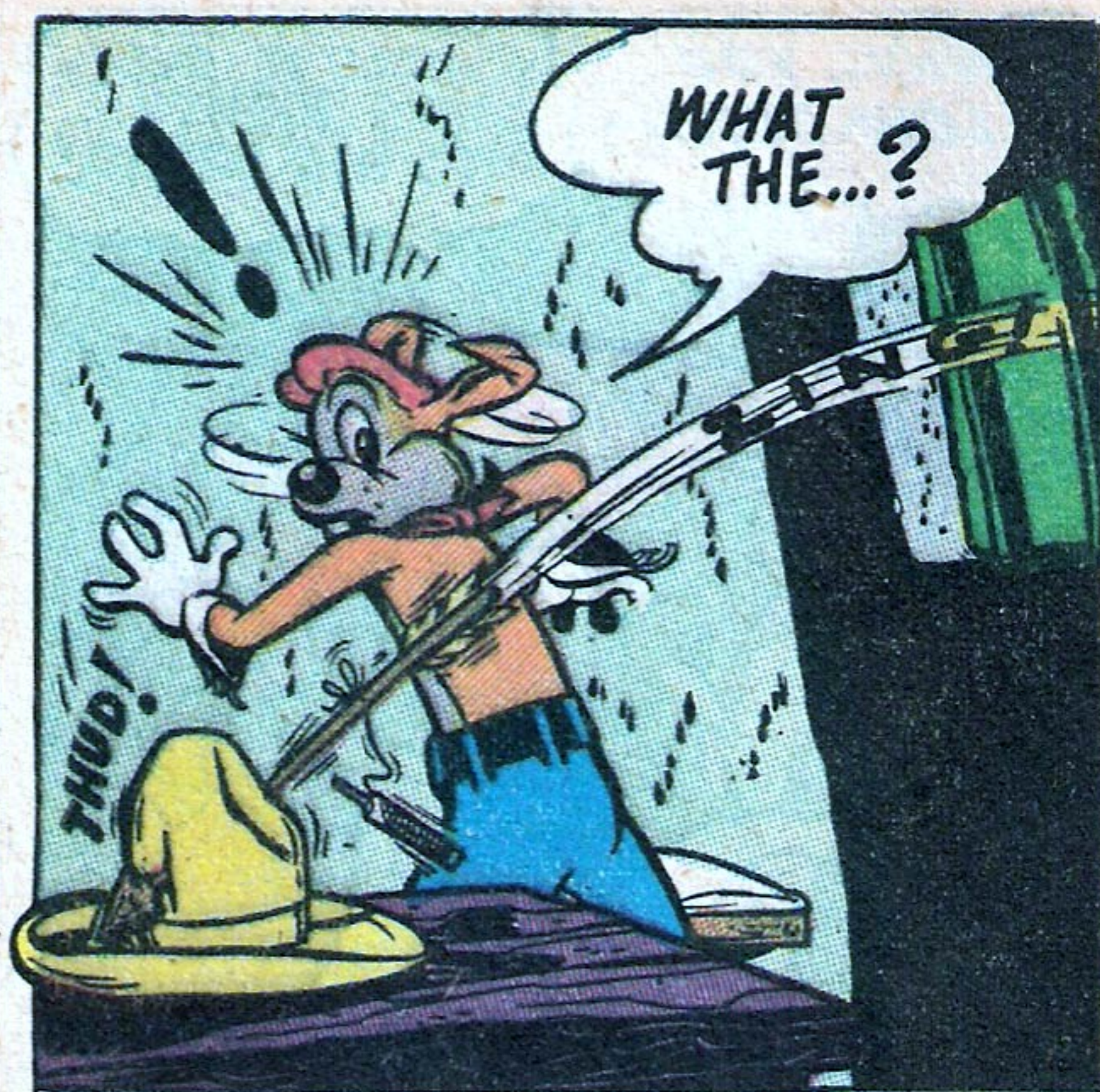
WHO'RE YOU
MISTER?

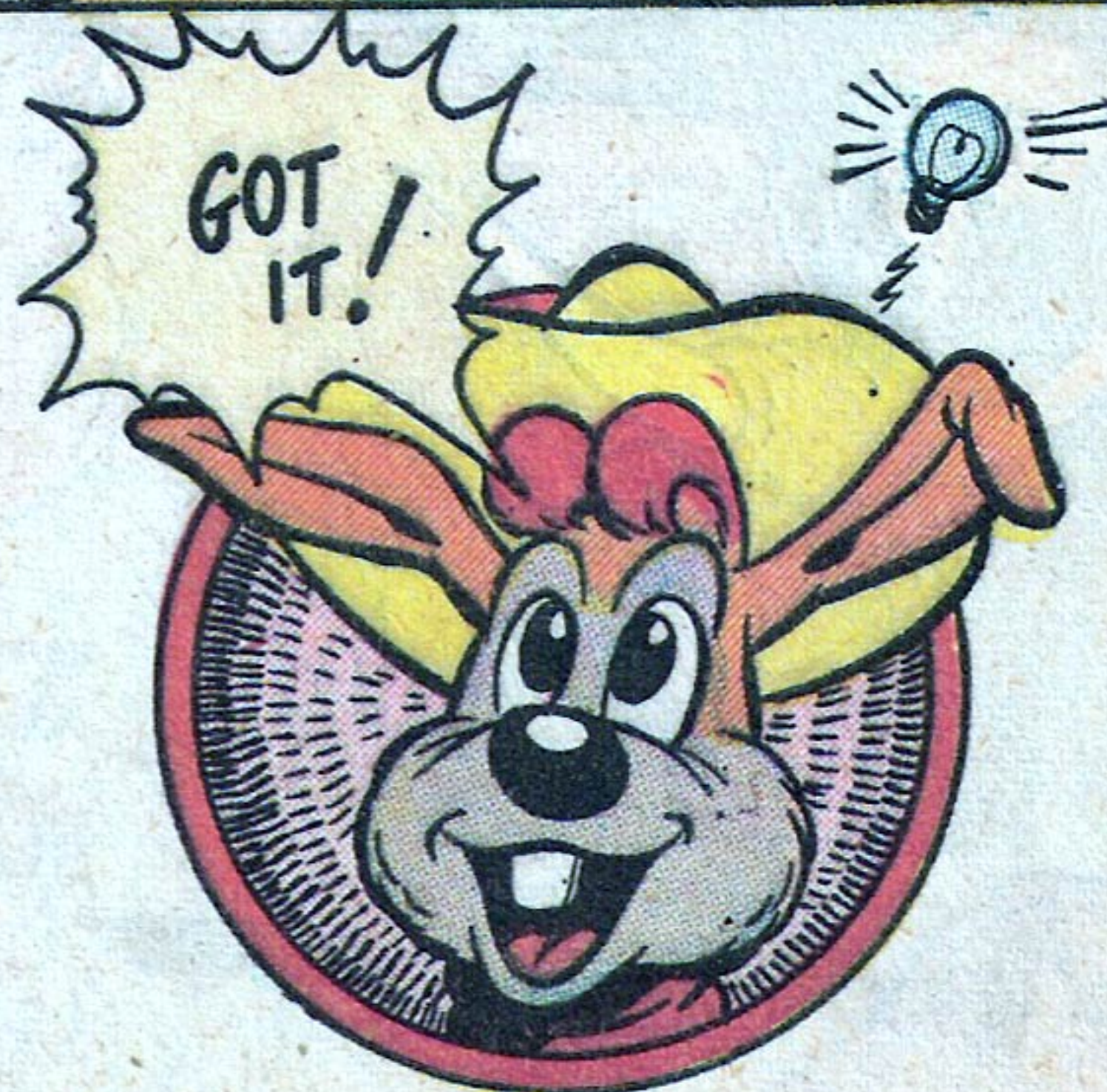
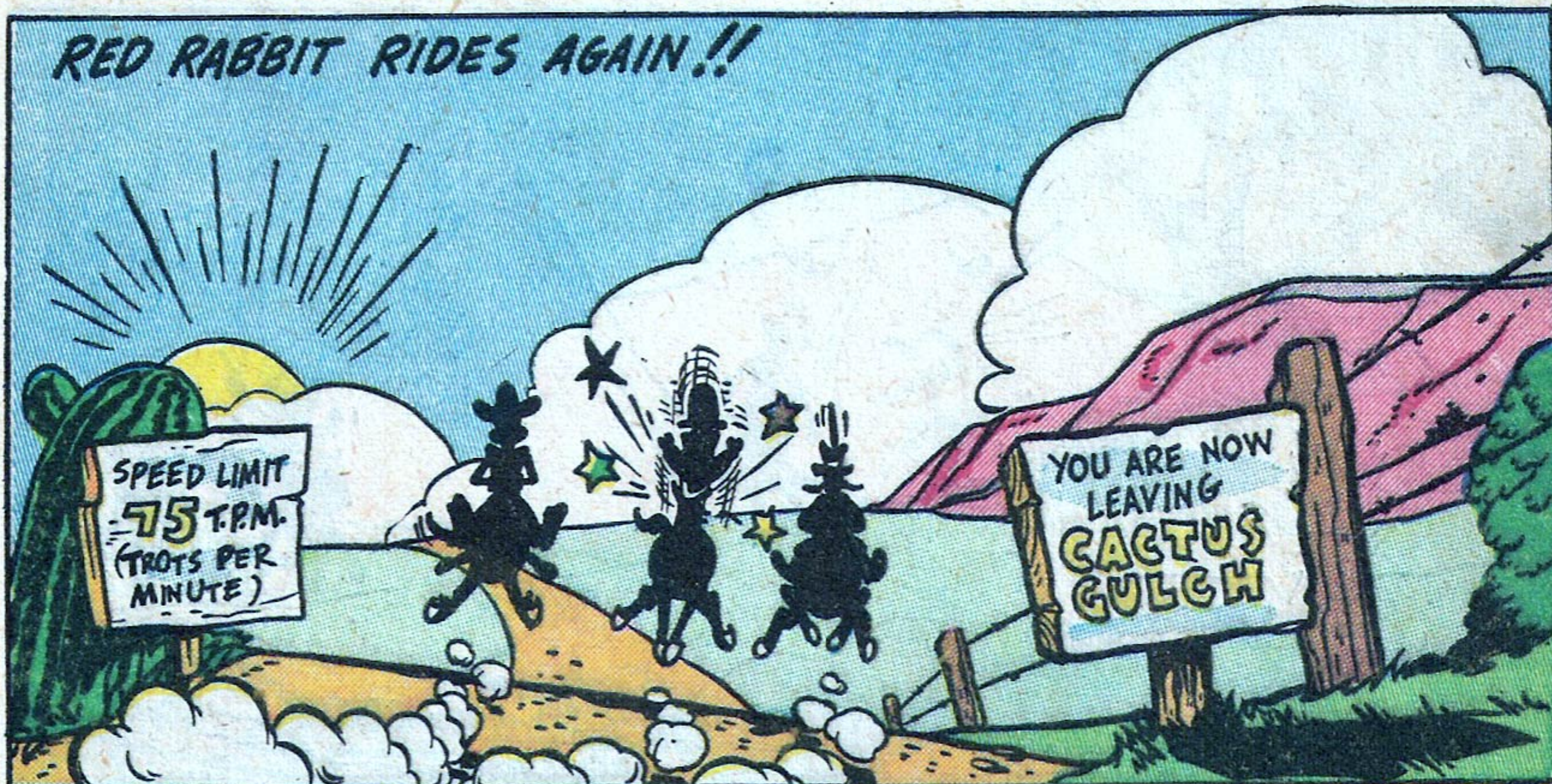
MY NAME'S
BADLANDS RILEY...
AND I CAN PROVE
THAT MILLER'S BEEN
RUSTLIN' MY CATTLE!

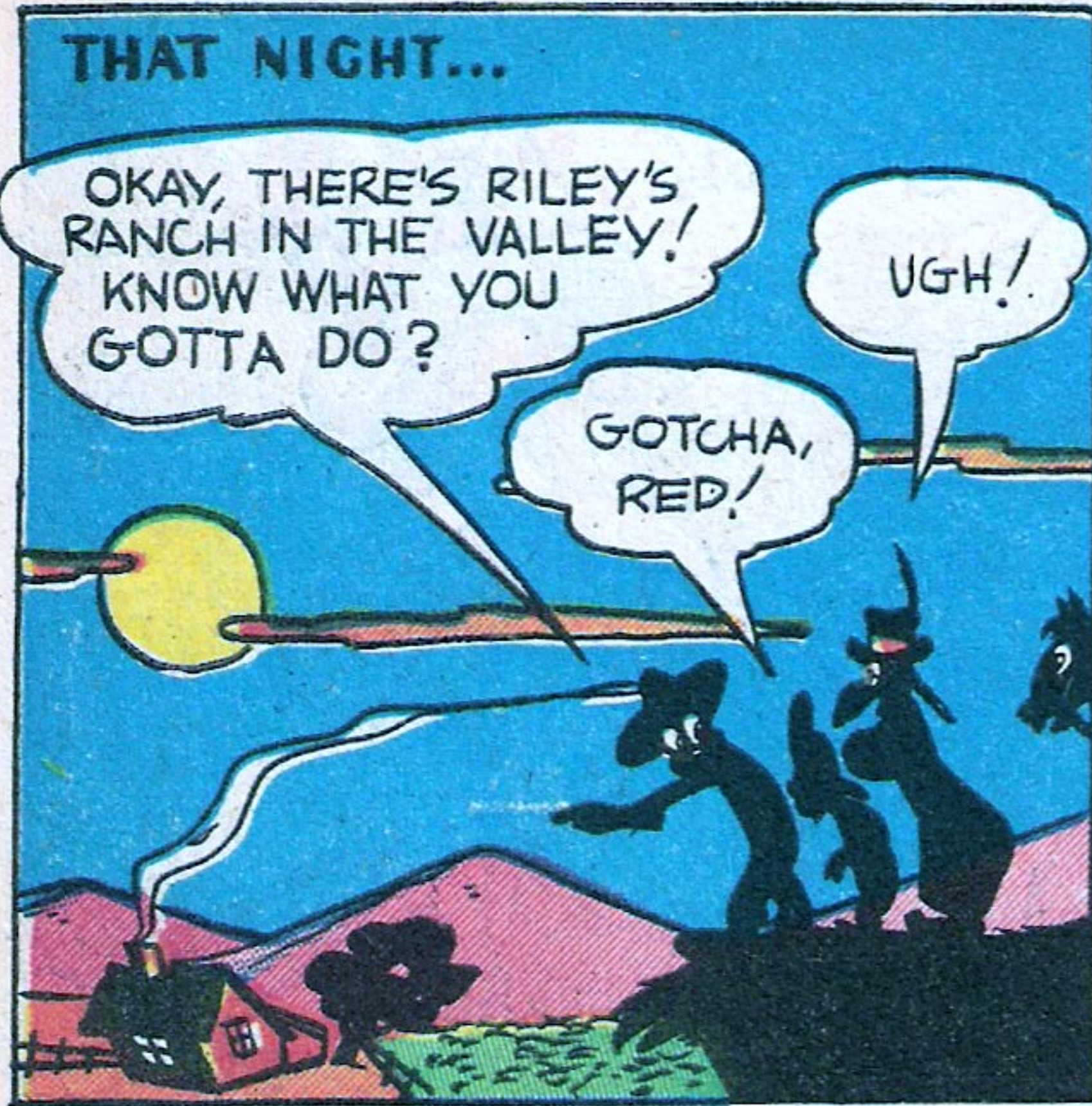


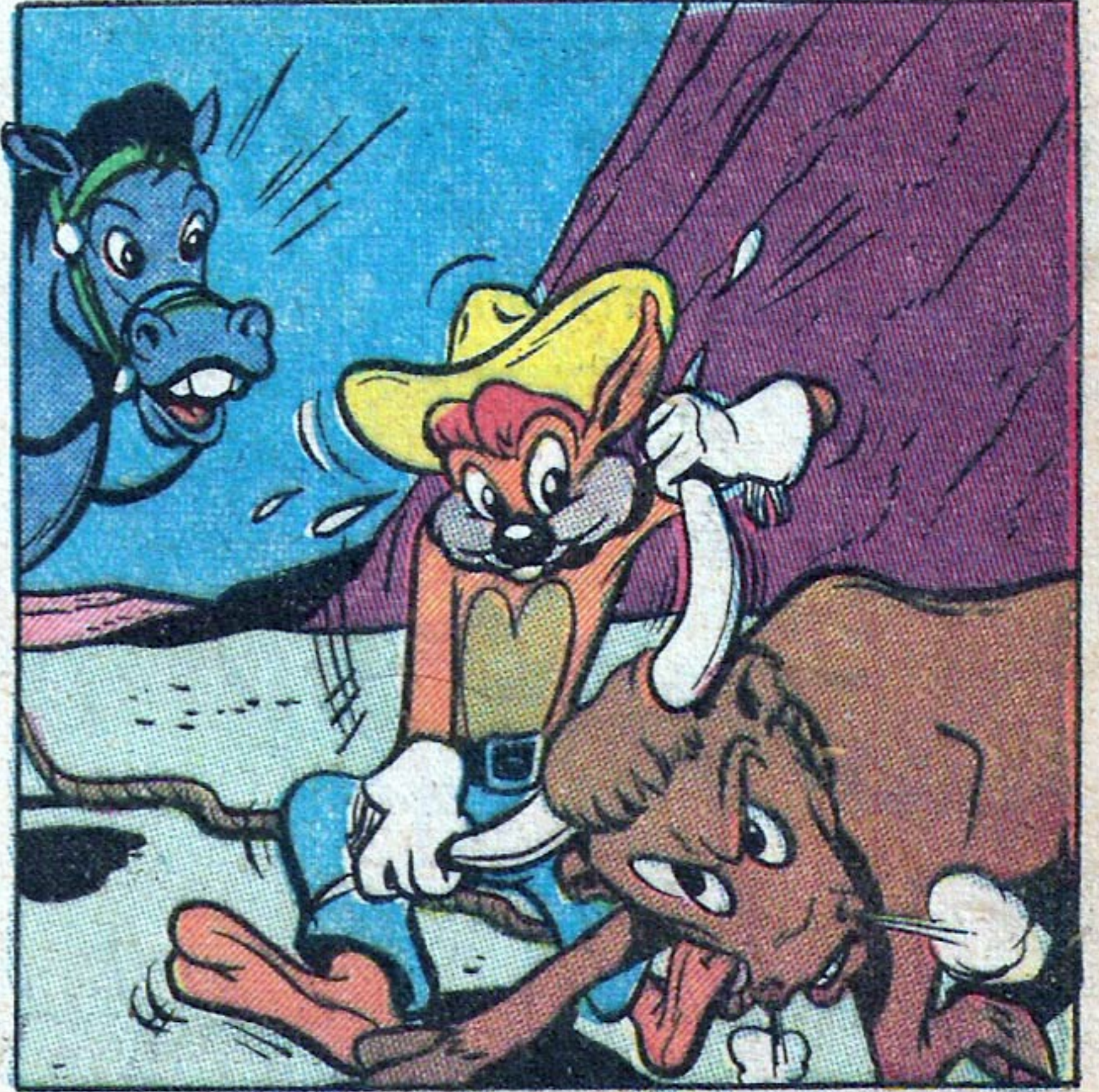
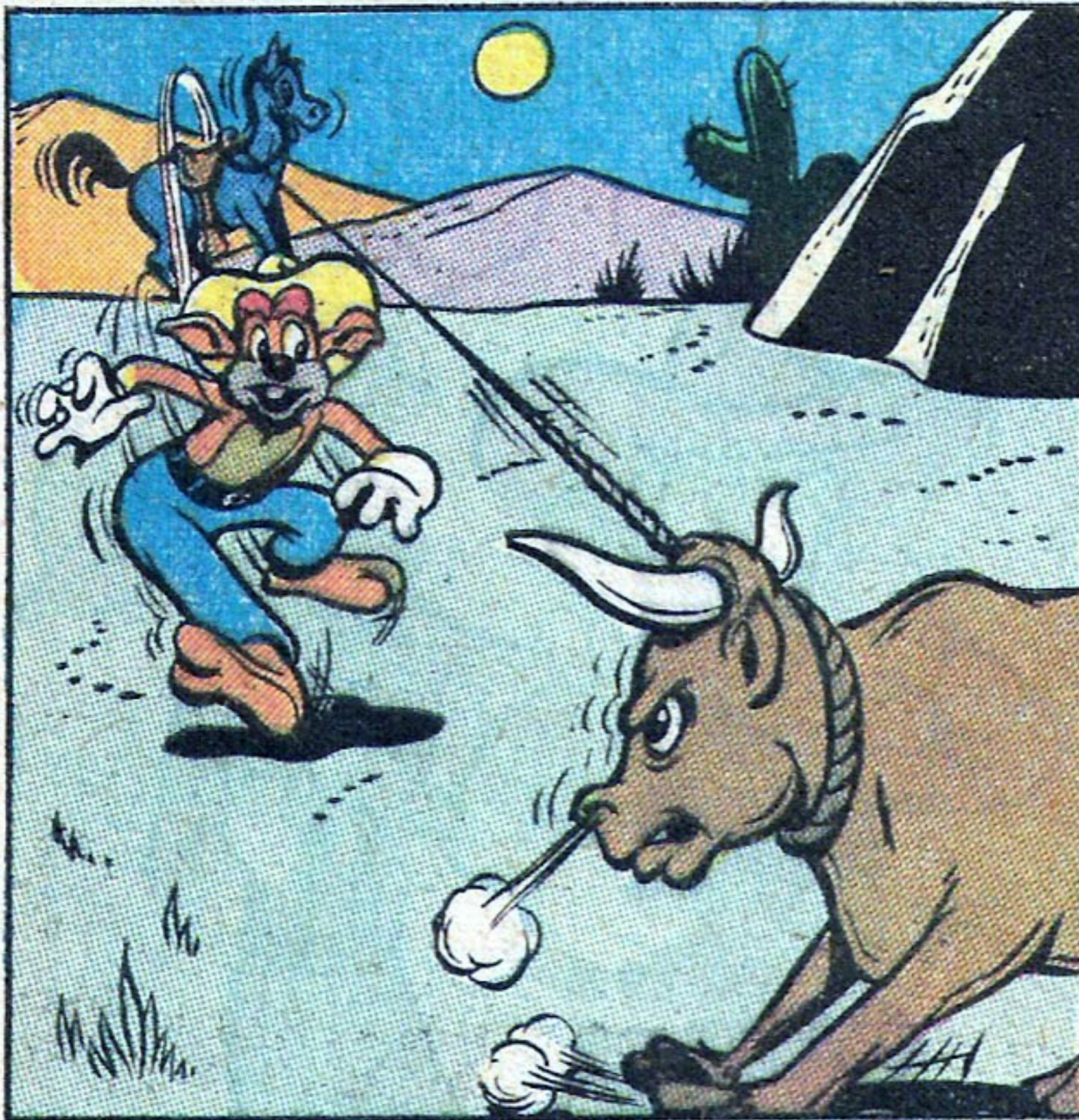
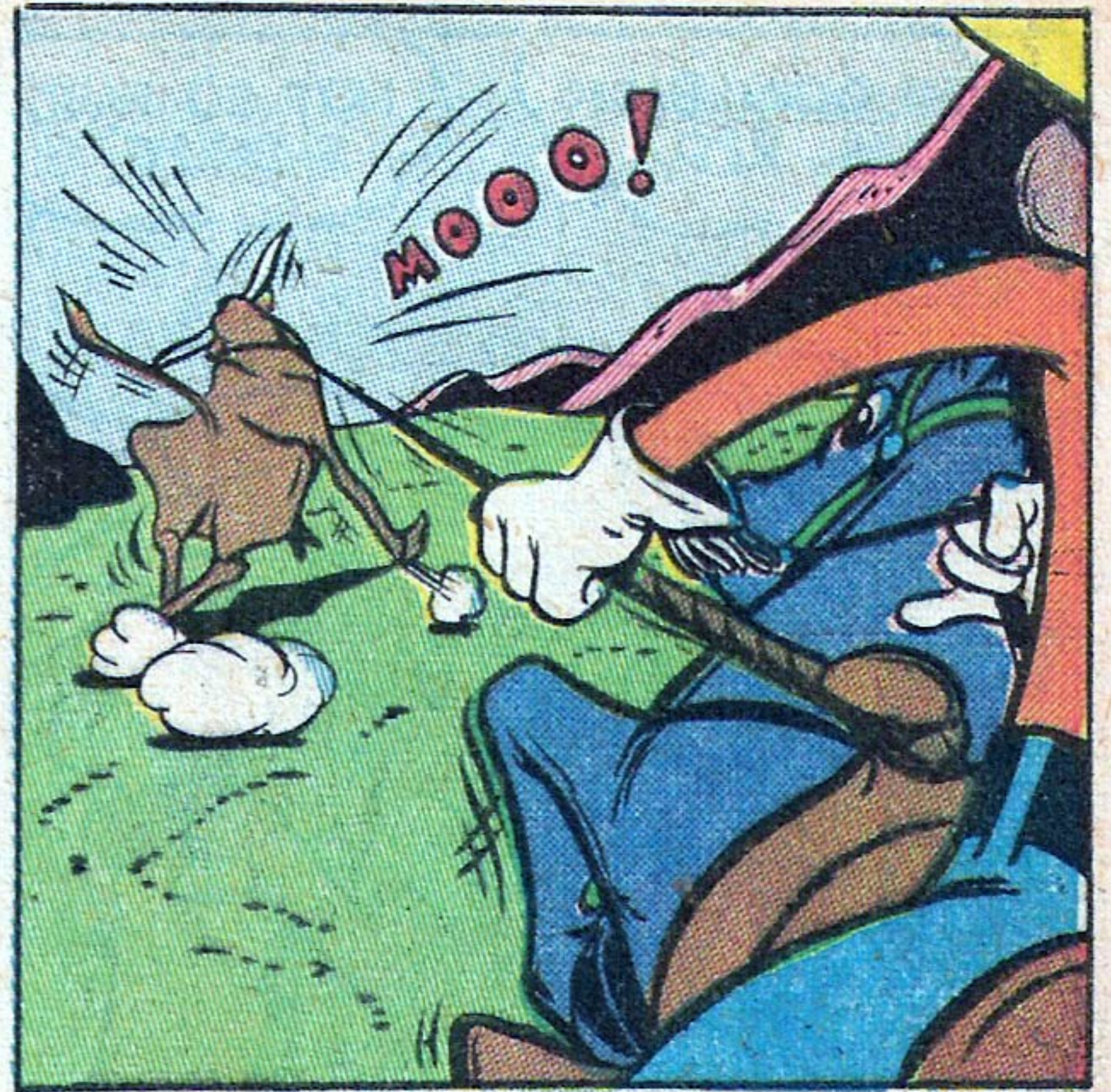


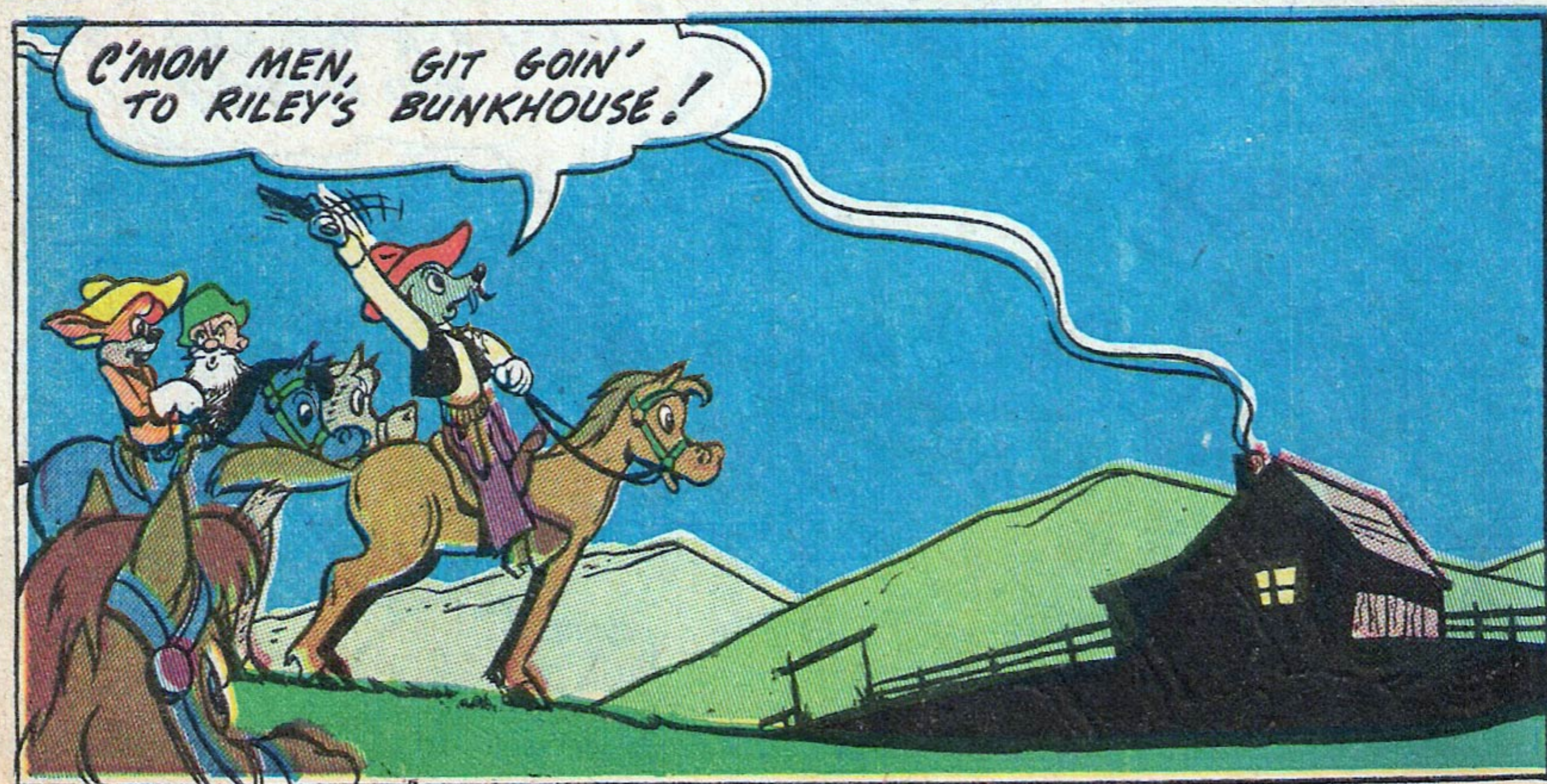
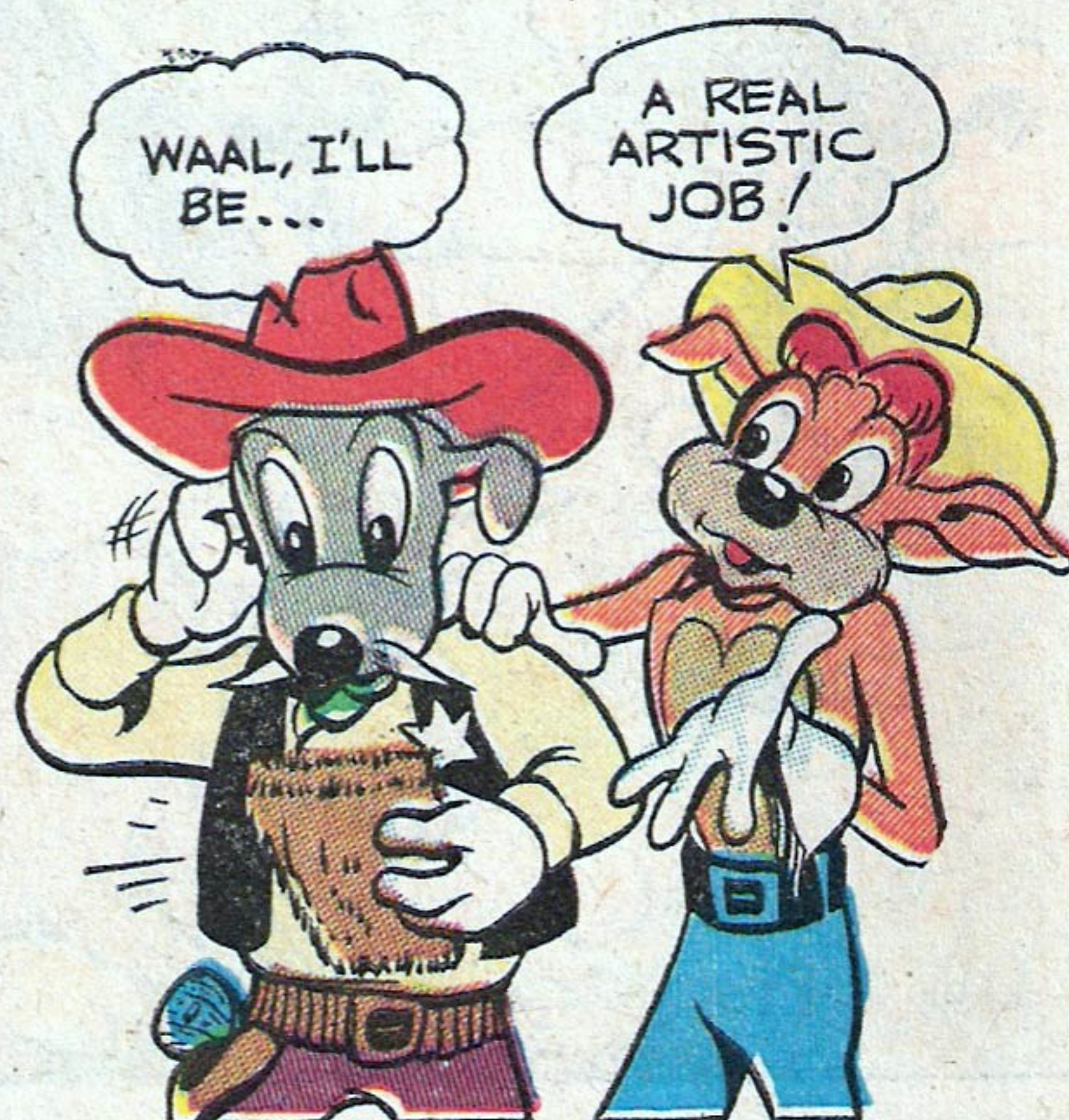
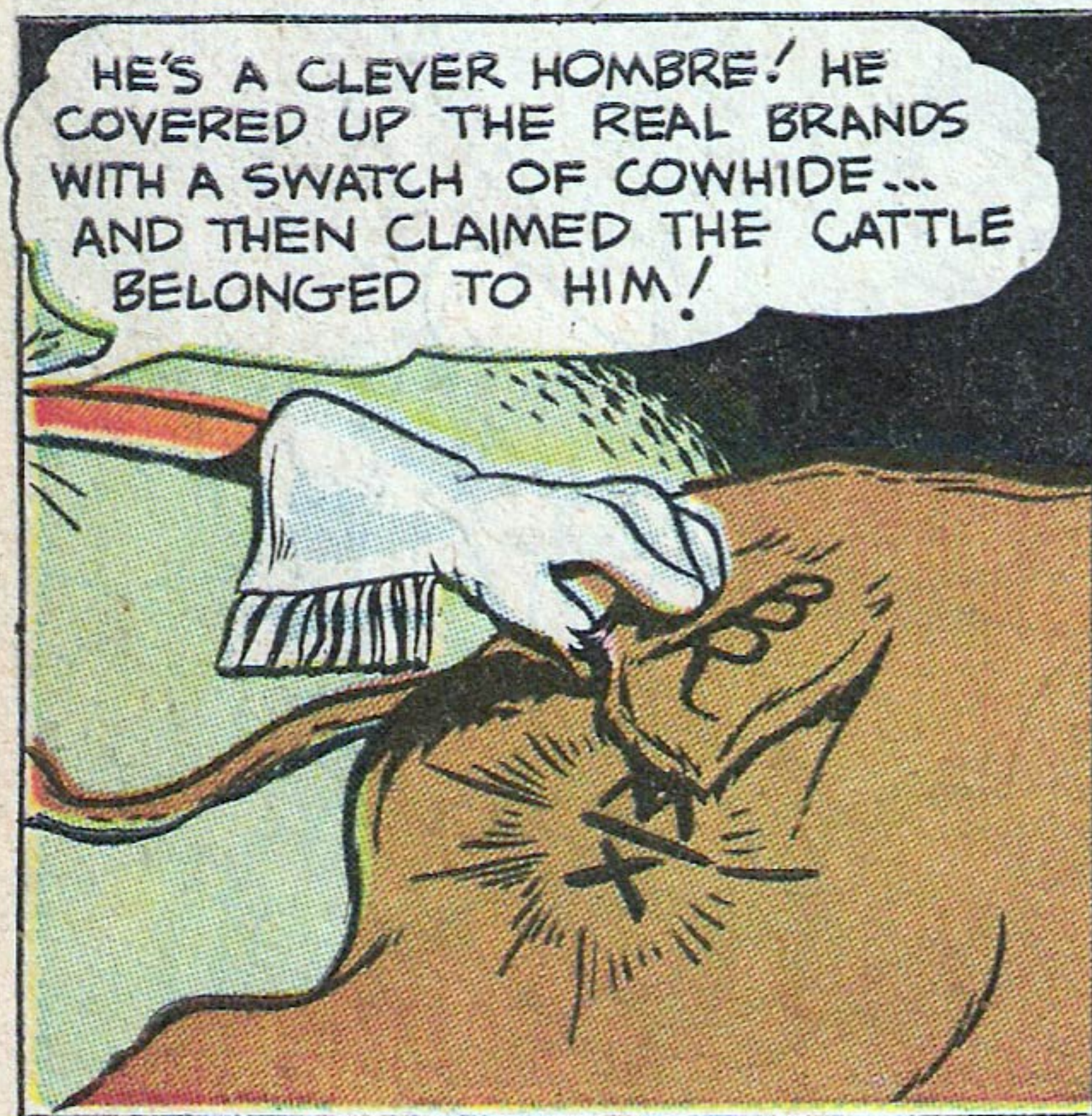
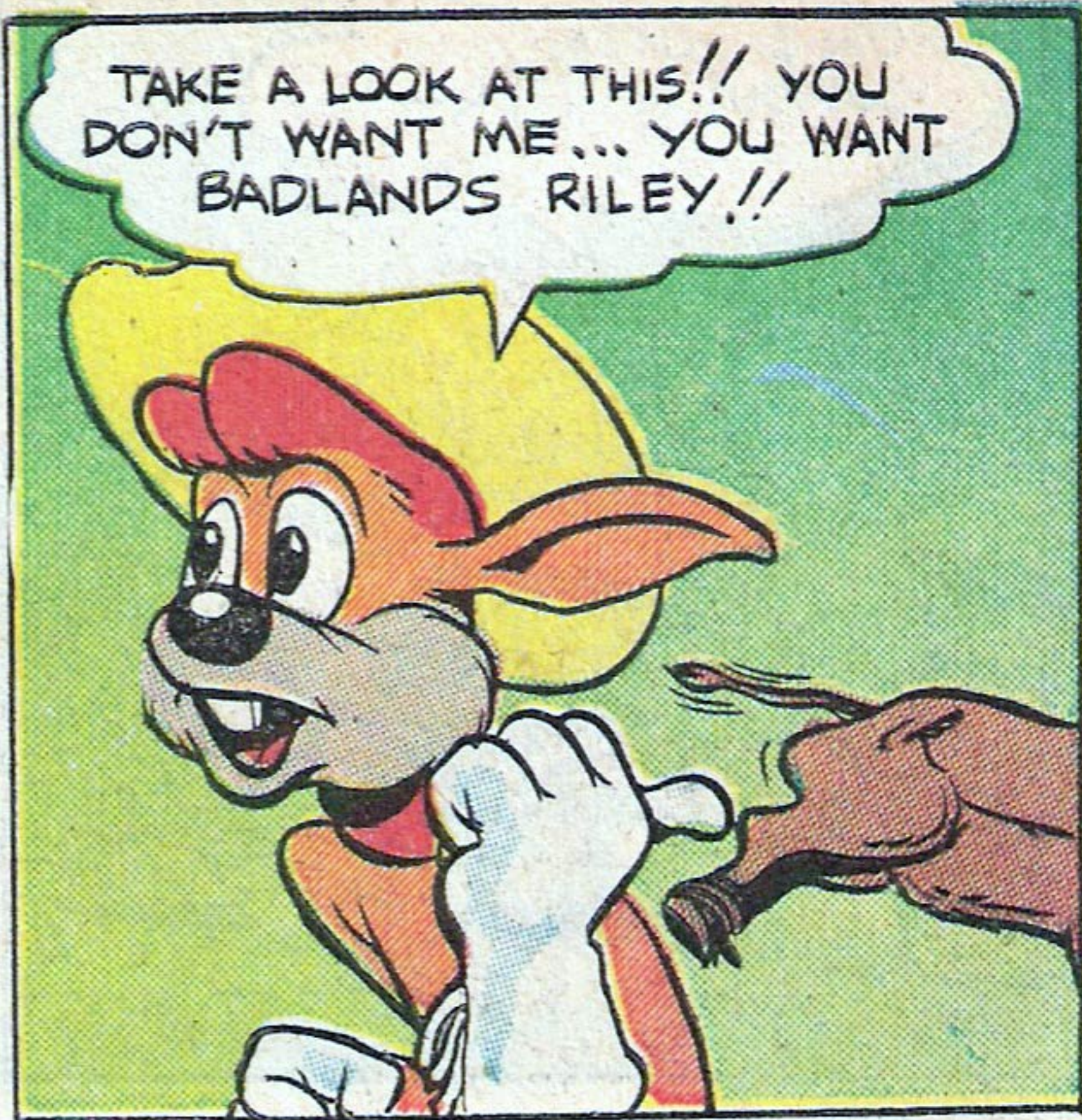
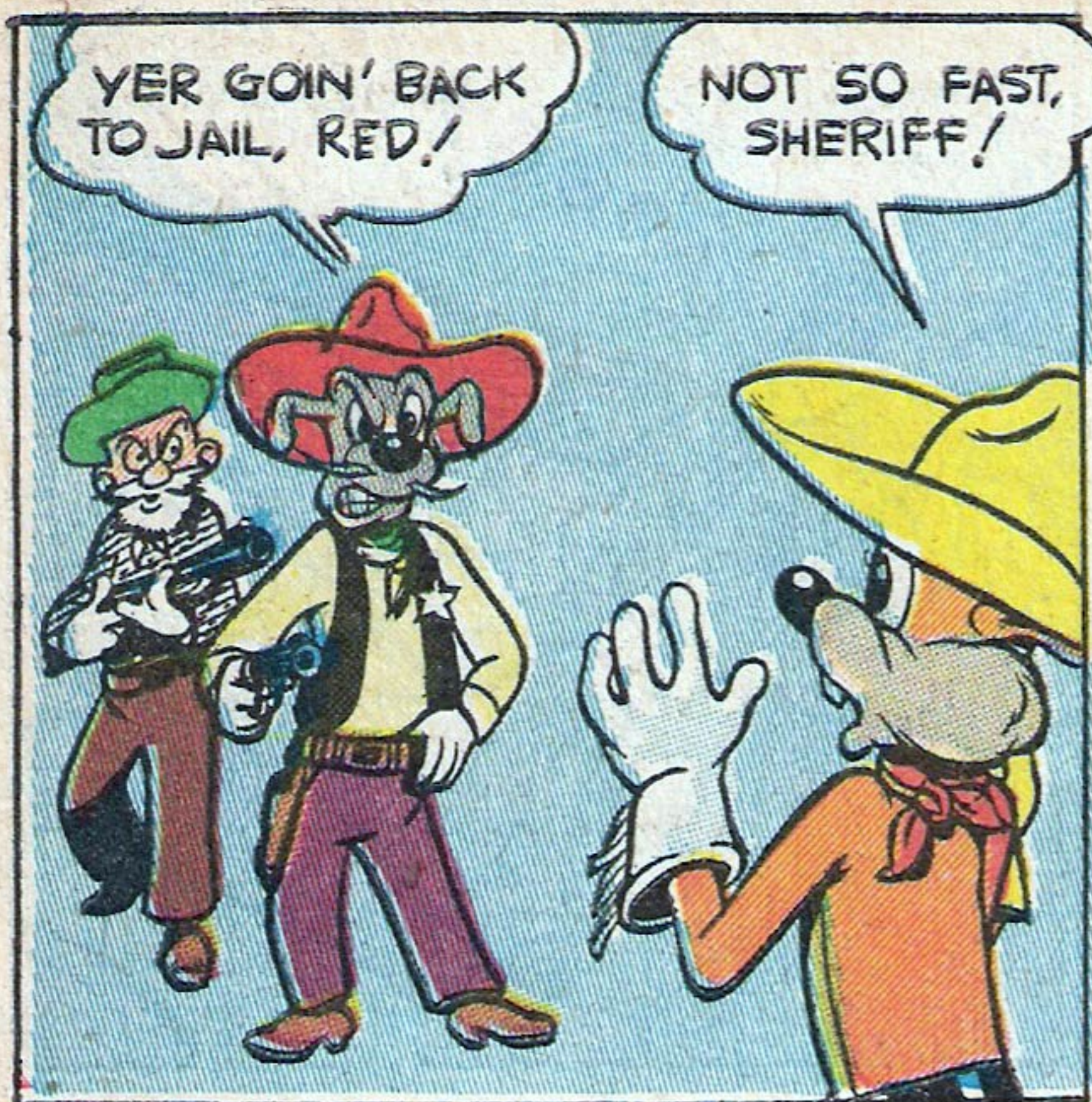


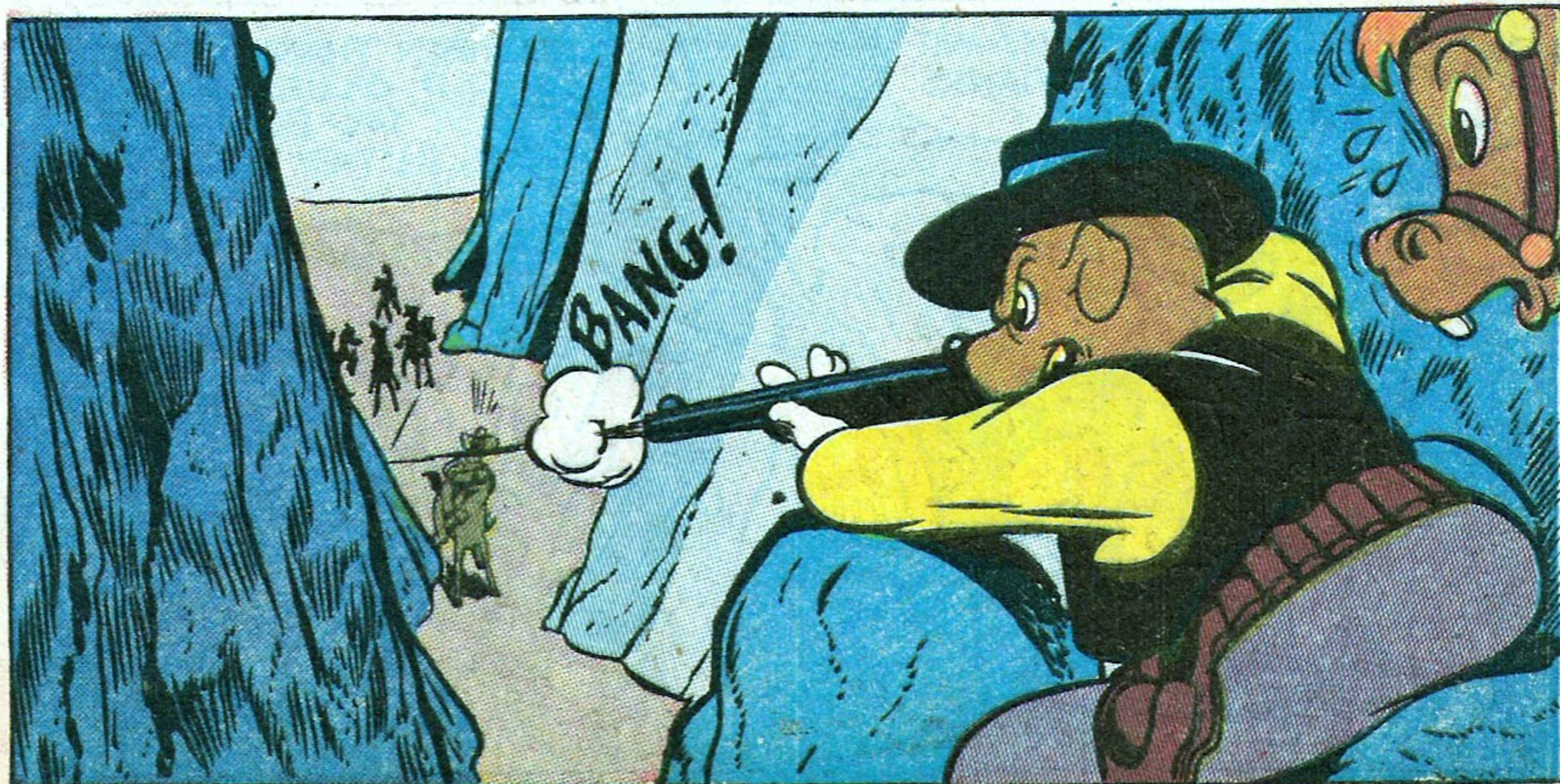


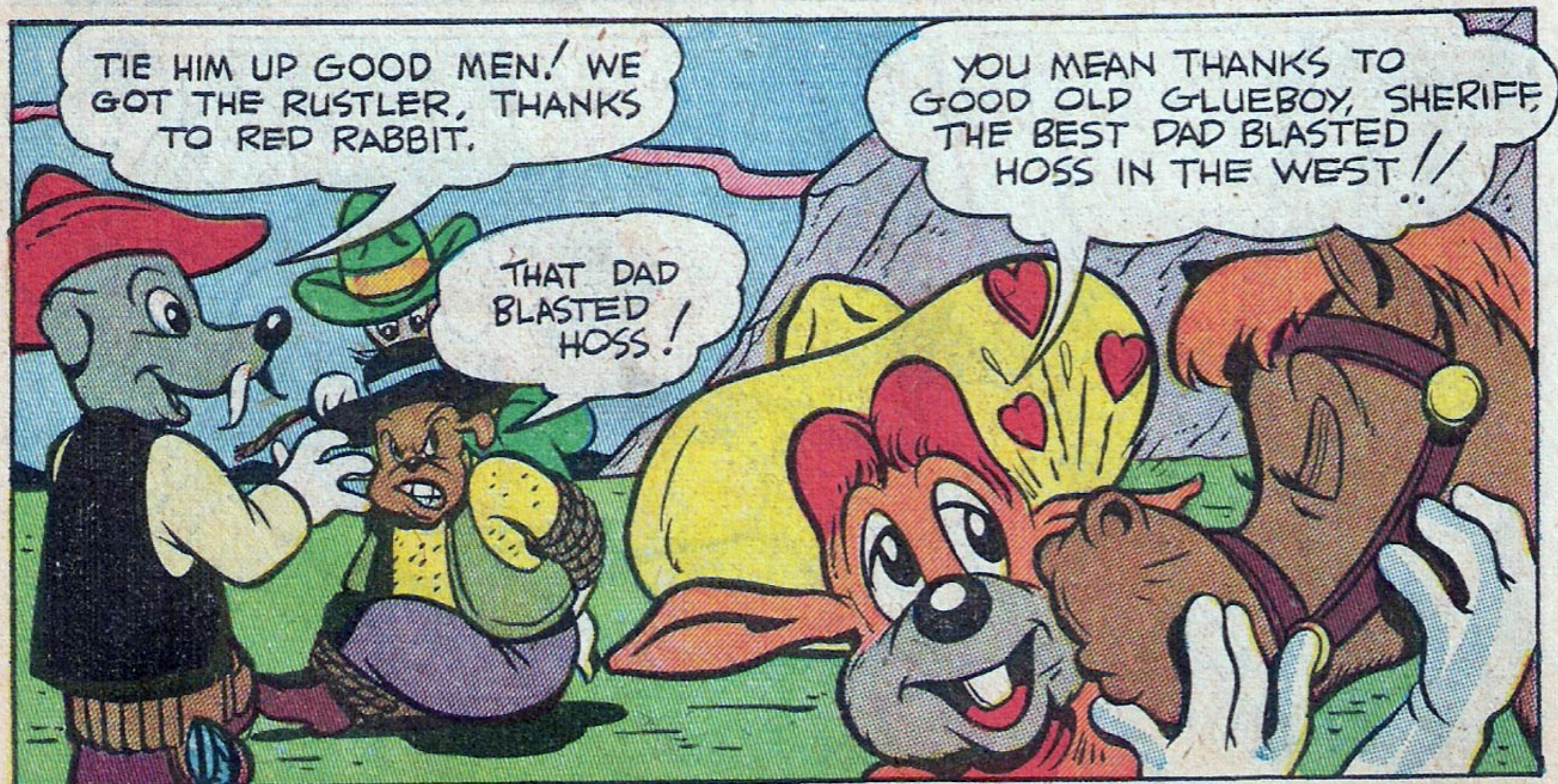
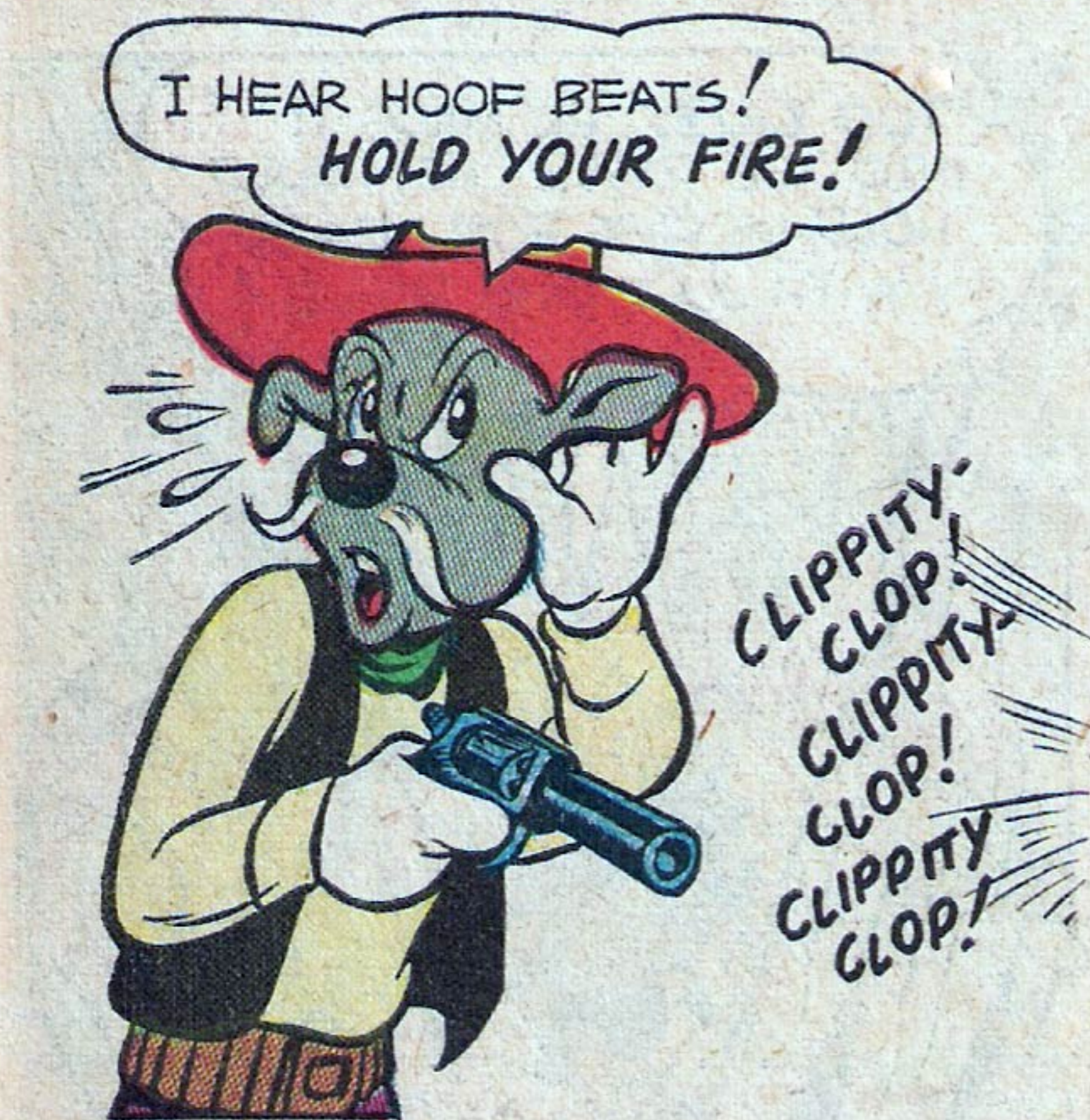
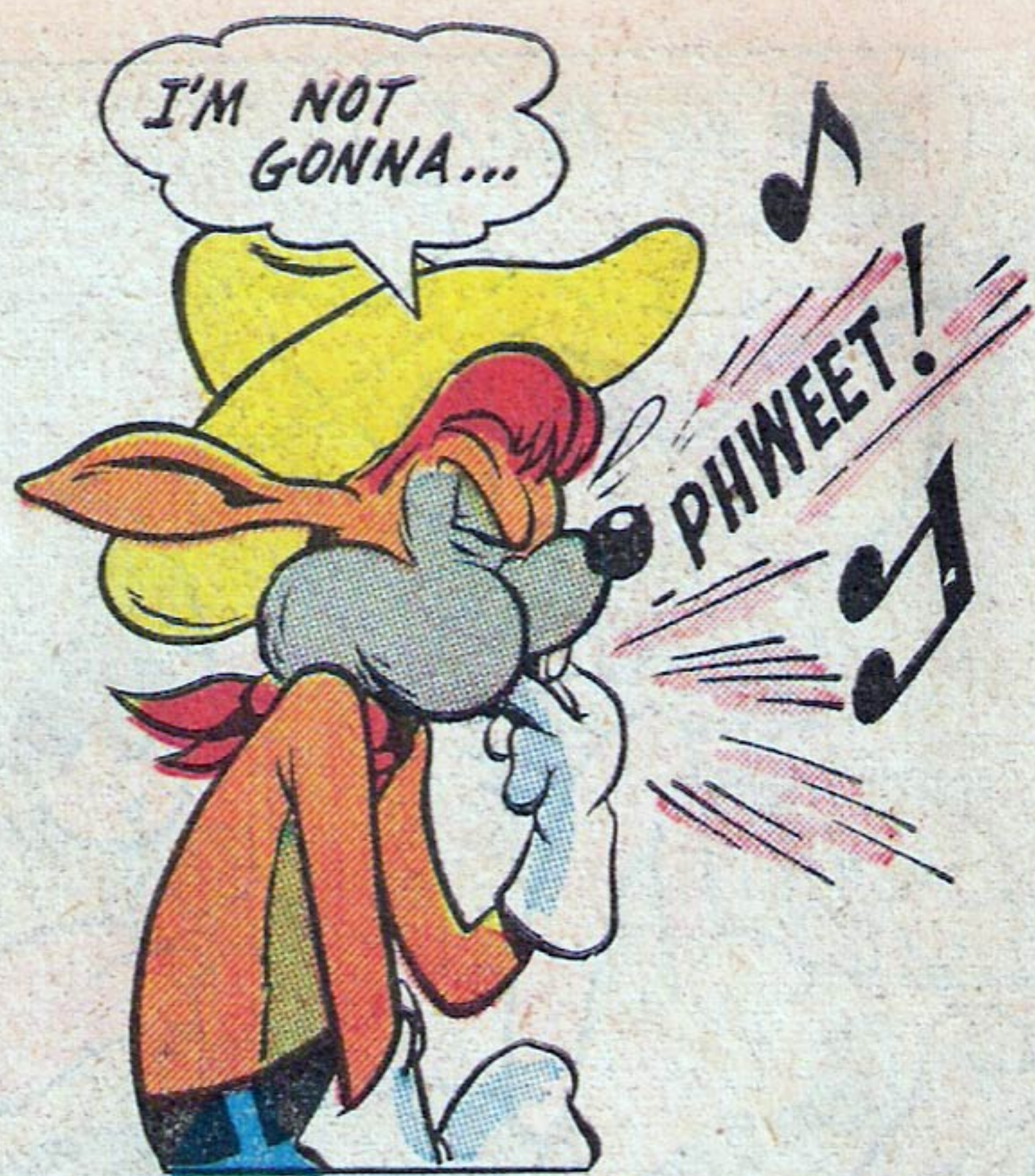
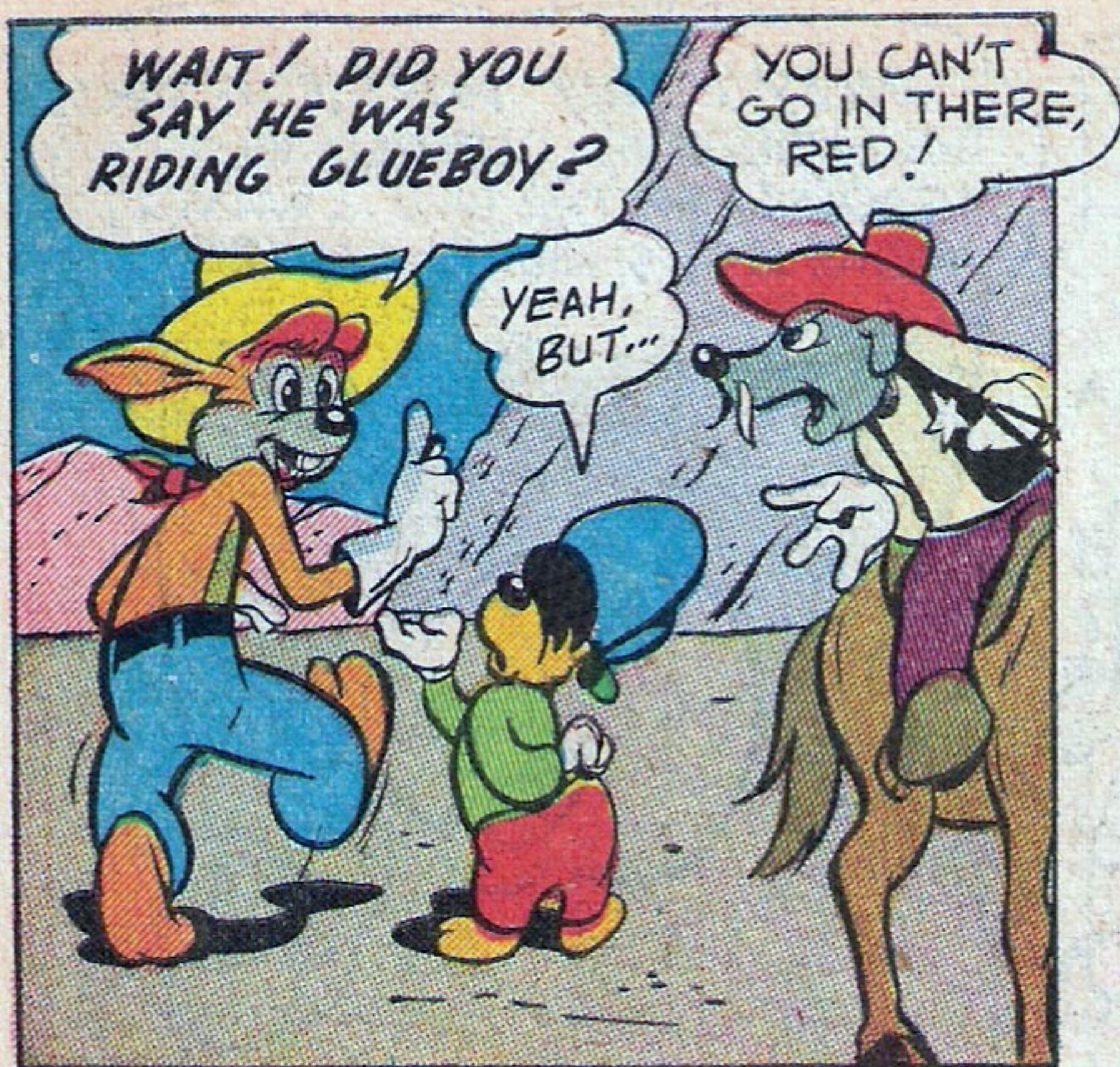










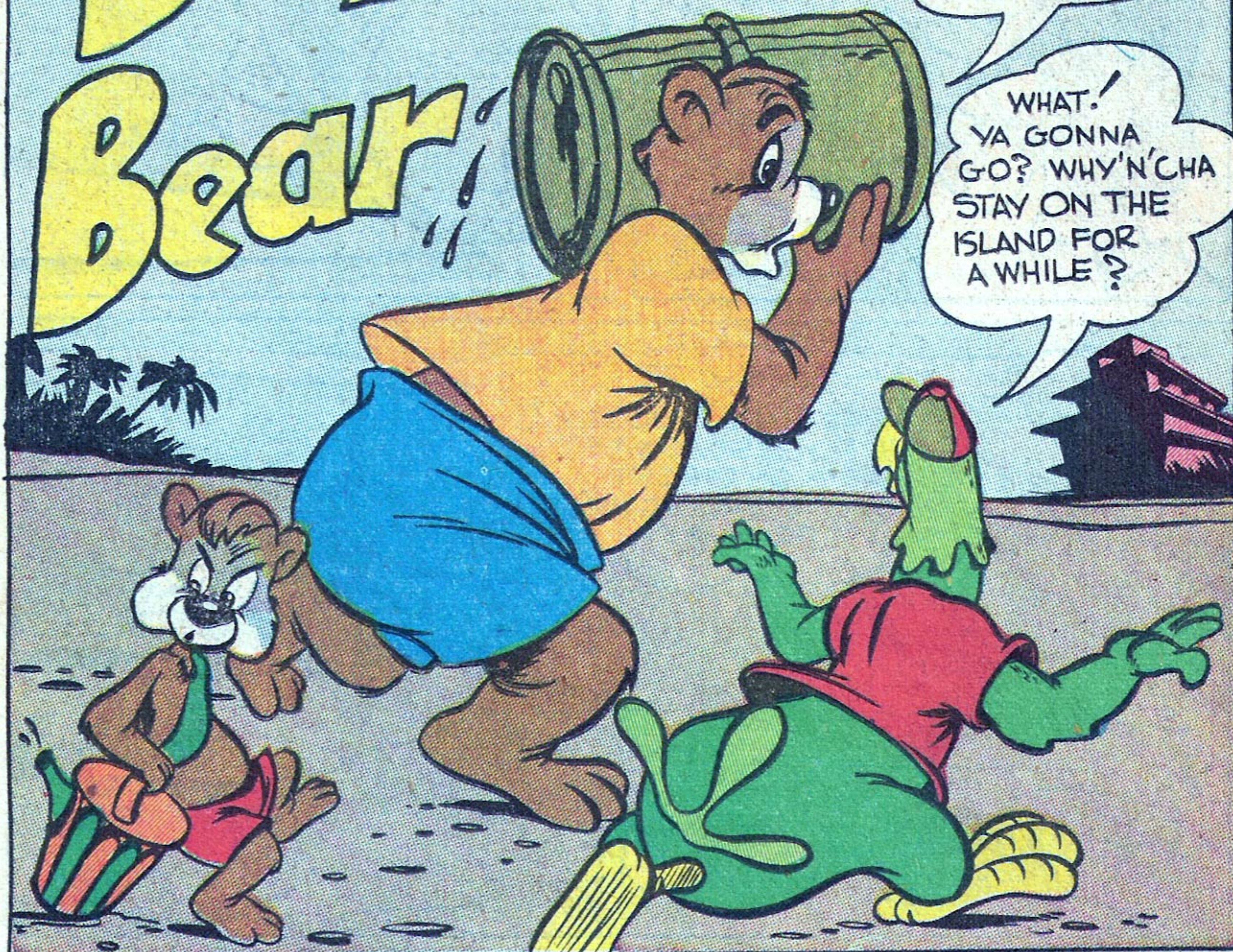


ILLUSTRATED BY *Bill Newton*

Bugsy Bear

WELL, WE GOT
ENOUGH GAS AND
OIL SO WE CAN START
ON OUR WAY AGAIN!
THANKS TO YOU,
PERCY!

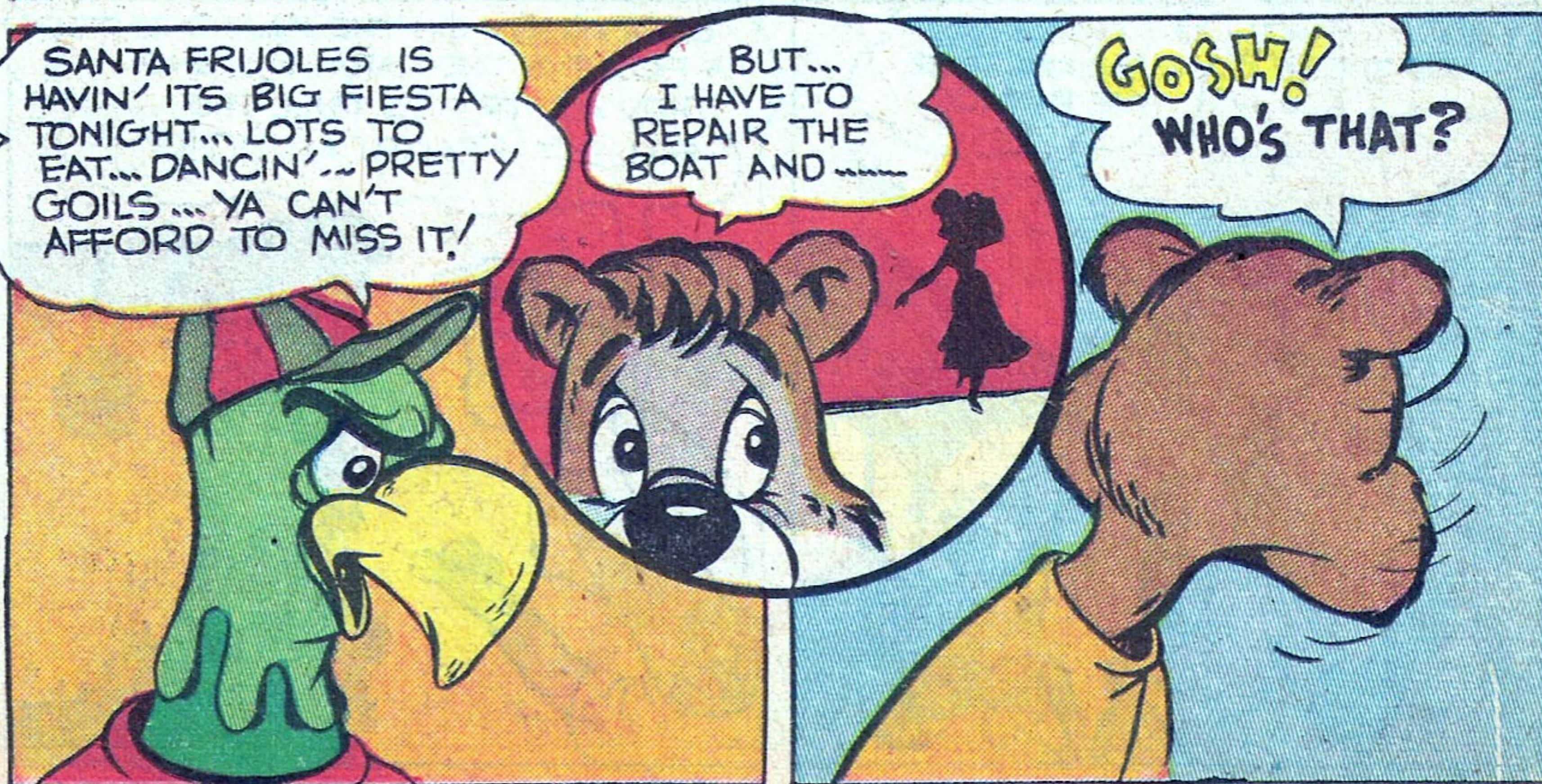
WHAT!
YA GONNA
GO? WHY'N'CHA
STAY ON THE
ISLAND FOR
A WHILE?

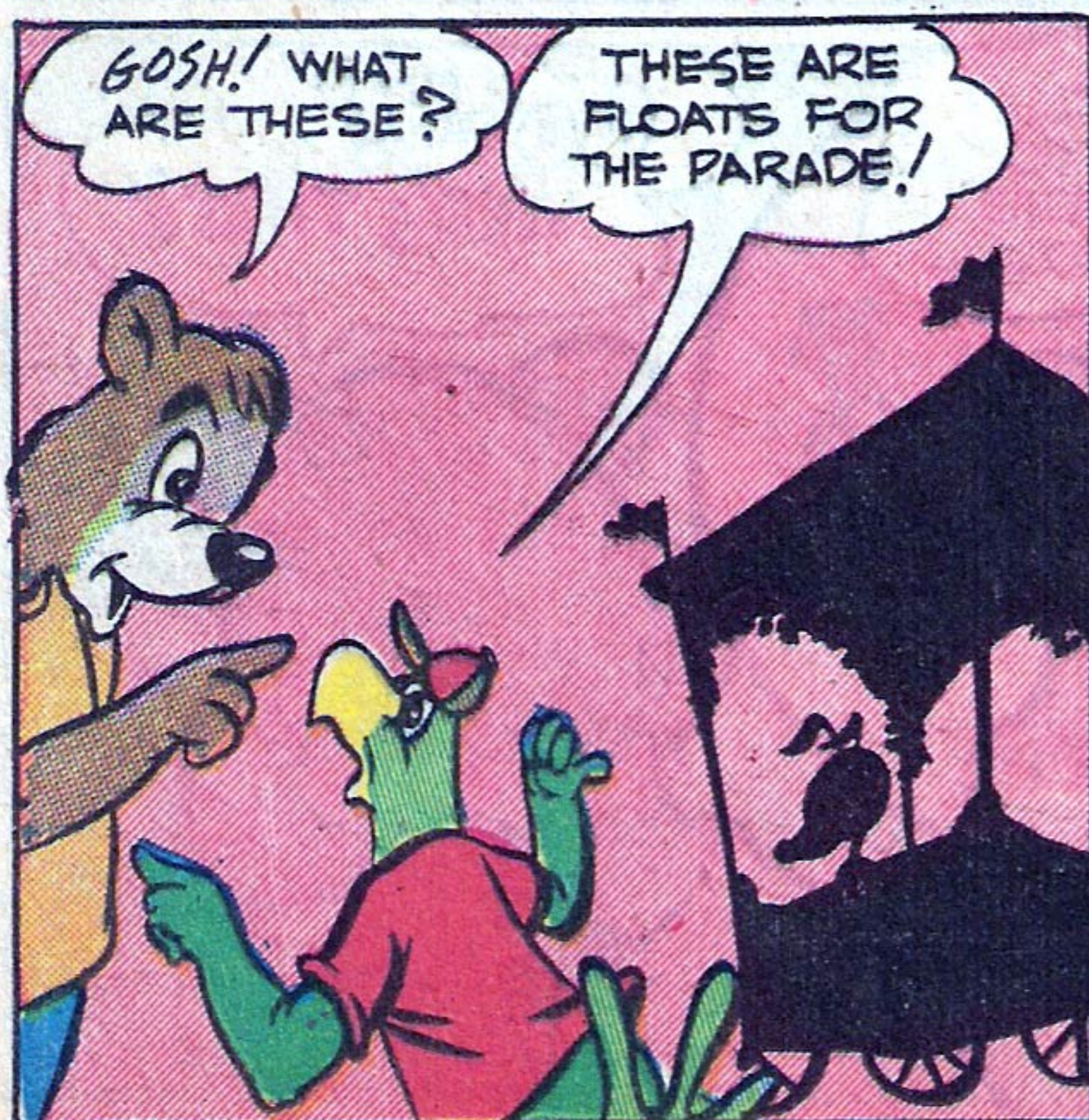
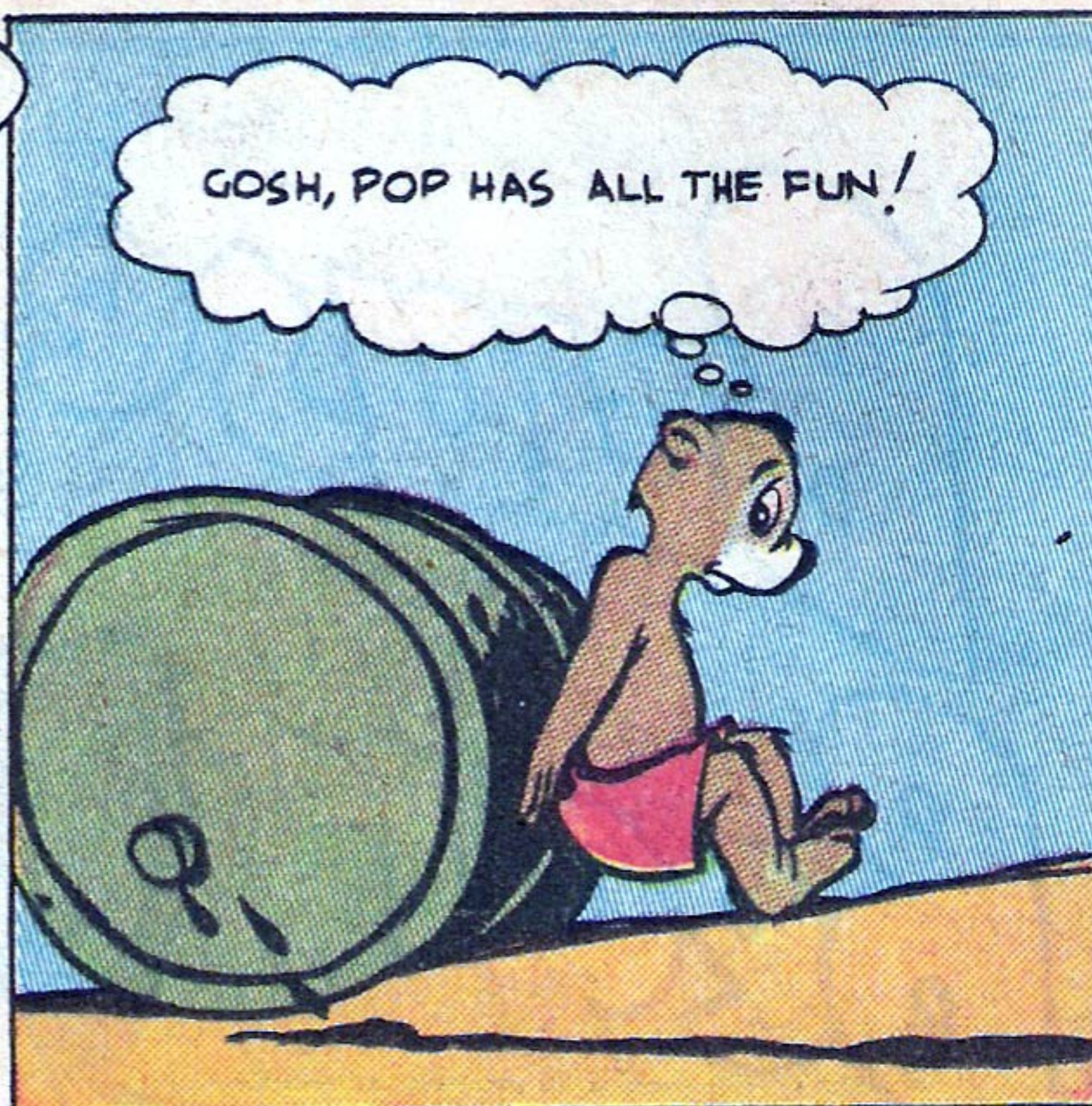
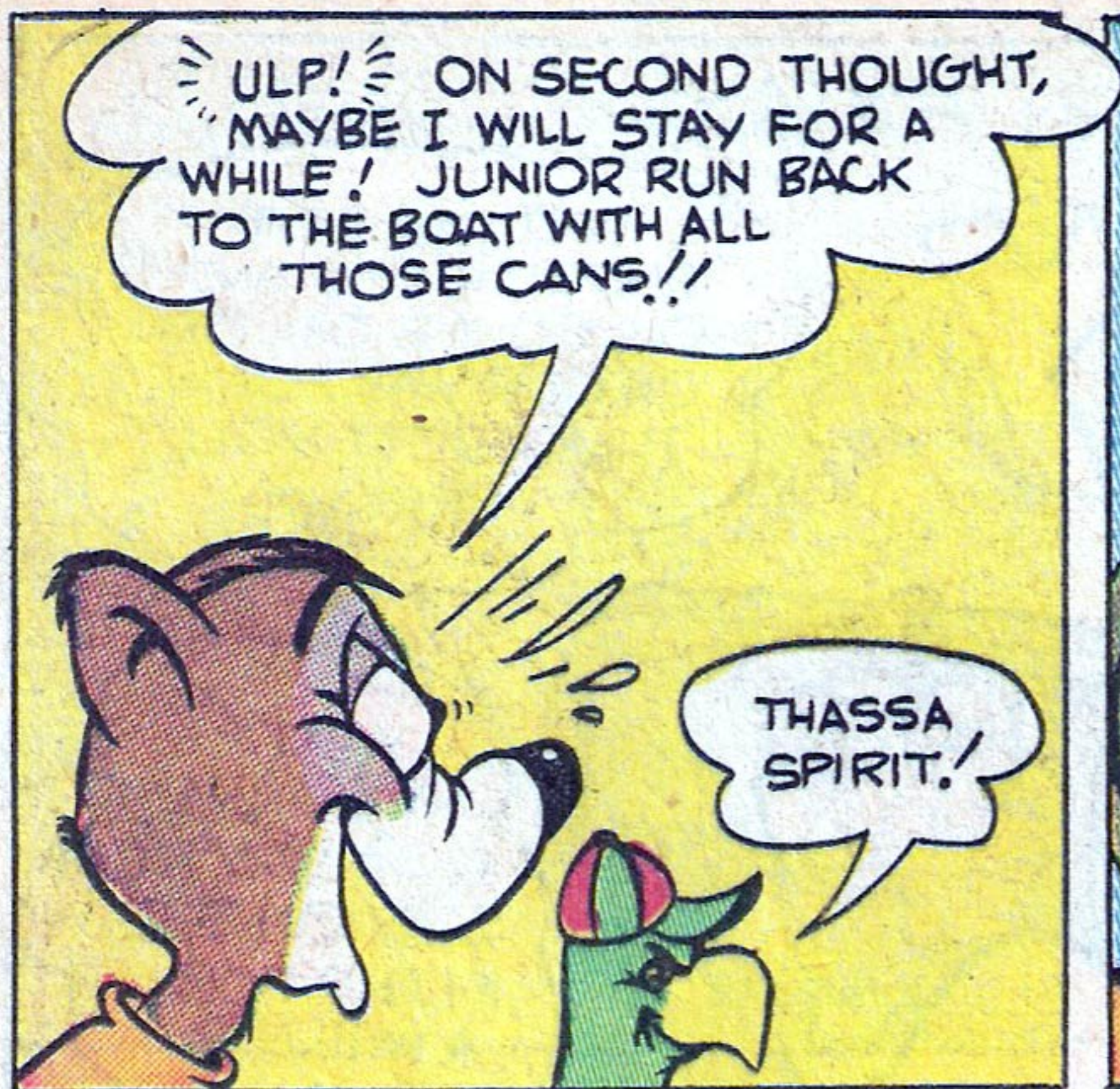


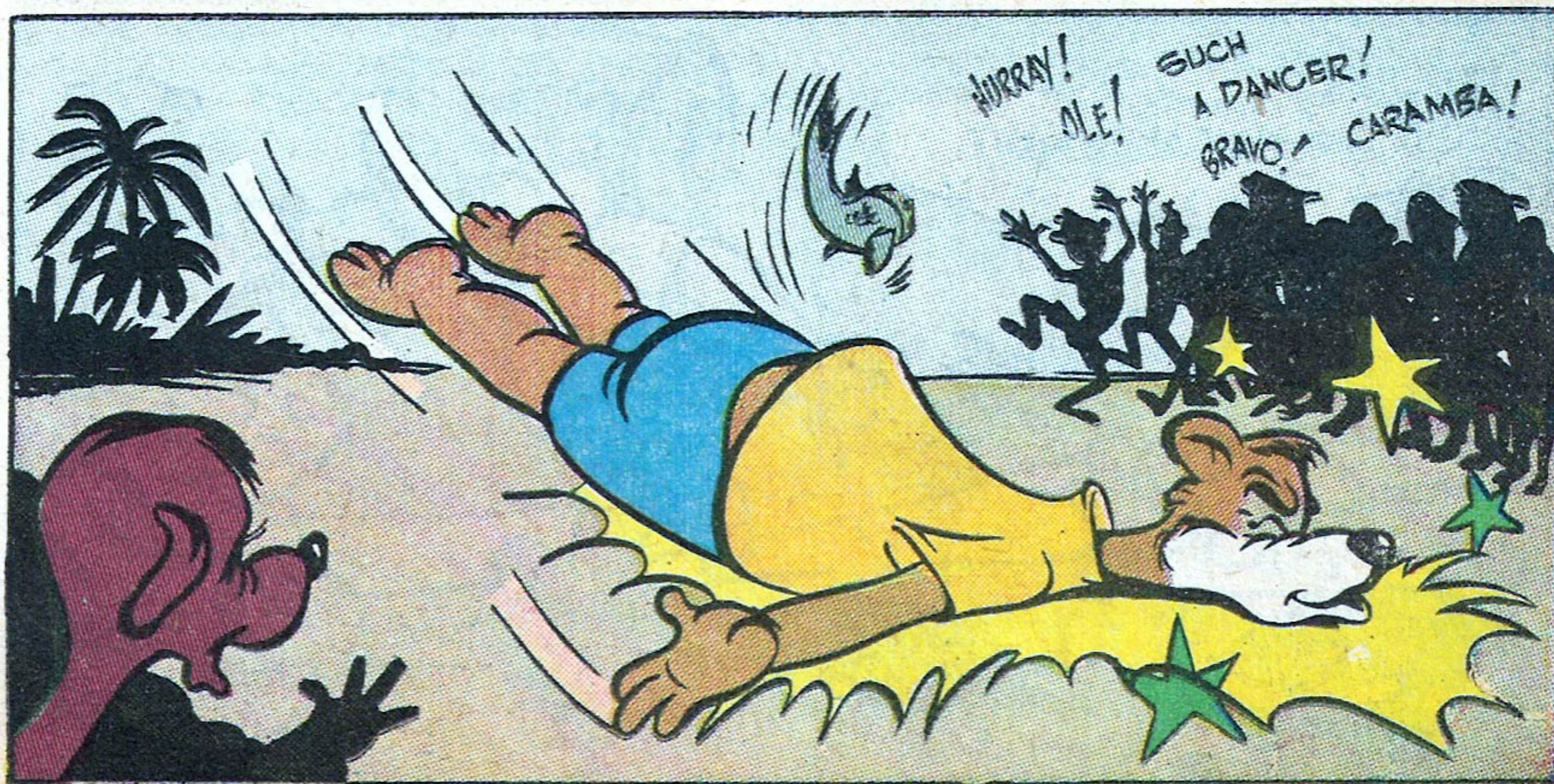
SANTA FRIJOLE'S IS
HAVIN' ITS BIG FIESTA
TONIGHT... LOTS TO
EAT... DANCIN'... PRETTY
GOILS... YA CAN'T
AFFORD TO MISS IT!

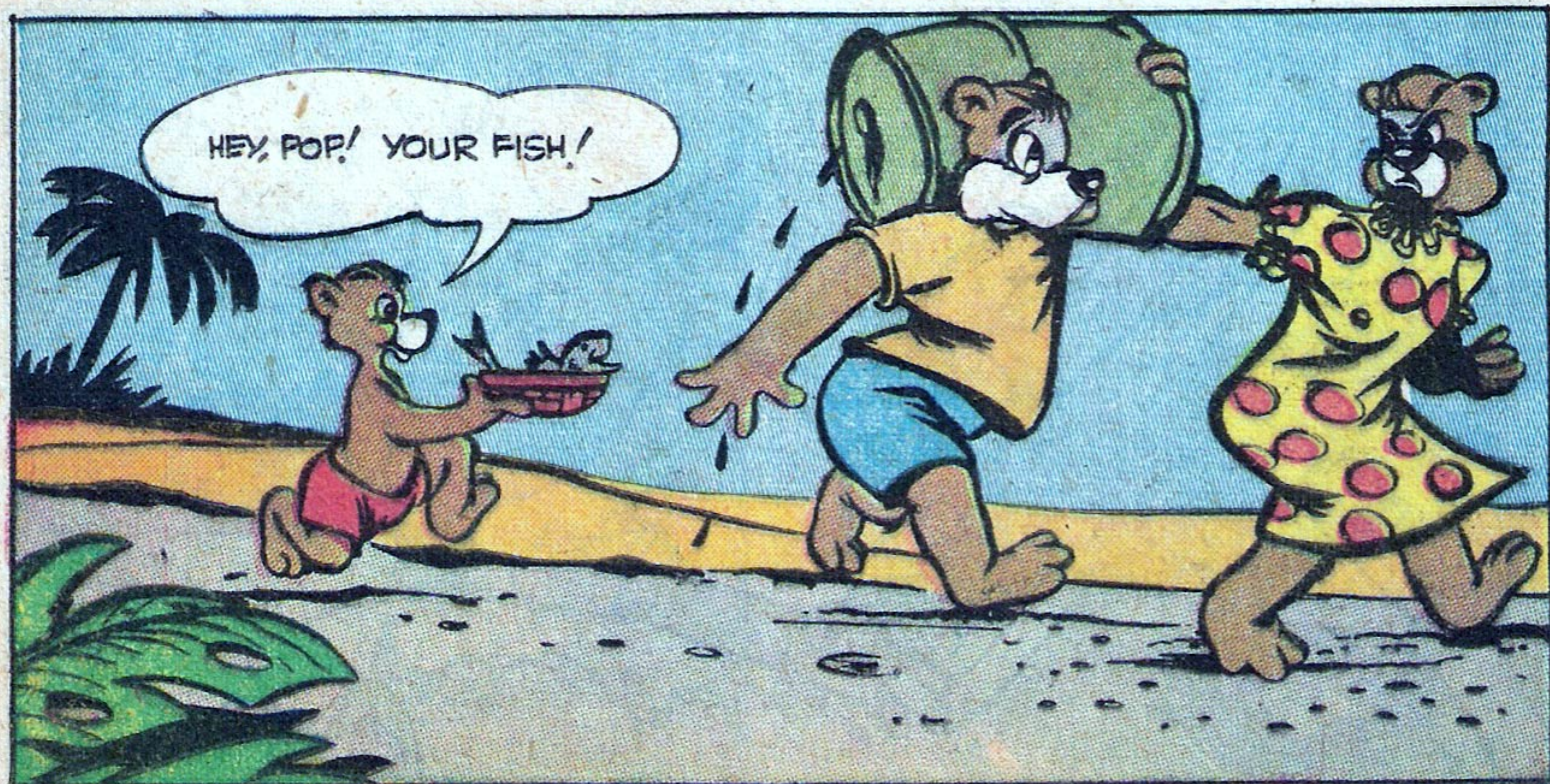
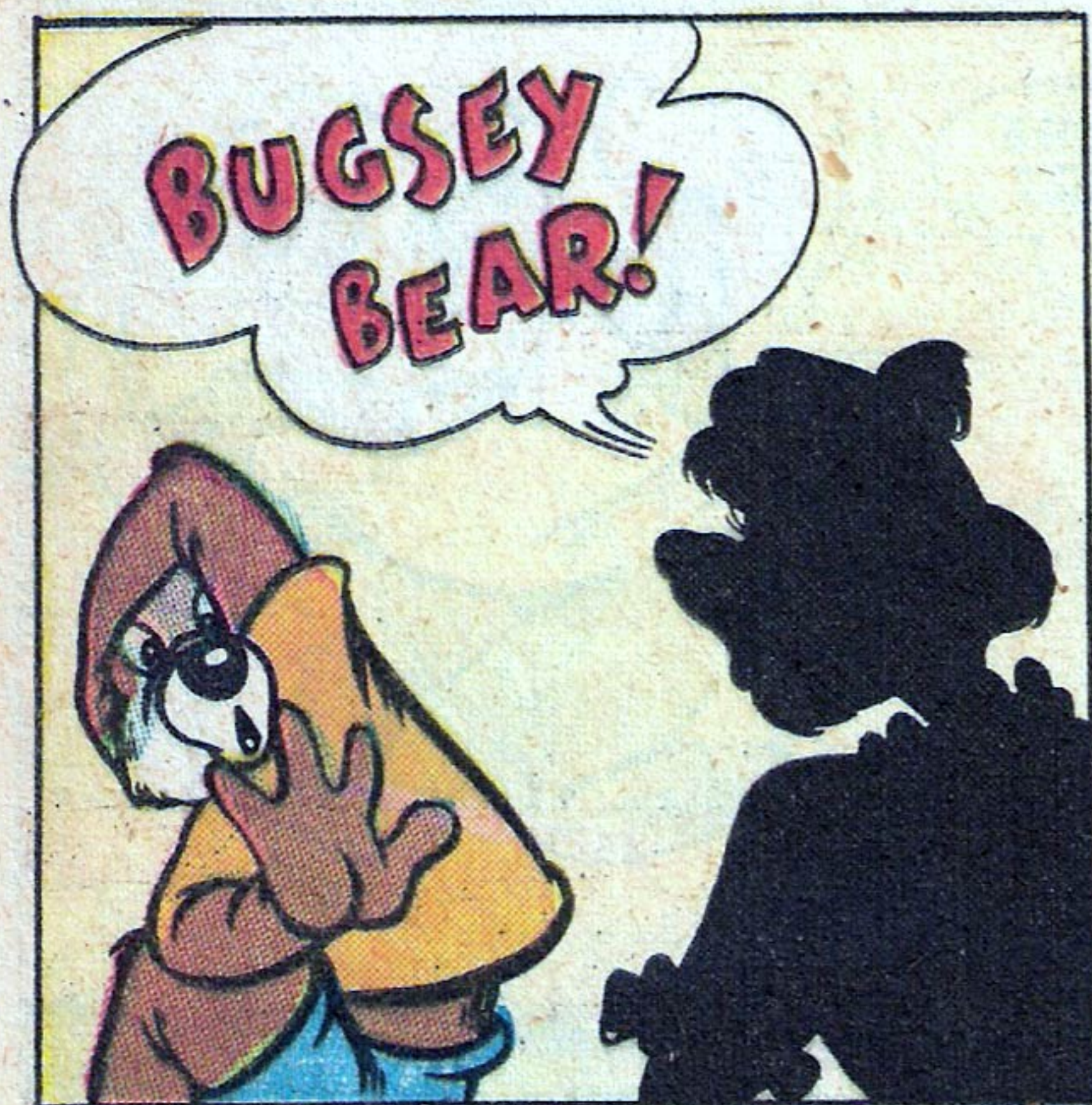
BUT...
I HAVE TO
REPAIR THE
BOAT AND ~~~~~

GOSH!
WHO'S THAT?

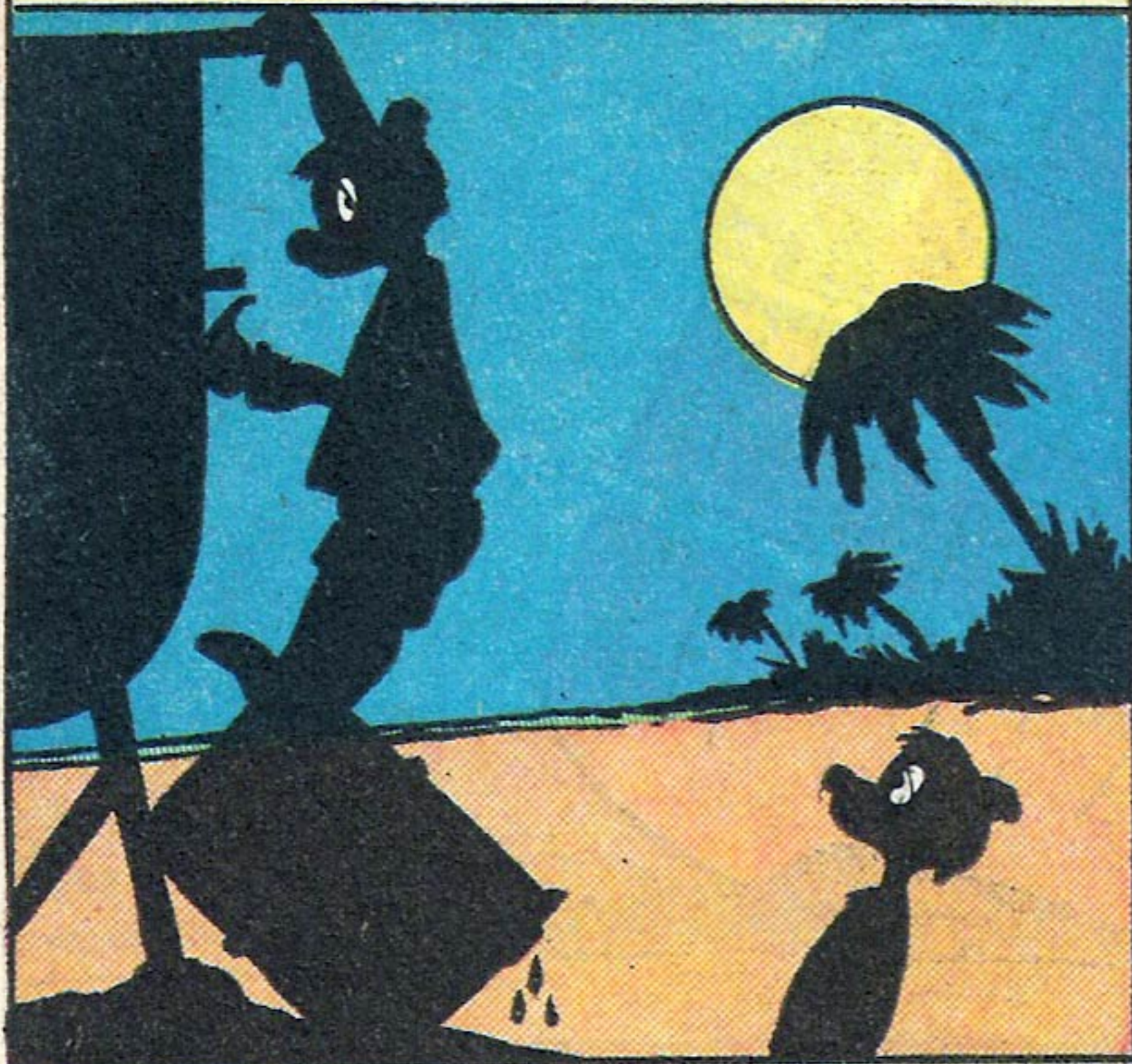








AND SO, AS THE FIESTA GOES ON...
...BUGSEY STAYS HOME AND WORKS



GOSH, THE PARADE
MUST BE JUST START-
ING, I CAN HEAR THE
MUSIC!

YOU'RE SPILLING
AN AWFUL LOT OF
OIL, POP!



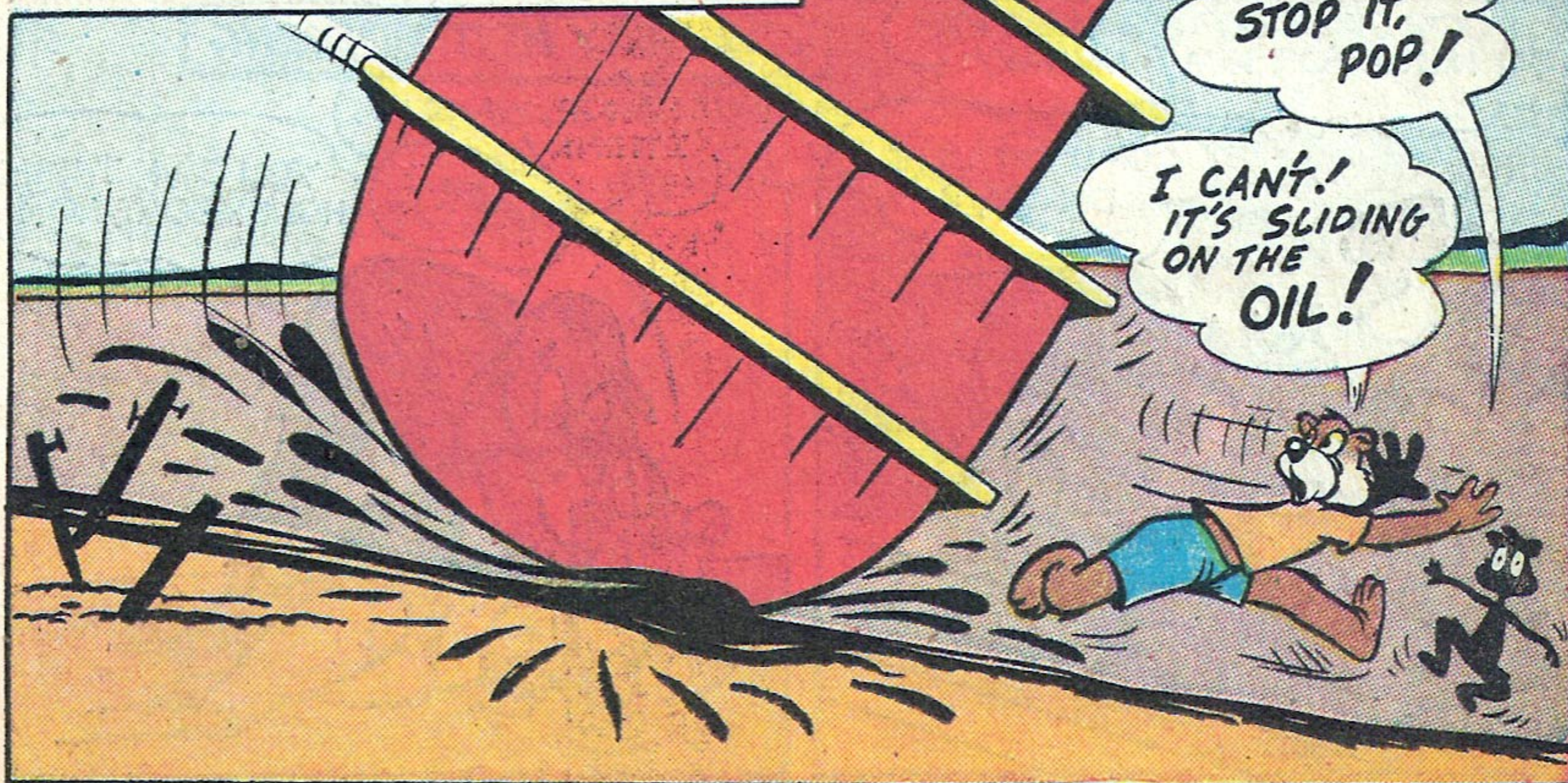
OOOOPS!

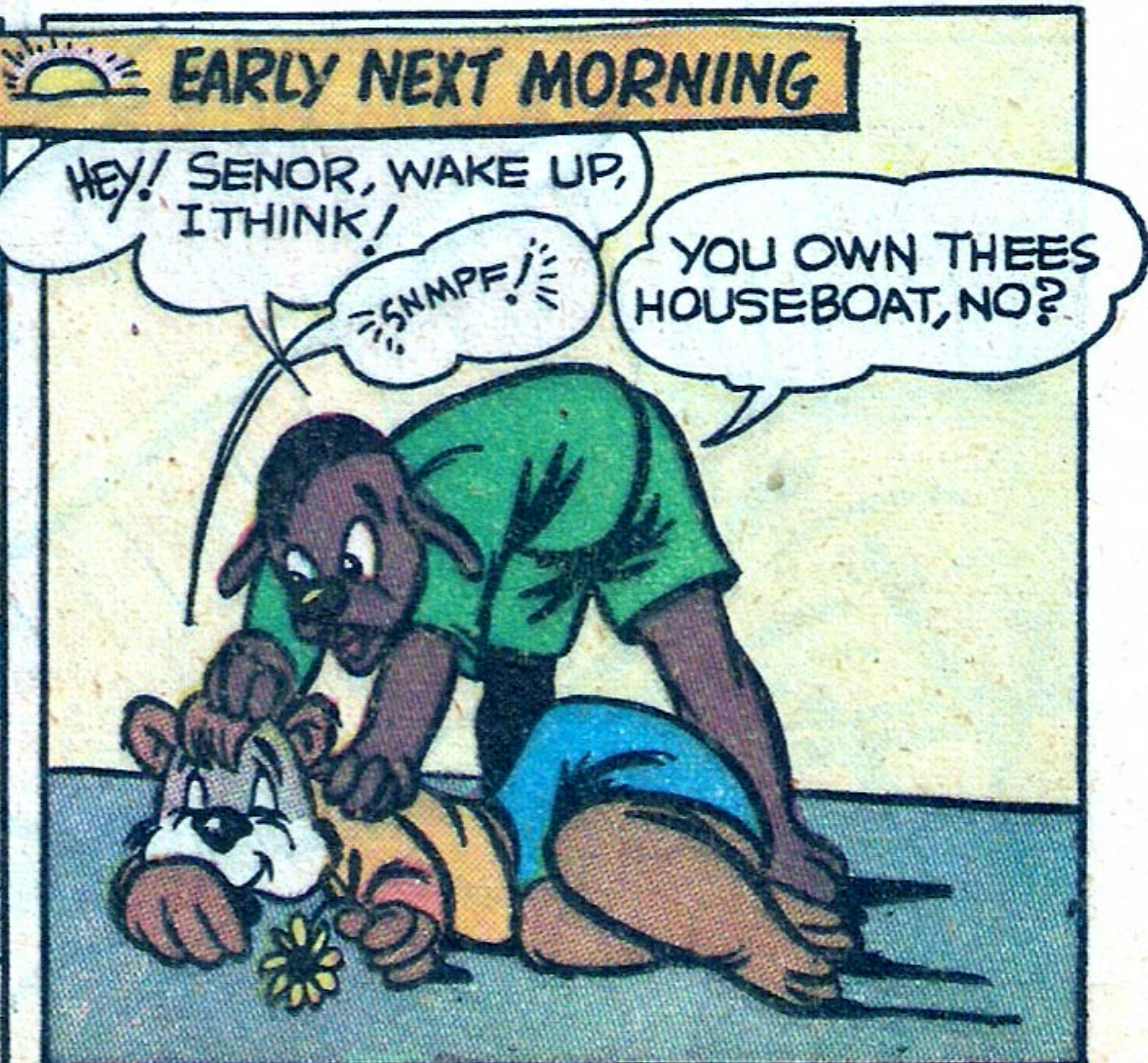
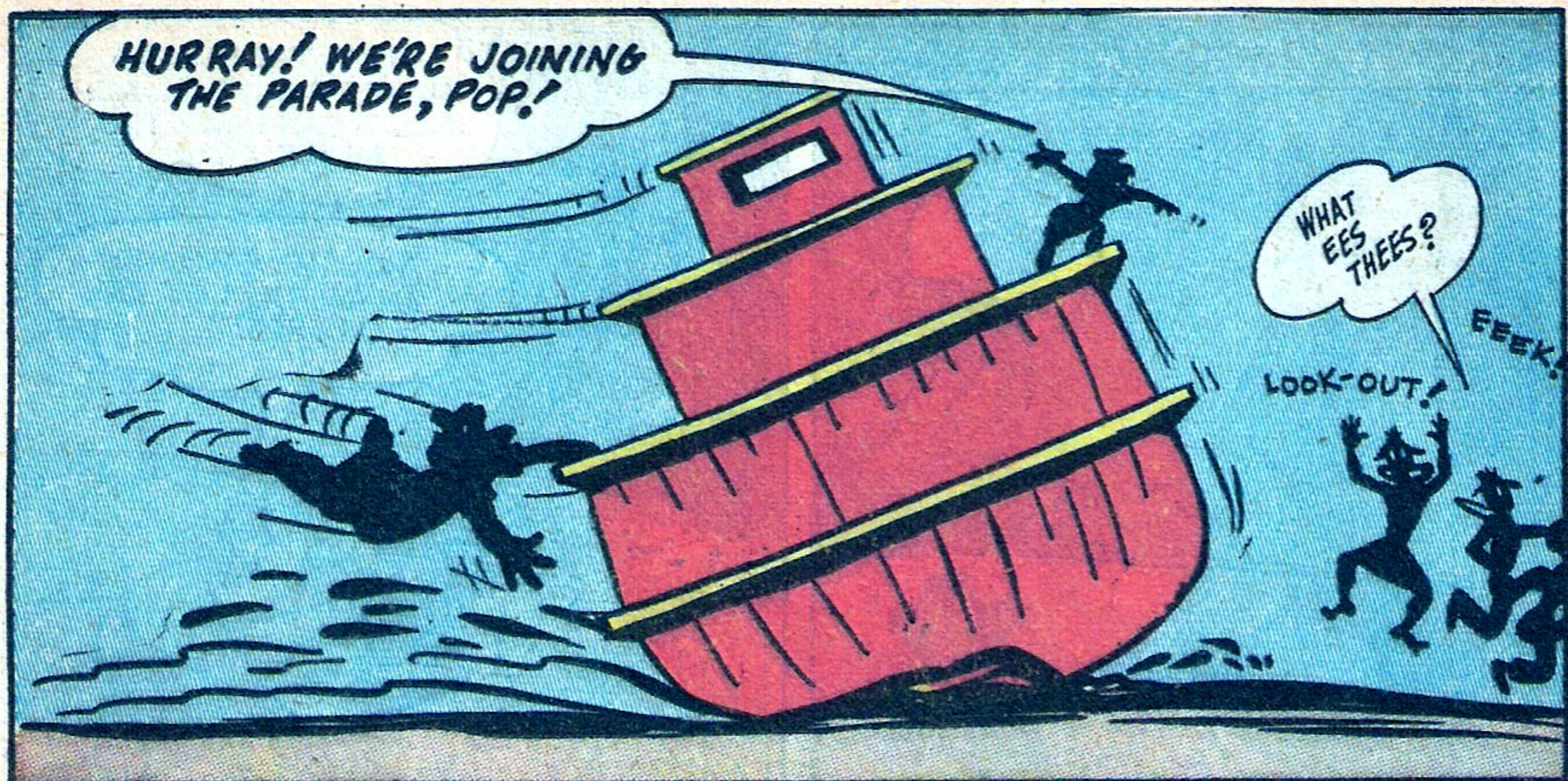
LOOK OUT,
POP!
YOU KNOCKED
THE PROPS
LOOSE!

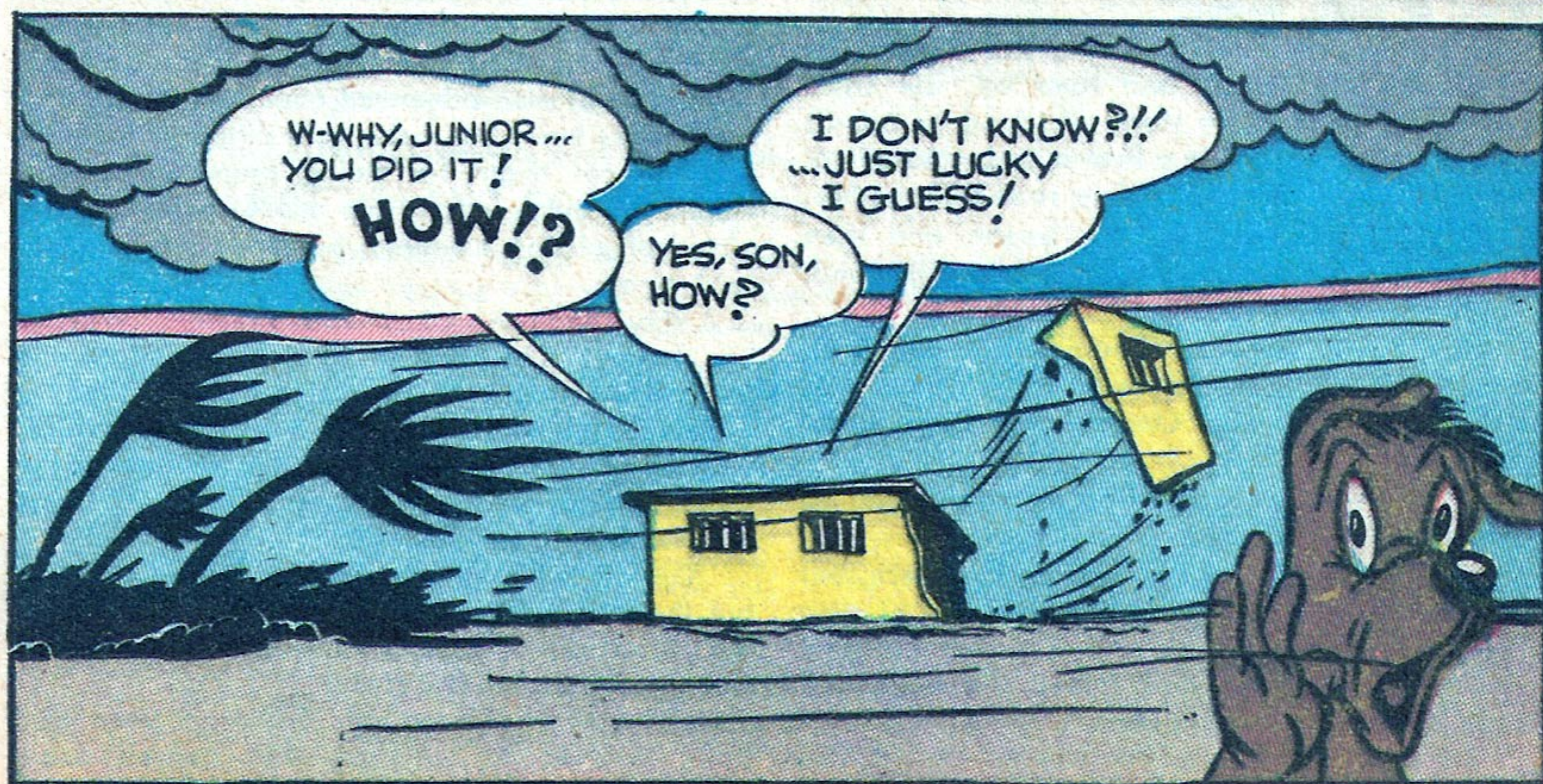
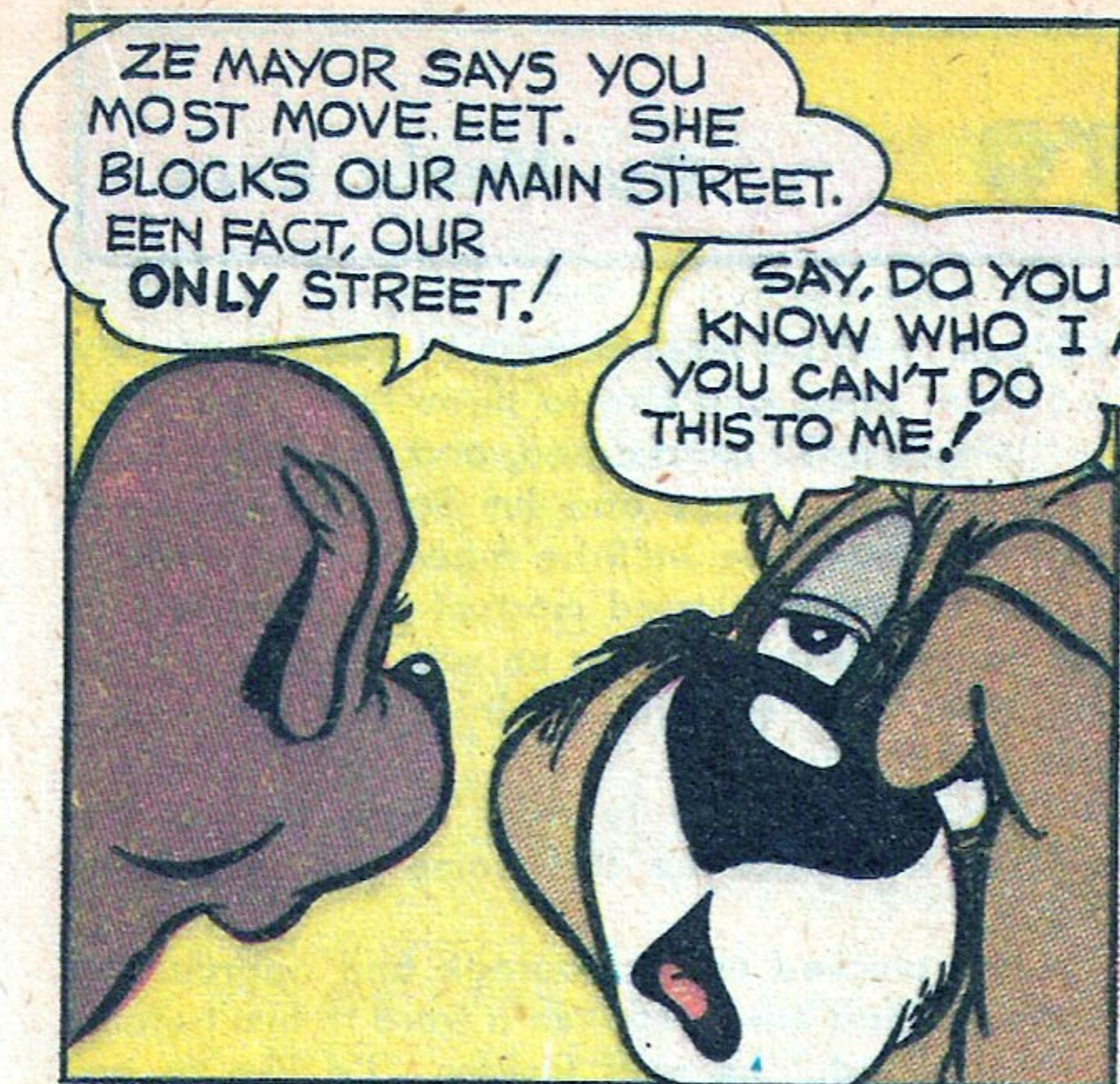


HALP!
STOP IT,
POP!

I CAN'T!
IT'S SLIDING
ON THE
OIL!







Laird, the Hero

By Uncle Ray

LAIRD was the runt of the Casey Brand Ranch. He had been, ever since he was born, and he stayed that way for twelve long years. Whenever anyone wanted a job done—a dull, routine job that no one else would take—they'd shout, "Hey! Where's the Runt? Got a job for him!" And Laird would be put to work.

He hated it, of course—what boy wouldn't? But the fact remained that of the fifteen boys of various ages who lived and worked on the ranch, Laird was the youngest and smallest and always would be. There seemed to be no hope for him.

He tried fighting his way up. One day he took on Brad Wilson, who outweighed him by at least fifty pounds; the fight had no real reason—Brad was a pretty good guy as a rule, but Laird had to prove himself equal in all respects. Unfortunately all he proved was that he had guts. He got up off the ground seven times . . . and each time he was promptly knocked down again.

"Don't try to be something you ain't, Runt," Brad said gruffly when the fight had ended. "Get back to totin' that water."

His loss left Laird no better or worse after that. No one expected him to win, so no one was surprised when he didn't. The only difference was that Mike Fuller, who was closest to Laird's size, suddenly began acting very uppity and refused to have anything to do with Laird, even though for a while they had almost been friends.

Laird was still toting water one morning when he saw Mike saddling a pony.

"Where you going, Mike?" he asked.

"Ridin' with Jim Bond," Mike growled. Bond was foreman of the ranch, and the idol of all the boys. "He's showin' me how to hunt strays. Might be out all night, mebbe."

He was unconsciously imitating Jim Bond as he swung into the saddle and rode off, but Laird didn't think of that. He stood watching as Bond's lean, wiry frame, astride a brown and white pinto, joined Mike, and the two of them rode off together.

"Gosh, I sure wish—" he began and then stopped. No use wishing he could ride with Bond. Why wish for the impossible?

"Hey, Runt!" someone shouted. Laird saw Brad waving at him. "Come a-runnin'! Hitch up a nag to the buckboard—Mrs. Casey wants some thread from town!"

So Laird went a-running—on an errand that no man would have touched.

It was dark when he got back to the ranch, but something was astir. There was a gang of men standing near the porch, and a similar gang of boys by the corral. Laird joined the boys and heard Mike talking excitedly.

"Big as a house!" he was saying. "Claws like steel barbs! I seen him first, his yellow eyes

a-blazin' and his teeth drippin'! I can tell you my old Paint shied and like to throw me!"

"What's up?" Laird asked, and one of the boys near him said, "Mike and Jim Bond flushed up a bob cat. Looks like we'll be a-hunting tomorrow!"

The excitement lasted most of the night, but in the morning everyone was up with the sun, polishing rifles and saddling their horses. Jim Bond shouted directions.

"Everybody ready to ride! More we got the quicker we'll spot the cat! Come on, no time to waste!"

Laird plucked up his courage and approached Bond. He had hardly spoken a word to him before.

"Mr. Bond," he said timidly. "I'd like to go. Can I saddle a horse?"

Bond started to say no, and then looked down at the eager face turned up to his. "Well . . . all right. More we got the better!"

"Look who we got with us!" Mike shouted as Laird joined the gang riding out across the range. "They gonna use you for bait, Runt?"

Several others joined him, jeering at Laird, and the latter's face paled, but soon they lost interest in him for Bond had picked up the bob cat's tracks!

They rode faster now, and several men unlimbered their rifles. The cat had cut across open country for a time, then headed for the bush. Bond lost the trail, then picked it up again. Soon the Red Hills were in sight. They rode still faster.

"I see him!" shouted one of the hands, and fired a wild shot. The whine of the bullet had hardly died away when they heard the snarl of the cat, and Laird's heart leaped as he saw him, perched on a red rock defiantly. A moment later he slipped out of sight.

"Okay, take it on foot from here!" Bond shouted. "You boys stand back. This cat is dangerous."

The line of men advanced cautiously on the red rocks. They knew the rocks were pitted with caves, and the cat might be hiding anywhere among them. The boys edged up close behind them, afraid of missing anything, but Bond waved them back again.

A shot rang out, and someone shouted, "Winged him, I think!" The circle of men converged on one end of the rocks. The boys stood and waited.

"Hey, look what I found!" It was Brad's voice, and they saw him standing on top of one of the rocks waving, a good fifty yards away. "Come on over here!" he shouted.

"Get off there before you slip!" Bond shouted, but the words were no sooner out of his mouth, than Brad began waving wildly and suddenly disappeared between the rocks.

The hunt was forgotten. Everyone, men and boys, scurried to the rock and peered down through the crack into the darkness.

"You all right?" Bond called. "Can you get out? We'll drop a rope!"

"I'm hurt!" Brad shouted back. "Broke my arm. . . . It hurts."

A moment of stunned silence, and then Bond turned to the boys. "One of you go down there and tie a rope around him," he said. "A small boy. That crack isn't too wide."

"I'll go!" Mike shouted, and scrambled forward. He seized the rope eagerly, ran to the crack and then stopped frozen in his tracks.

"Look . . ." he said, pointing down.

In the trace of sand at the edge of the crack was the unmistakable print of a bob cat.

"The cat!" Bond said, almost whispering. "There's a cave down there . . . He might be in it . . ." He turned to Mike. "Hurry up, boy! Gotta git that lad outta there!"

But Mike didn't move; he just stood and stared at the track. "The cat's there . . . and he's wounded!"

"Scared?" said Bond. He got no answer. "You gotta go! You're the only one small enough to get in there . . . except the Runt." He looked at Laird.

Laird swallowed dryly and spoke. "I'll go if you'll let me take a rifle."

Bond handed him the rifle silently. Laird grasped the rope, and they lowered him into the semi-darkness slowly. It felt as though he'd never touch bottom, but at last he landed on the hard sand beside Brad.

"Lift up your arms and hang on to the broken one," Laird said breathlessly. He slipped the rope around Brad's chest and tied a knot. "Hurt bad?"

Brad grunted. Laird caught the rope to tug on it, and then his heart seemed to stand still.

For in the darkness of the cave he saw two yellow eyes, and he heard a low growl.

"The cat!" Brad shouted. "Look out!"

Laird swung about and fired the rifle from his hip. The yellow eyes loomed up suddenly as the cat sprang, and Laird could only thrust wildly with the muzzle of the rifle, feeling it strike hard in the soft fur.

The air screamed with cat yowls and the scape

of their feet. The cat turned for another charge, and Laird leaped to get between Brad and the screeching, wounded animal. He pumped desperately at the rifle, trying to get another shell into the chamber, but the cat was too fast. Razor-like claws raked his sleeves and a moment later he felt the sting of excruciating pain running up and down his arm.

"He's coming back!" Brad shouted.

Laird could barely make out the tawny shape in the gloom. A shell was in the chamber now, and he raised the rifle to his shoulder, wincing with pain, and aimed at the glaring eyes, although the cat was already charging.

The cave echoed and rang with the roar of the gun. Laird braced himself against the cat's charge, but nothing happened. As the smoke settled he could make out the limp body lying at his feet.

"You did it!" Brad almost sobbed. "He's dead!"

They pulled the two of them up, and a minute later they pulled up the carcass of the bob cat, still fierce and terrifying even though dead. Plenty of willing hands were dressing Laird's wounded shoulder, and though the claw marks frightened him at first, he felt a secret thrill of pride at the sight of them.

Brad and Jim Bond came over after Brad's arm had been put in a splint.

"You've got guts, Laird," Brad said, clapping him on the shoulder. "I thought I was a goner for sure. You stood there and shot him as calm as if you were on a rifle range."

Bond was looking at Laird thoughtfully. "Alone in the dark with a wounded bob cat," he said slowly. "I tell you—I would have been plenty scared."

Mike Fuller poked his head through the ring of admirers. "That was pretty good shootin', Runt!" he said.

Bond turned on him roughly. "Don't ever let me hear you say that name again!" he roared. "Nobody with that much courage is a runt!" He turned back to Laird and smiled. "Let's get back to the house," he said. "We better get that arm tended to if you expect to ride out with me tomorrow."

But somehow, after that, Laird didn't feel the sting of pain at all.

A MESSAGE to 400,000 Readers . . .

Your newsdealer sells many comic books. If you can't find "RED" RABBIT, tell him to save it for you so you will never have to miss a single issue UNCLE RAY

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of "RED" RABBIT COMICS, published bimonthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1949.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. Charles Laue, 54 West Randolph St., Chicago 1, Ill.; Editor, none; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, none.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) J. Charles Laue Publishing Company, 54 West Randolph St., Chicago 1, Ill.; J. Charles Laue, 54 West Randolph St., Chicago 1, Ill.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security

holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

J. CHARLES LAUE, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1949.

WILLIAM R. BOWES, JR., Notary Public
(My commission expires January 2, 1951)

Pete and Tweet

HMMM...

ILLUSTRATED
BY...

STAN
LOUIS

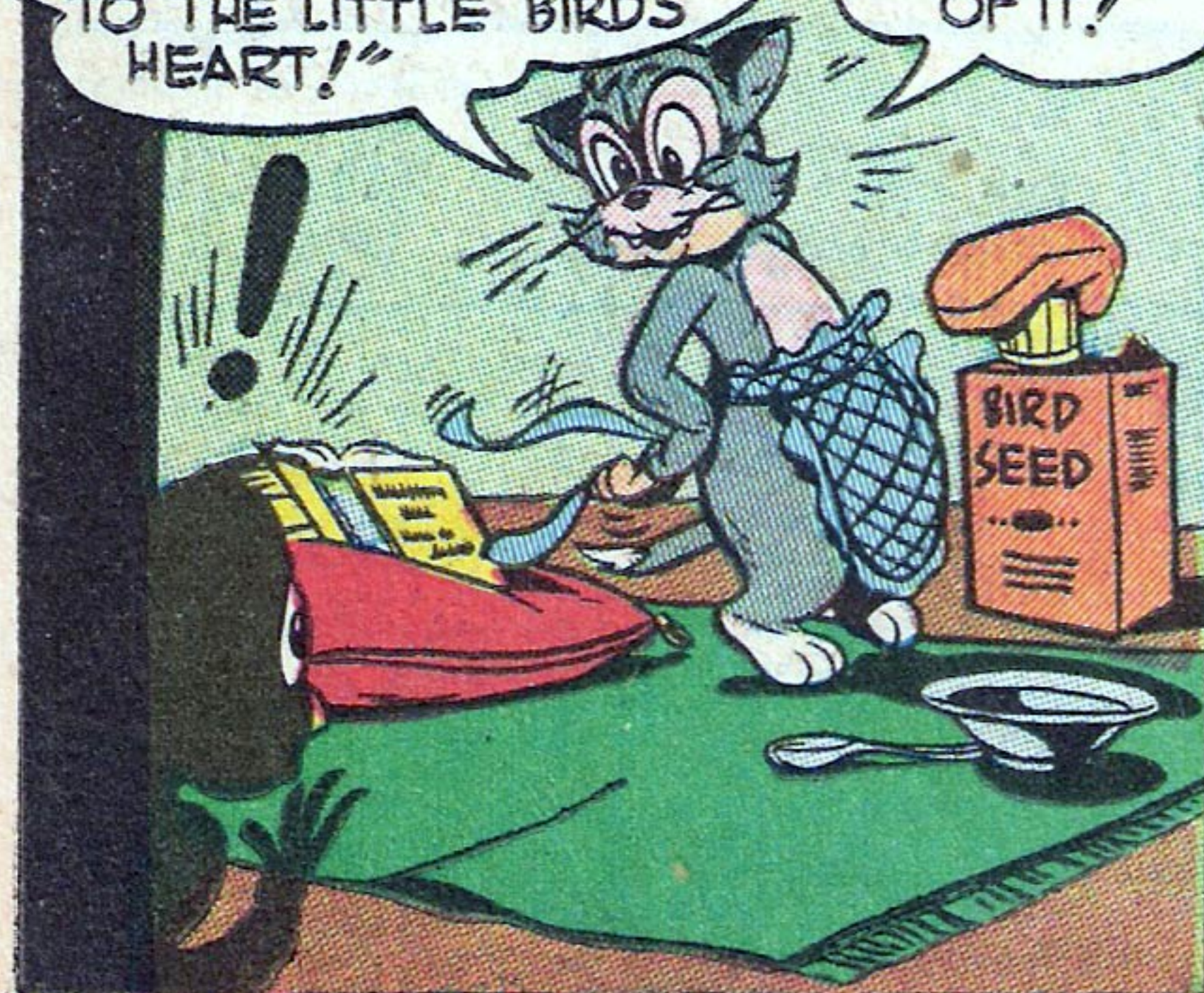
WELL, SALT MY
TAIL FEATHERS!
PETE'S READING A BOOK!
I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING
NOW!

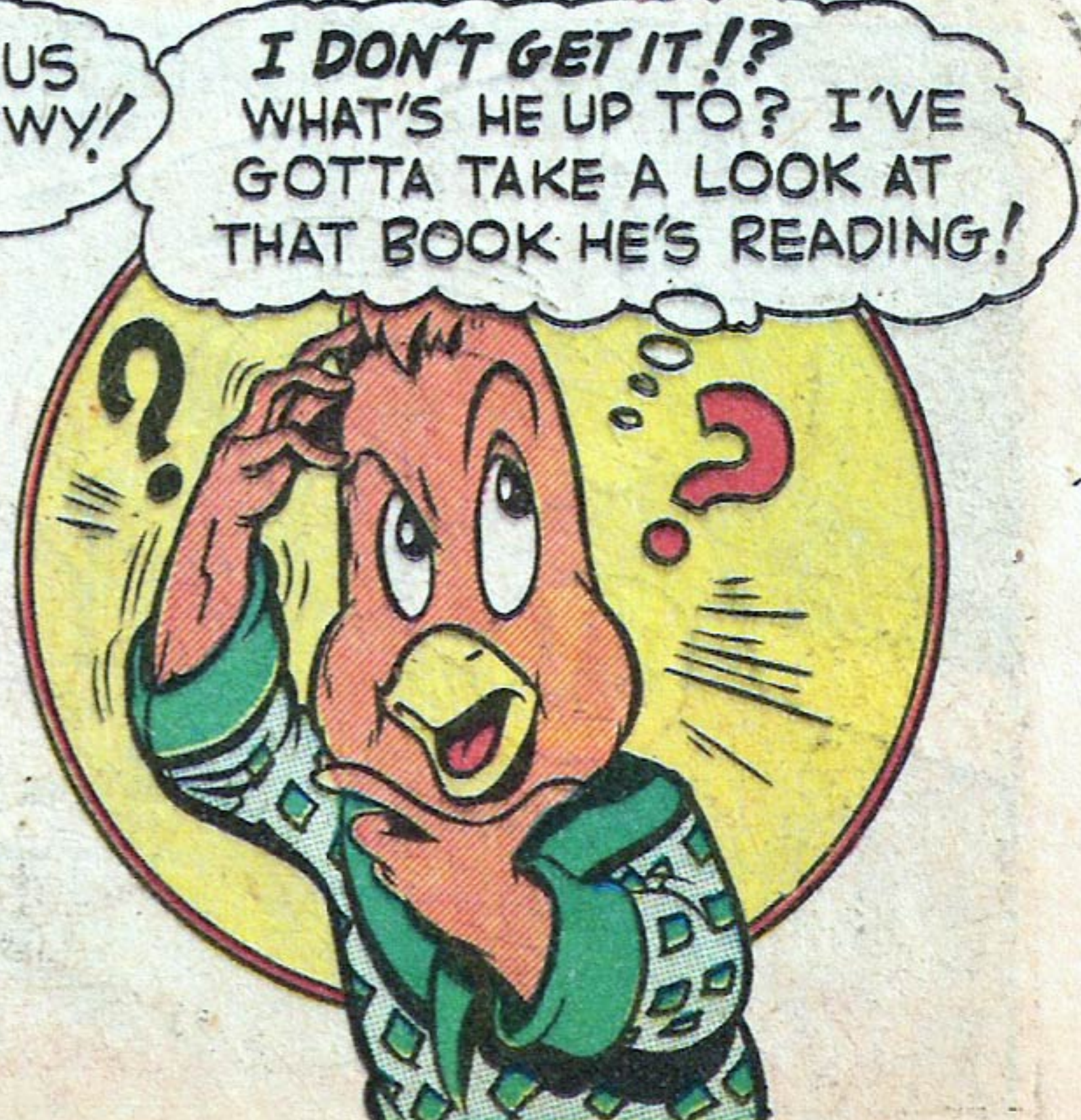
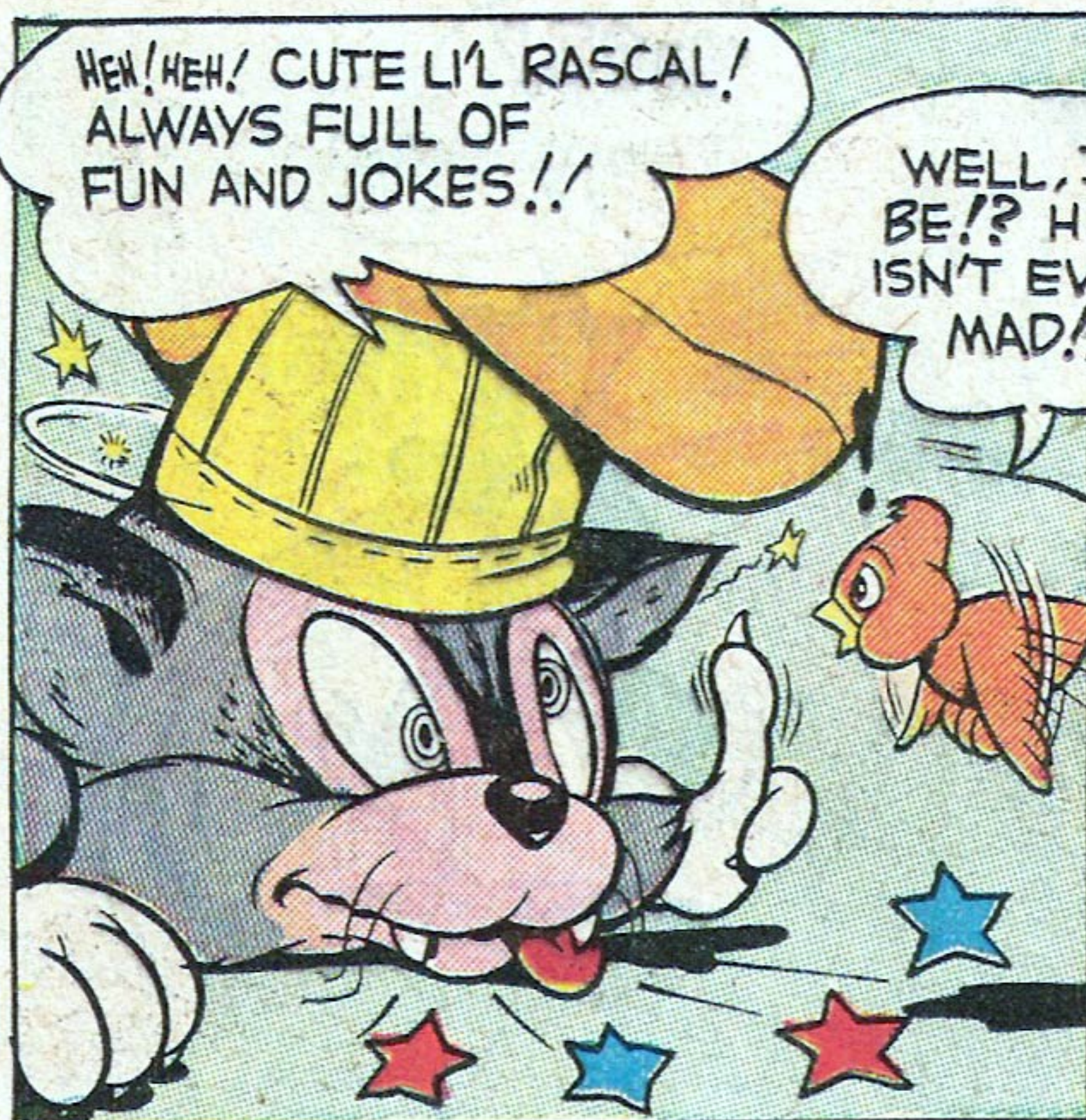
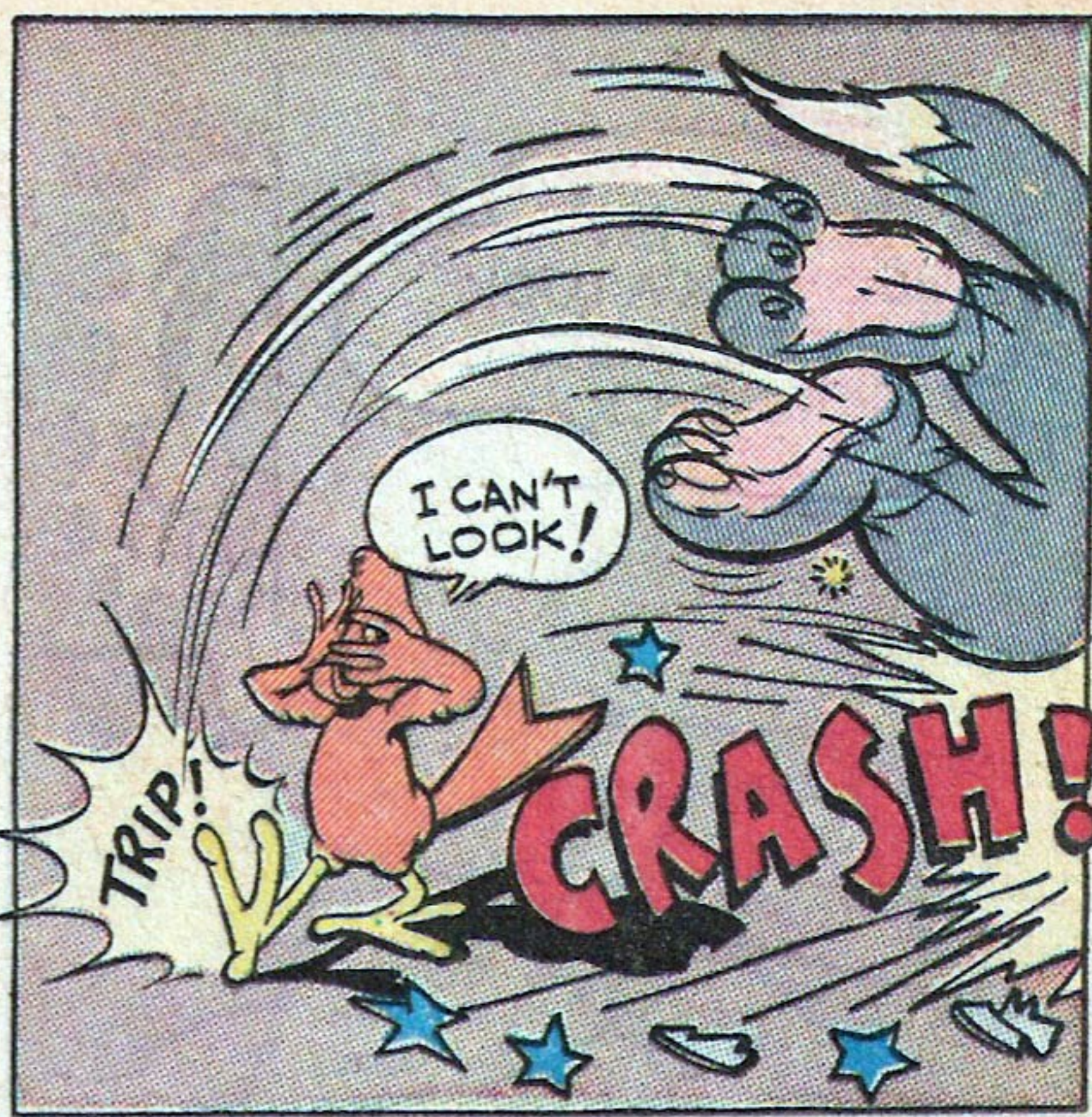
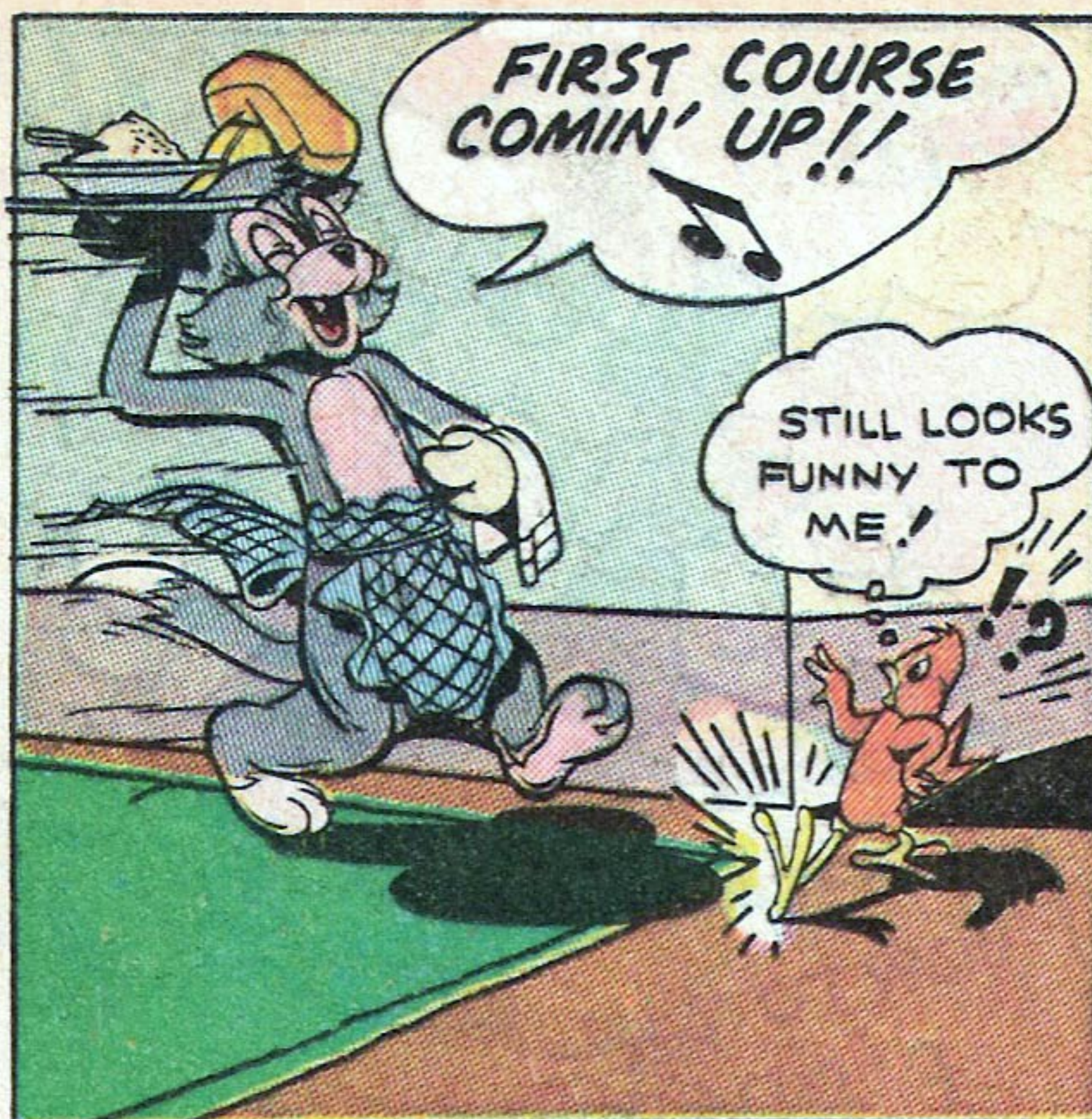


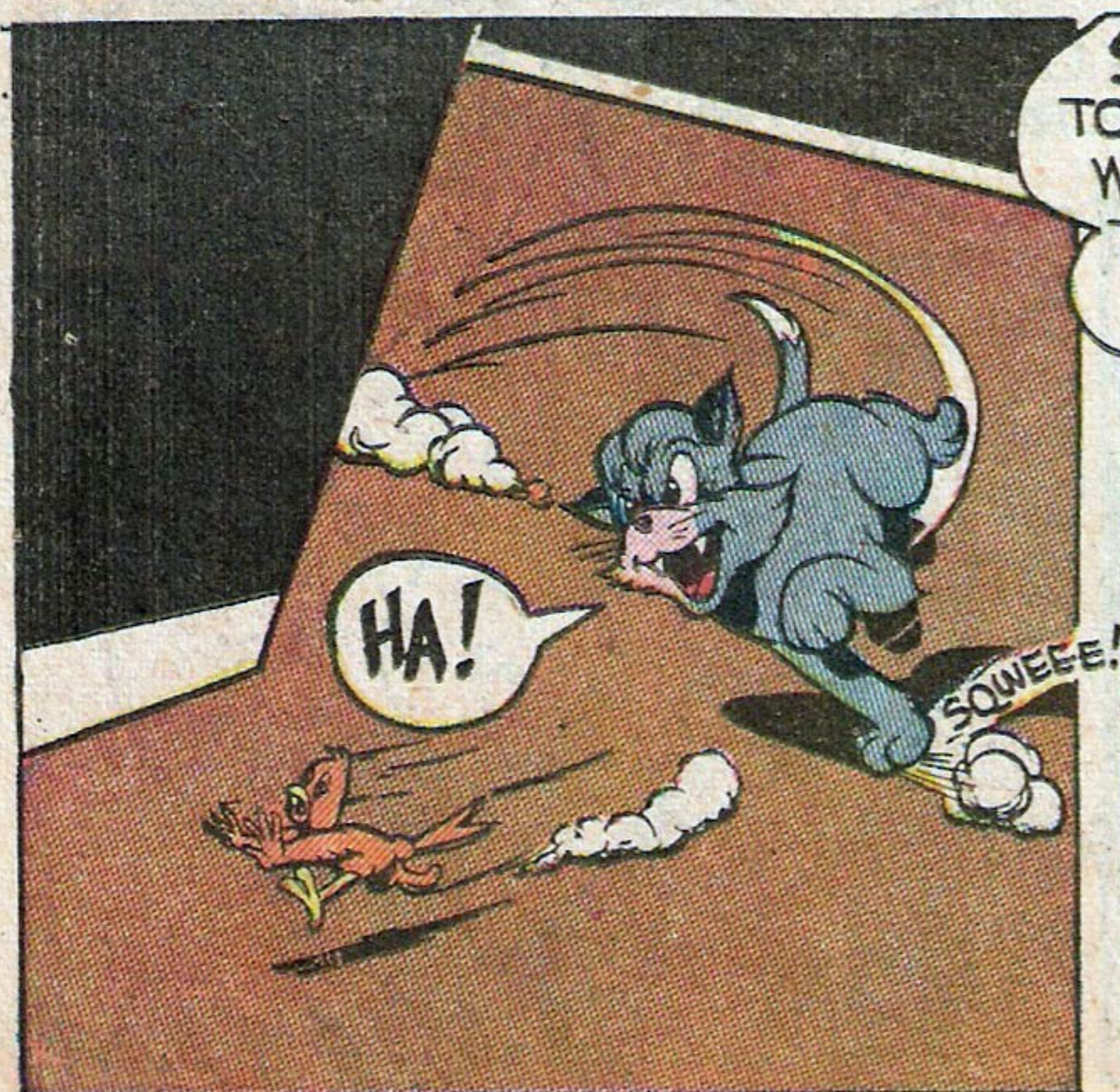
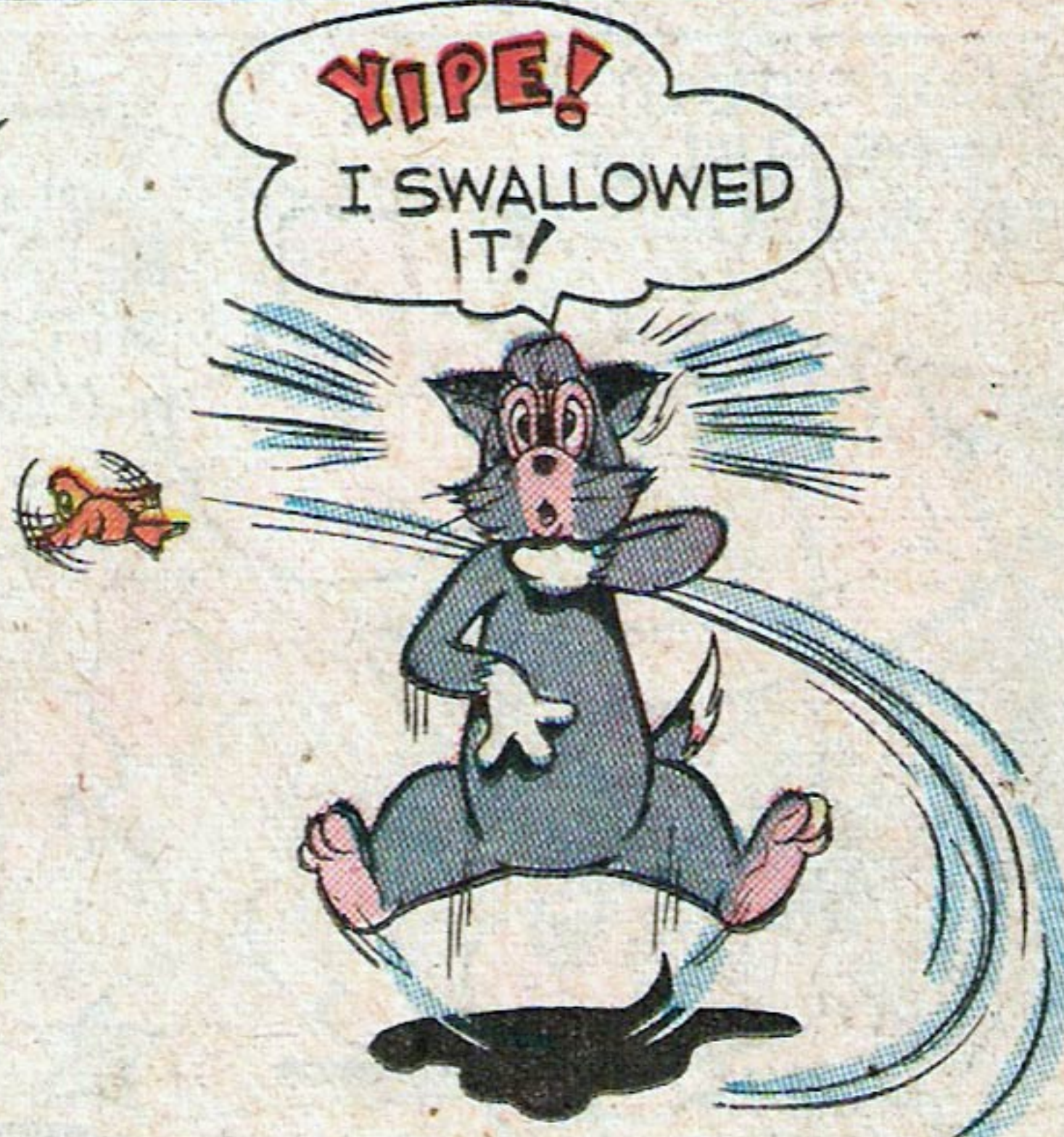
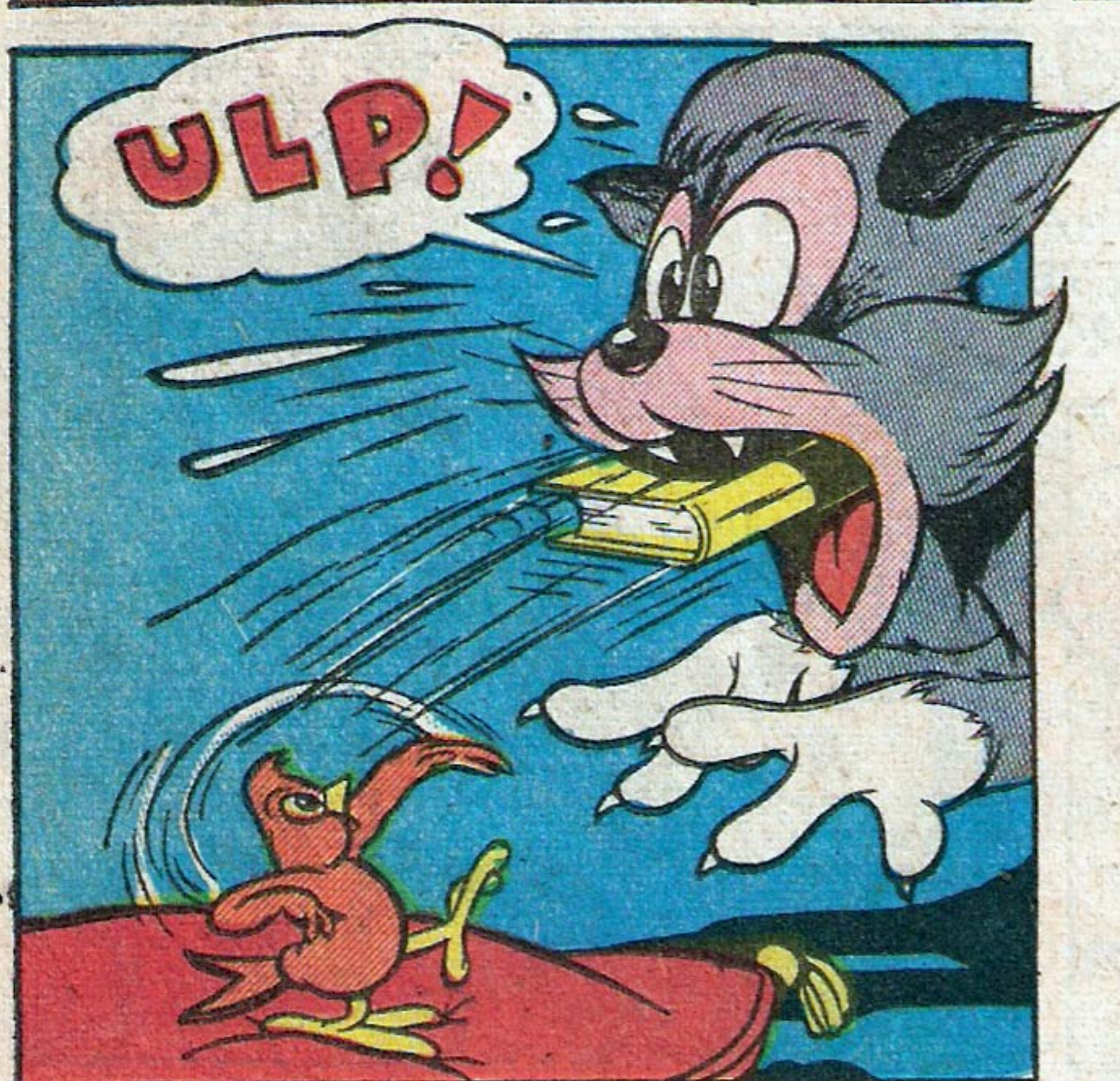
"CHAPTER THREE: CANARIES
ARE VERY FOND OF BIRD-
SEED. THIS IS THE WAY
TO THE LITTLE BIRD'S
HEART!"

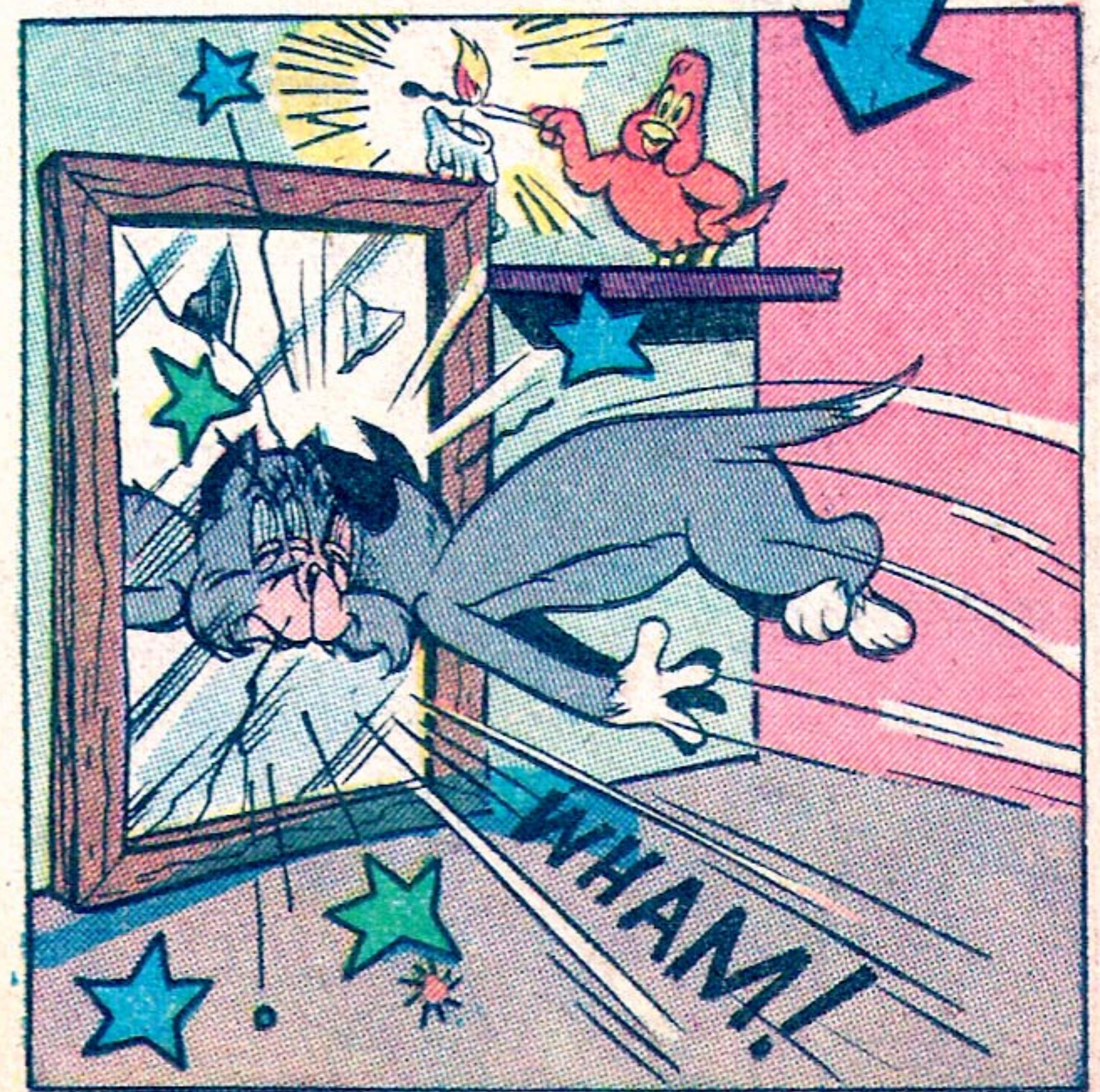
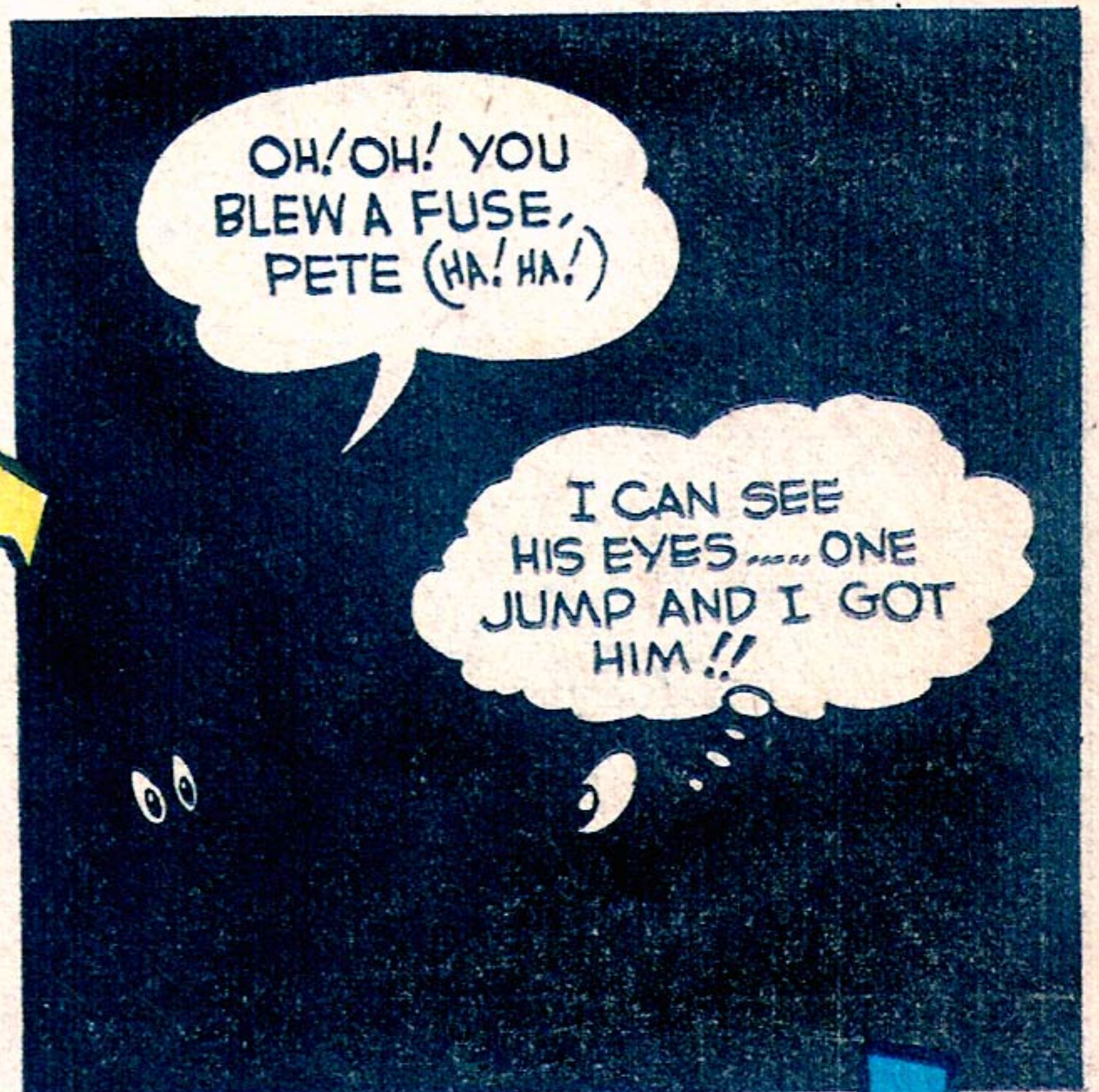
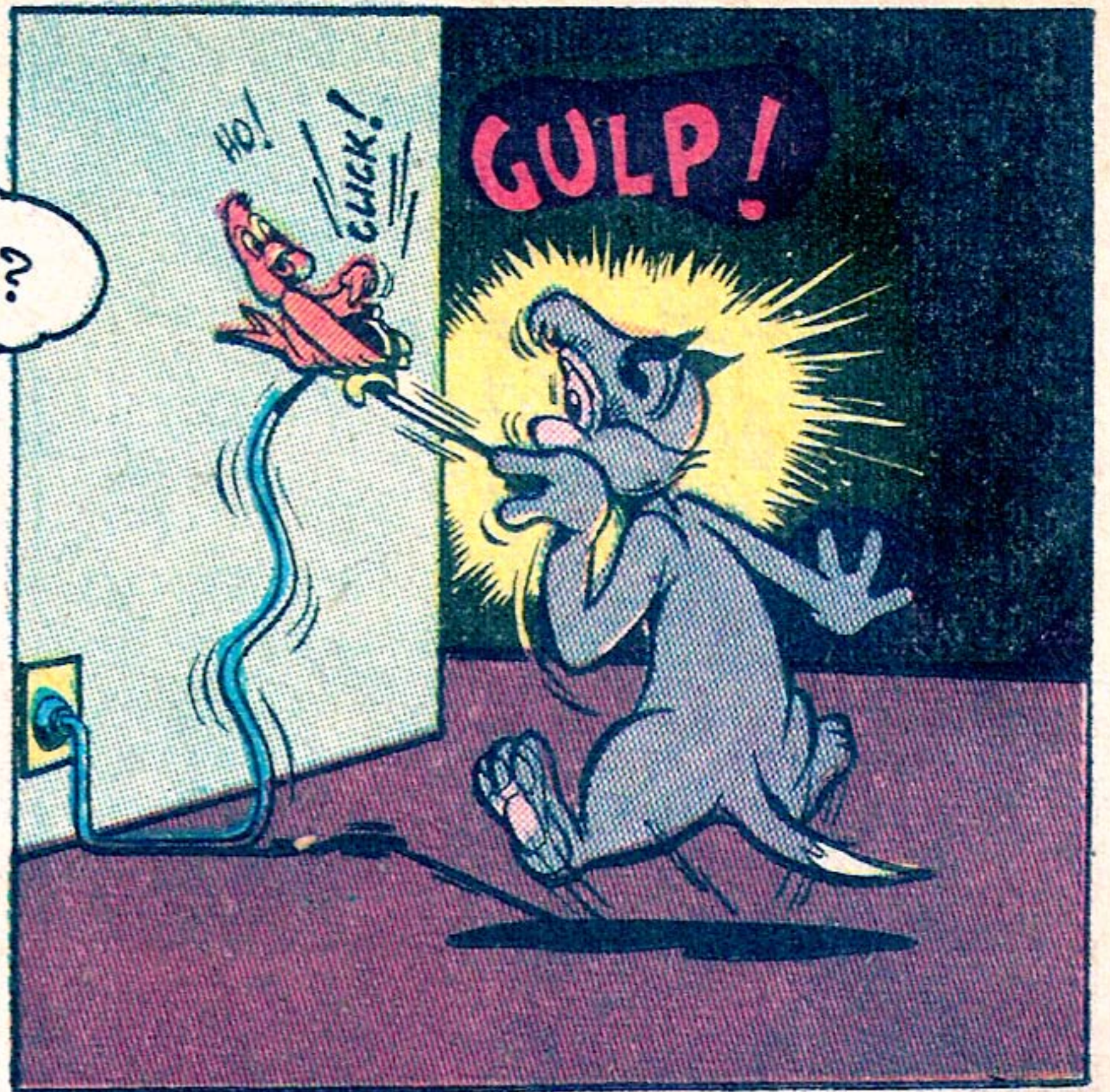
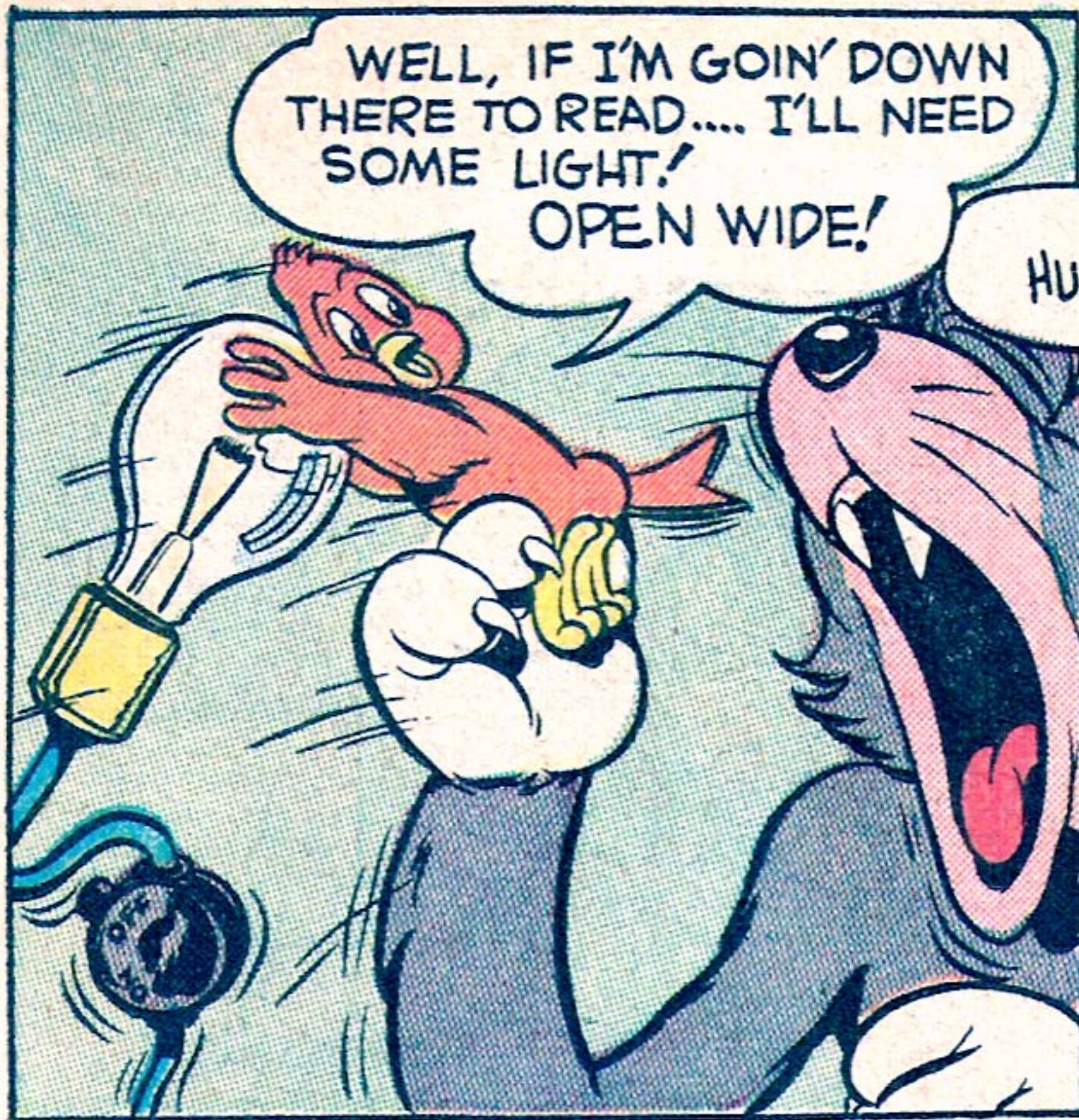
BIRDSEED!
JUST THE THING
...AND LOTS
OF IT!

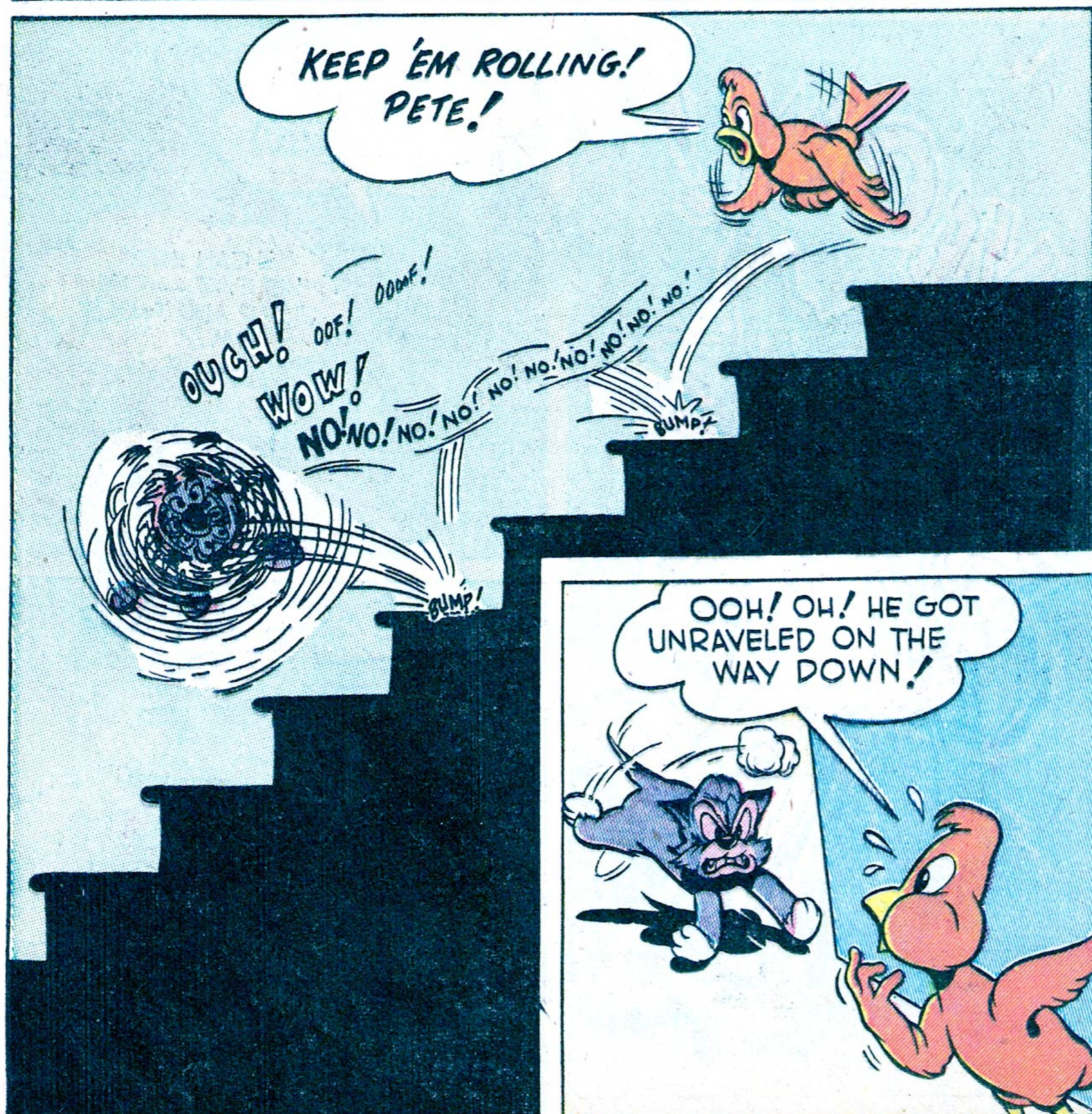
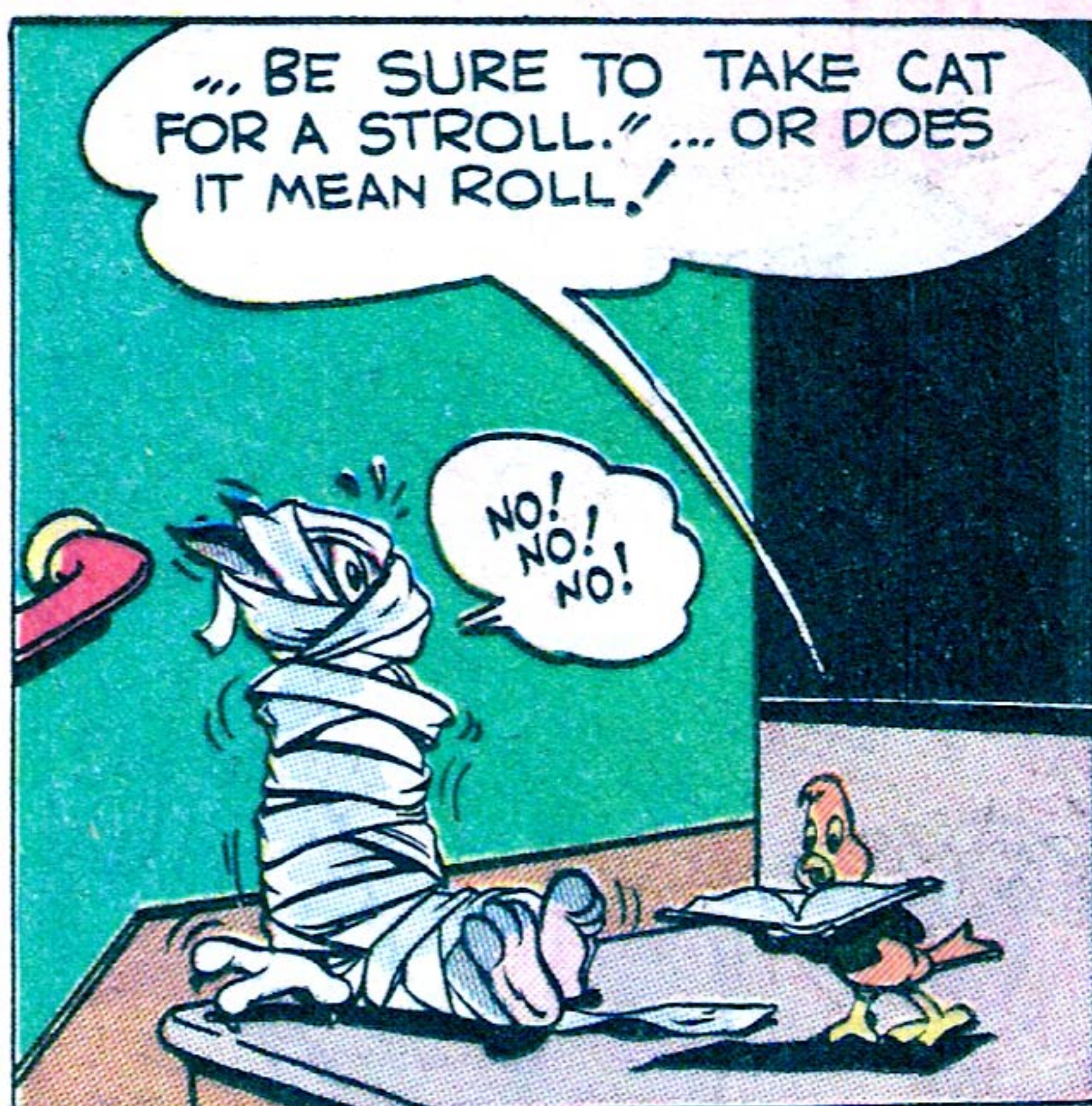
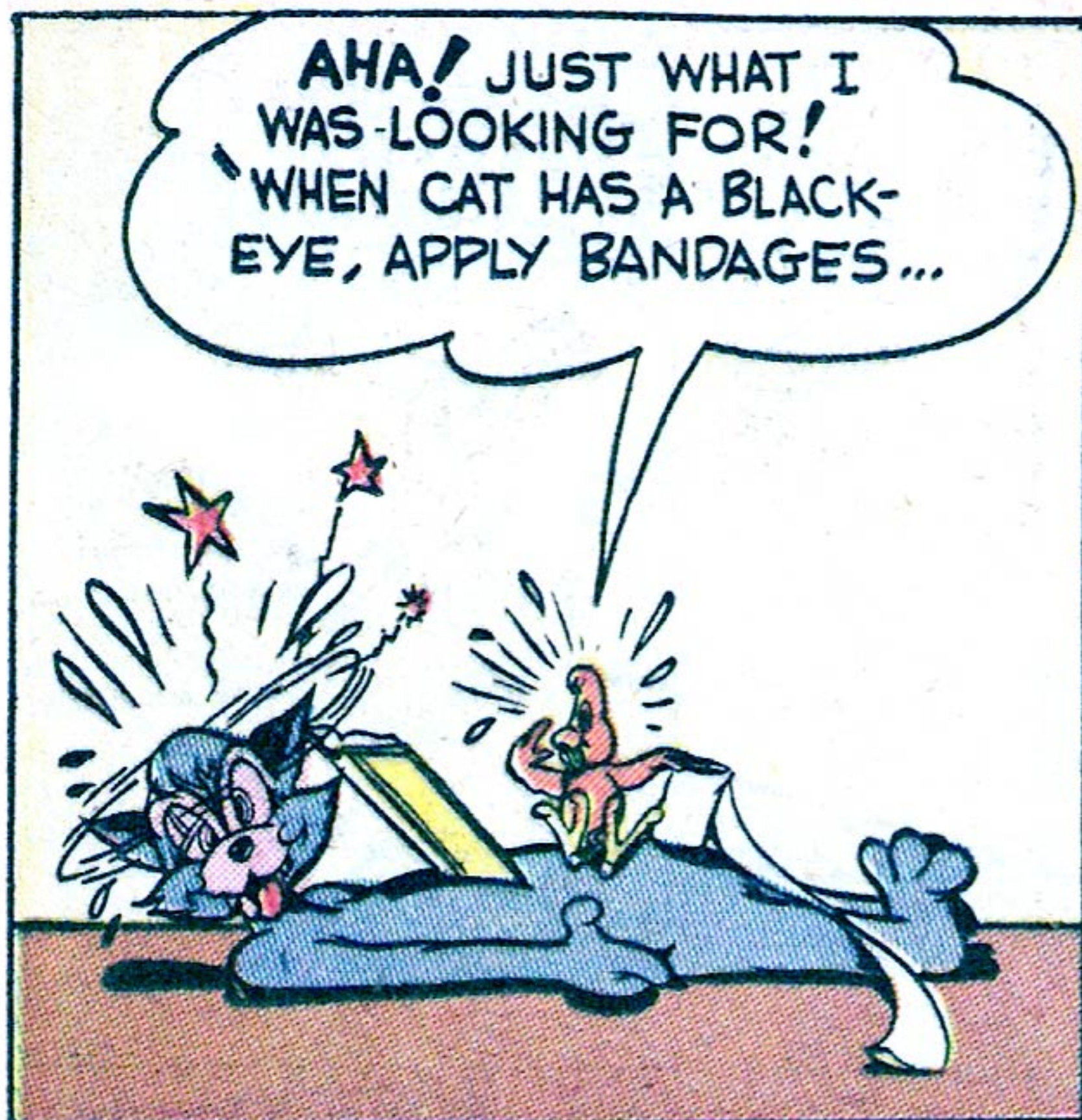
AH! THIS WILL WARM
HIS LITTLE HEART!
NOTHING'S TOO
GOOD FOR MY
OLD PAL TWEET!

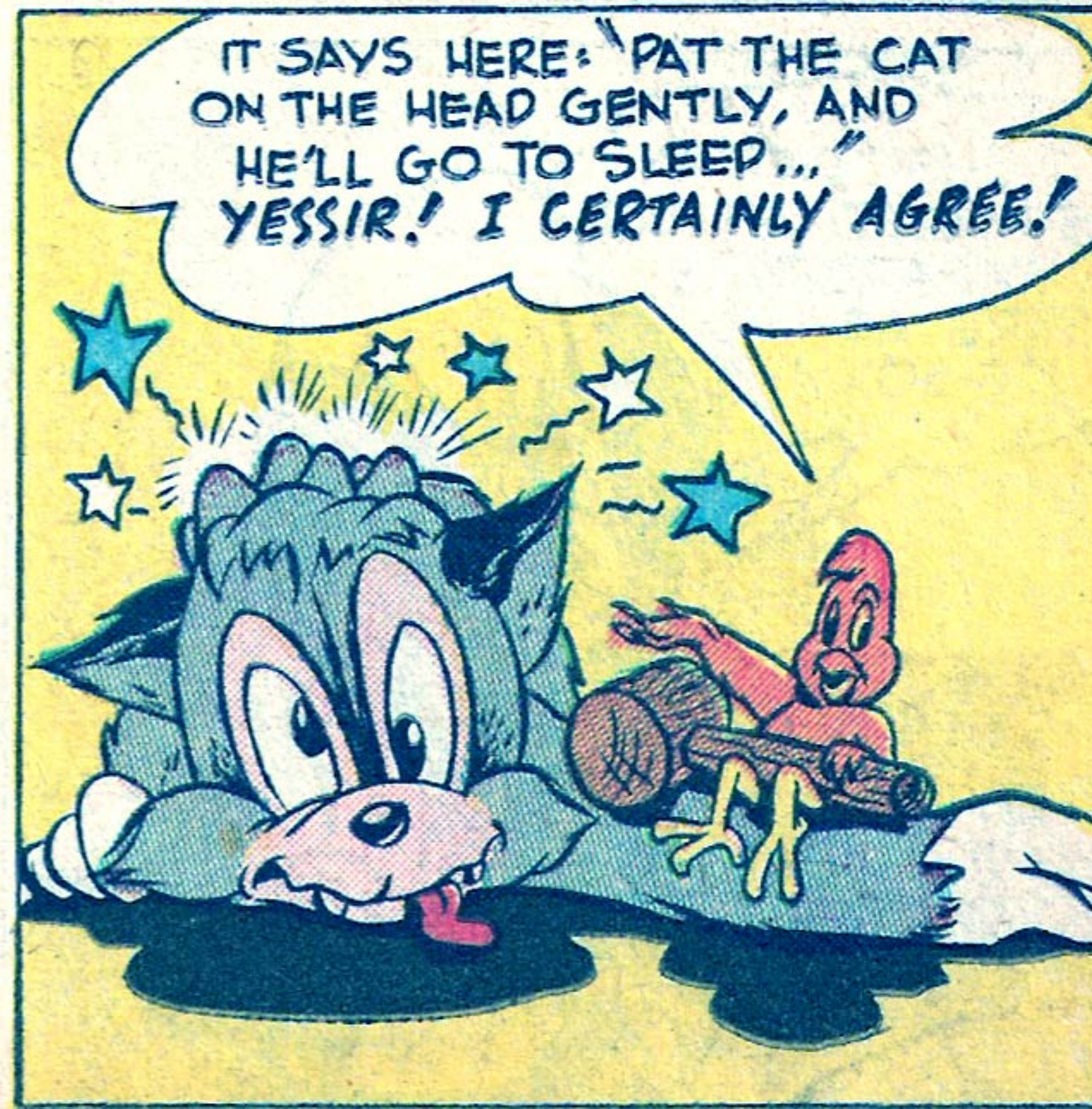
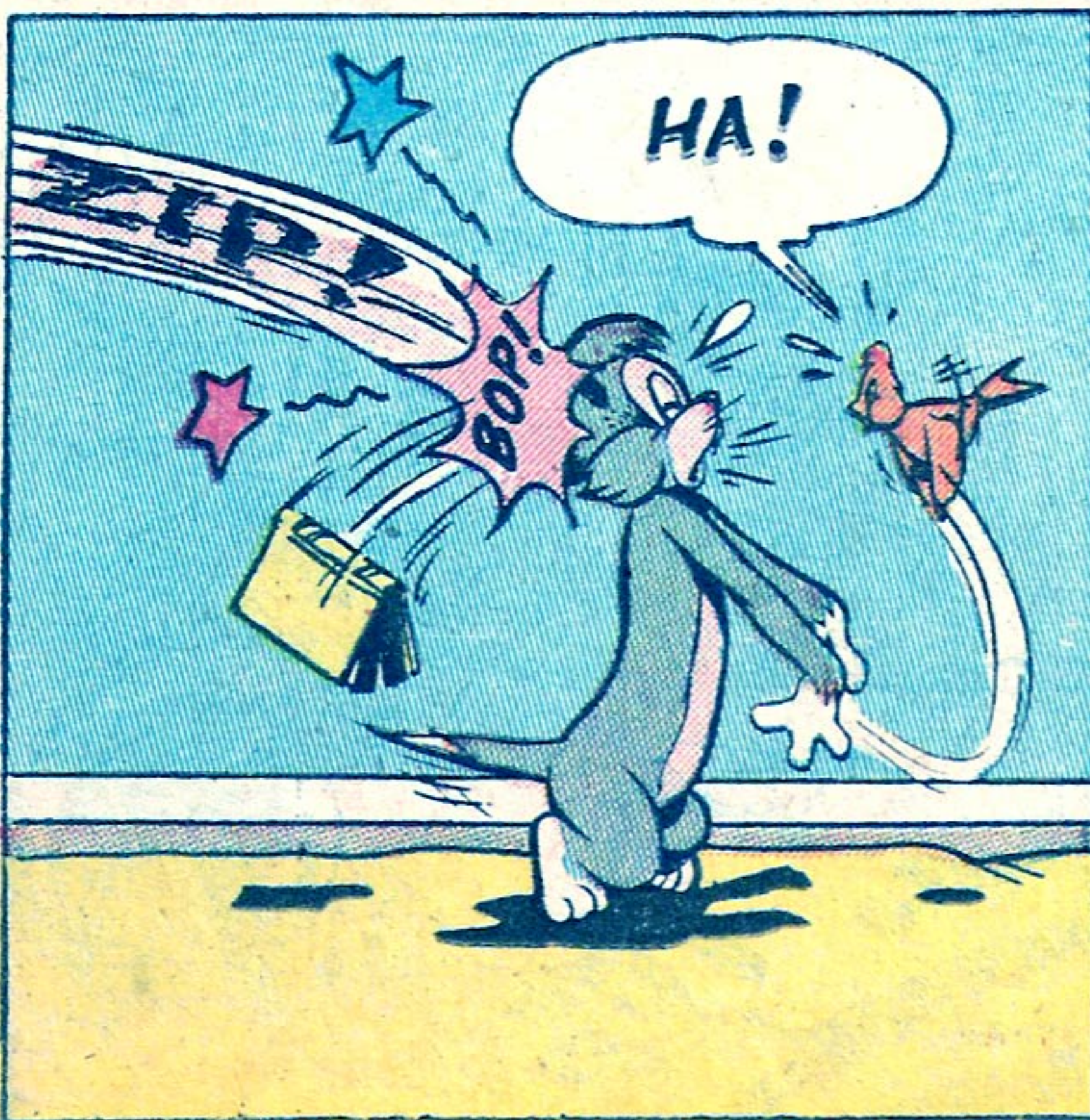
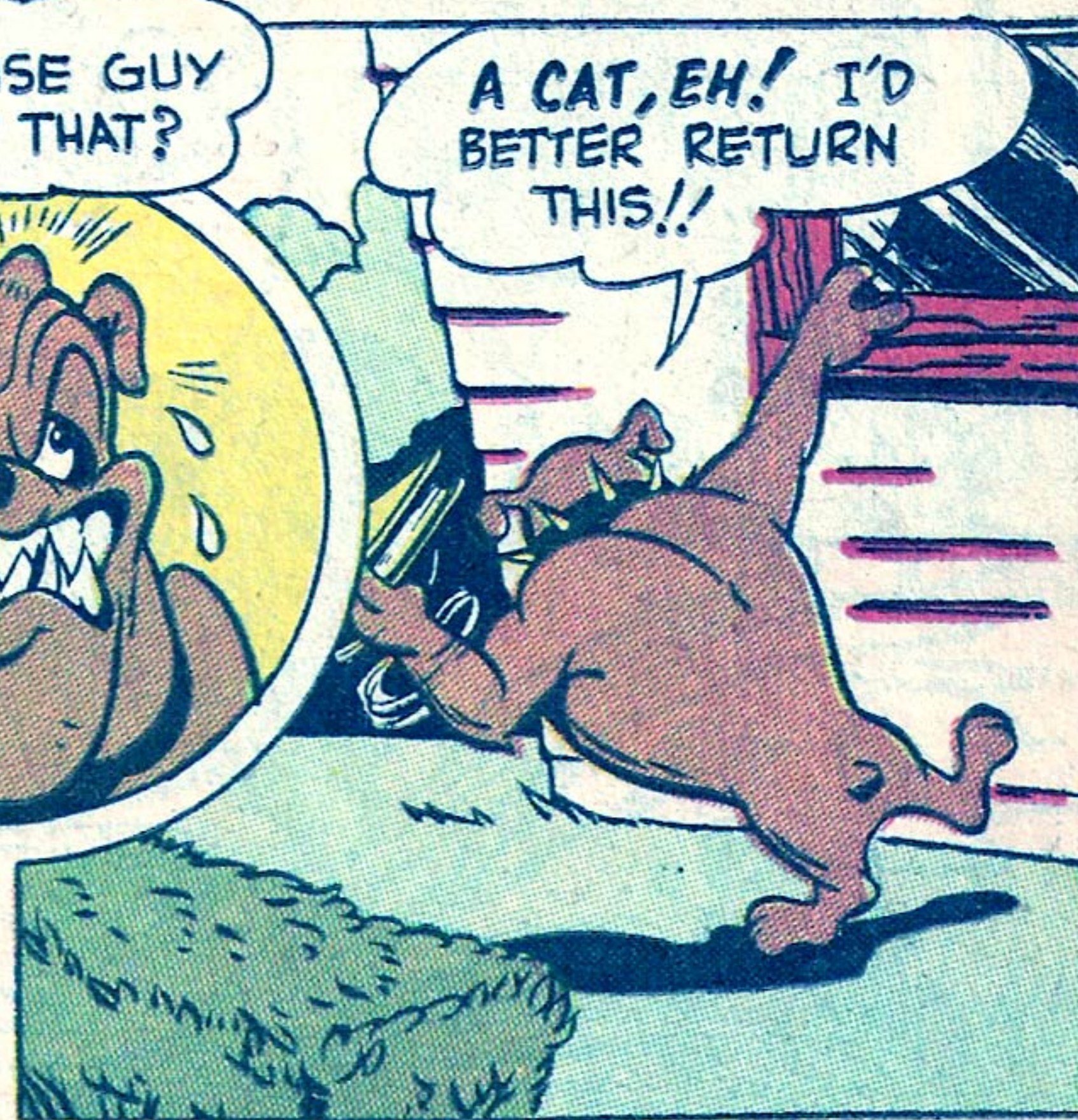
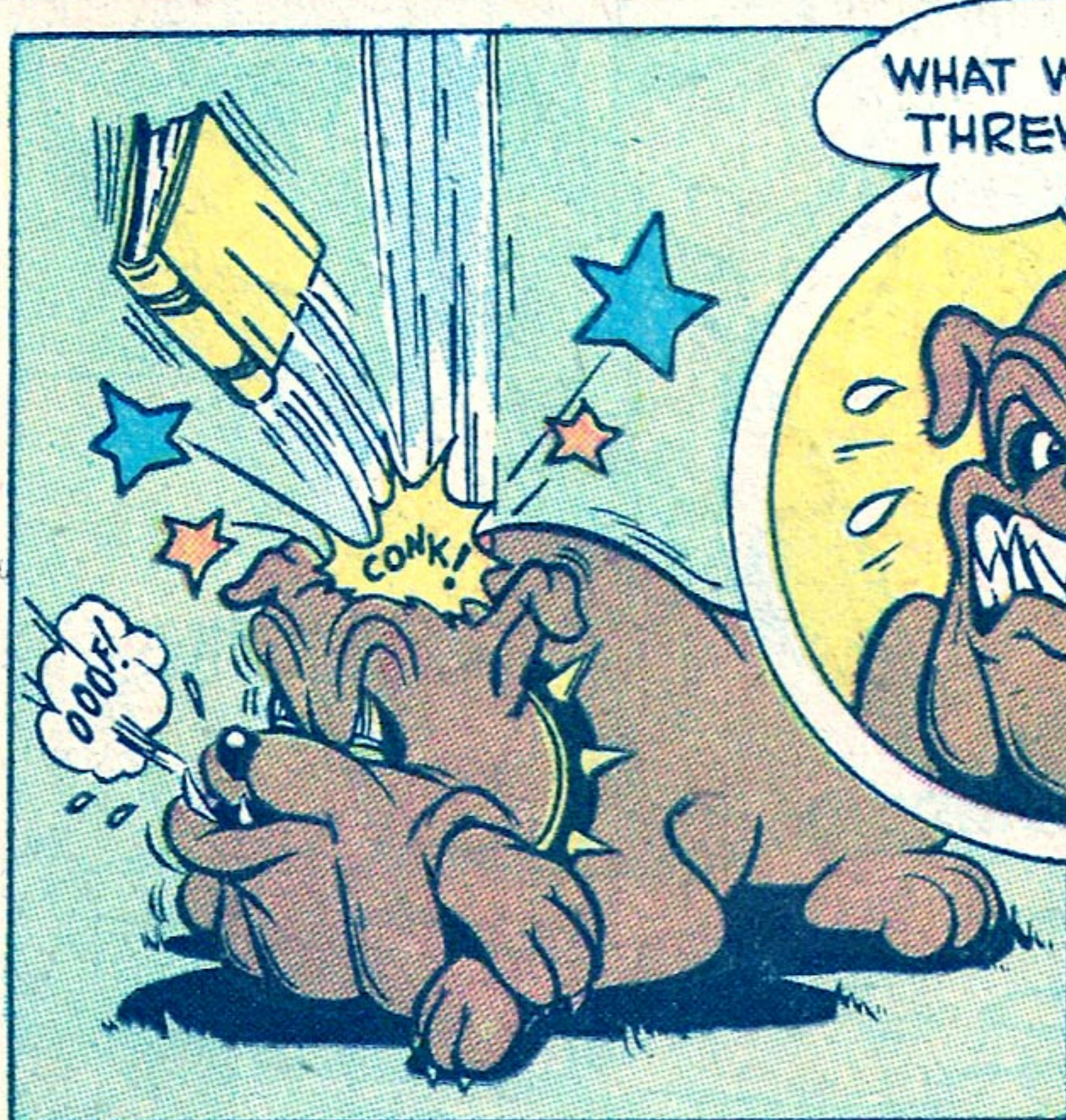








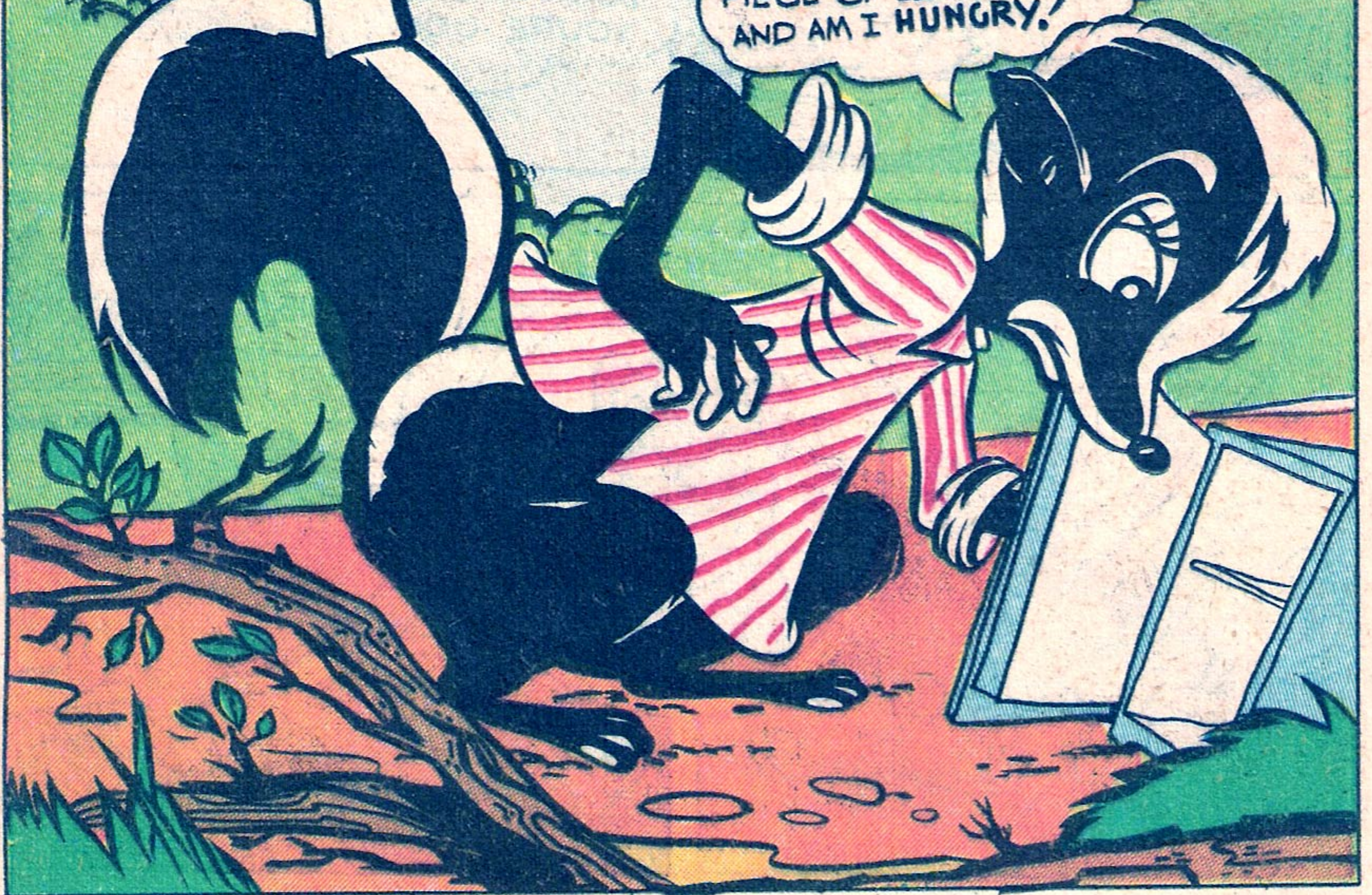




Lil Tinker

ILLUSTRATED BY
Bill Newton

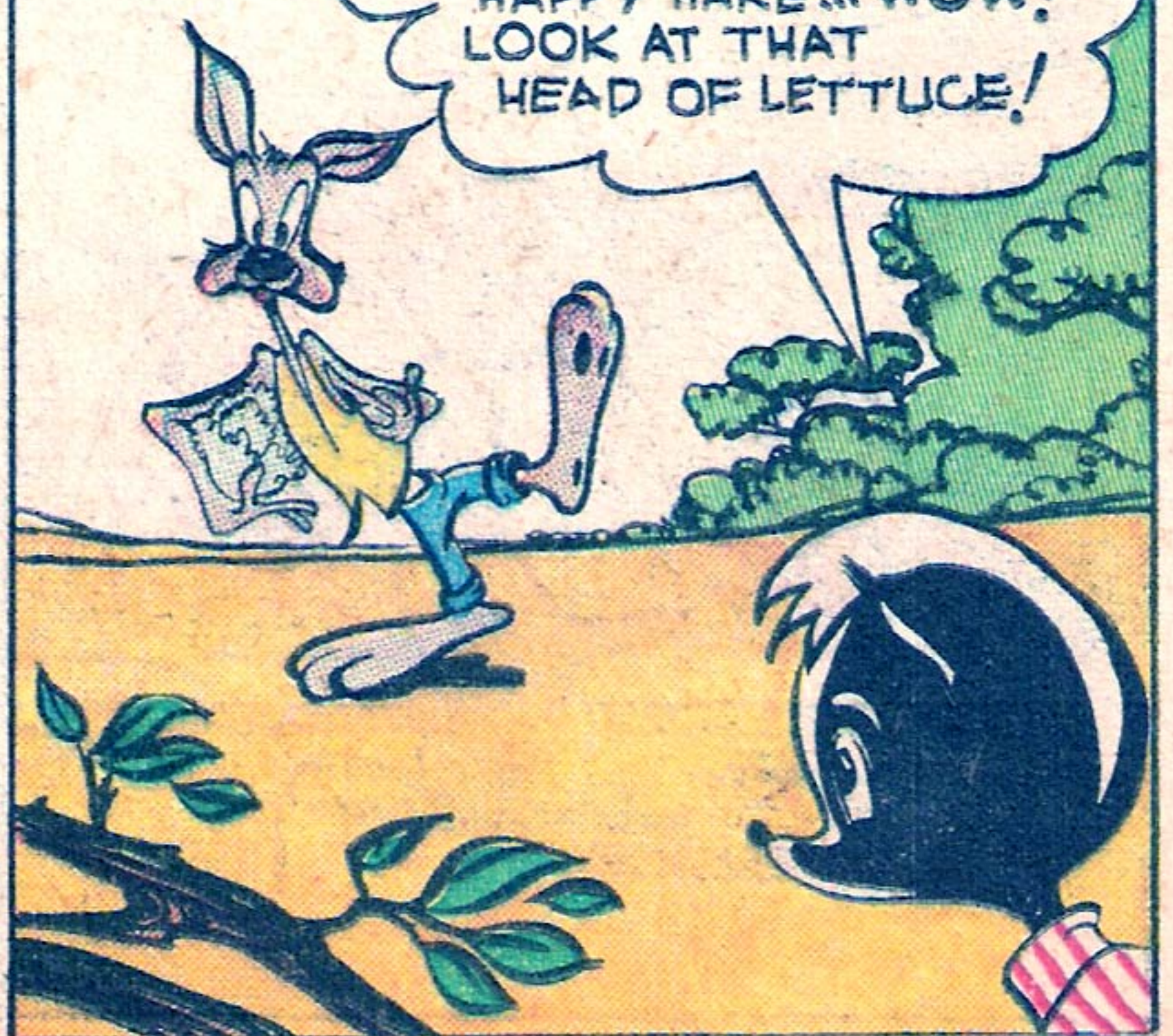
NOT EVEN A SINGLE
PIECE OF LETTUCE LEFT!
AND AM I HUNGRY!

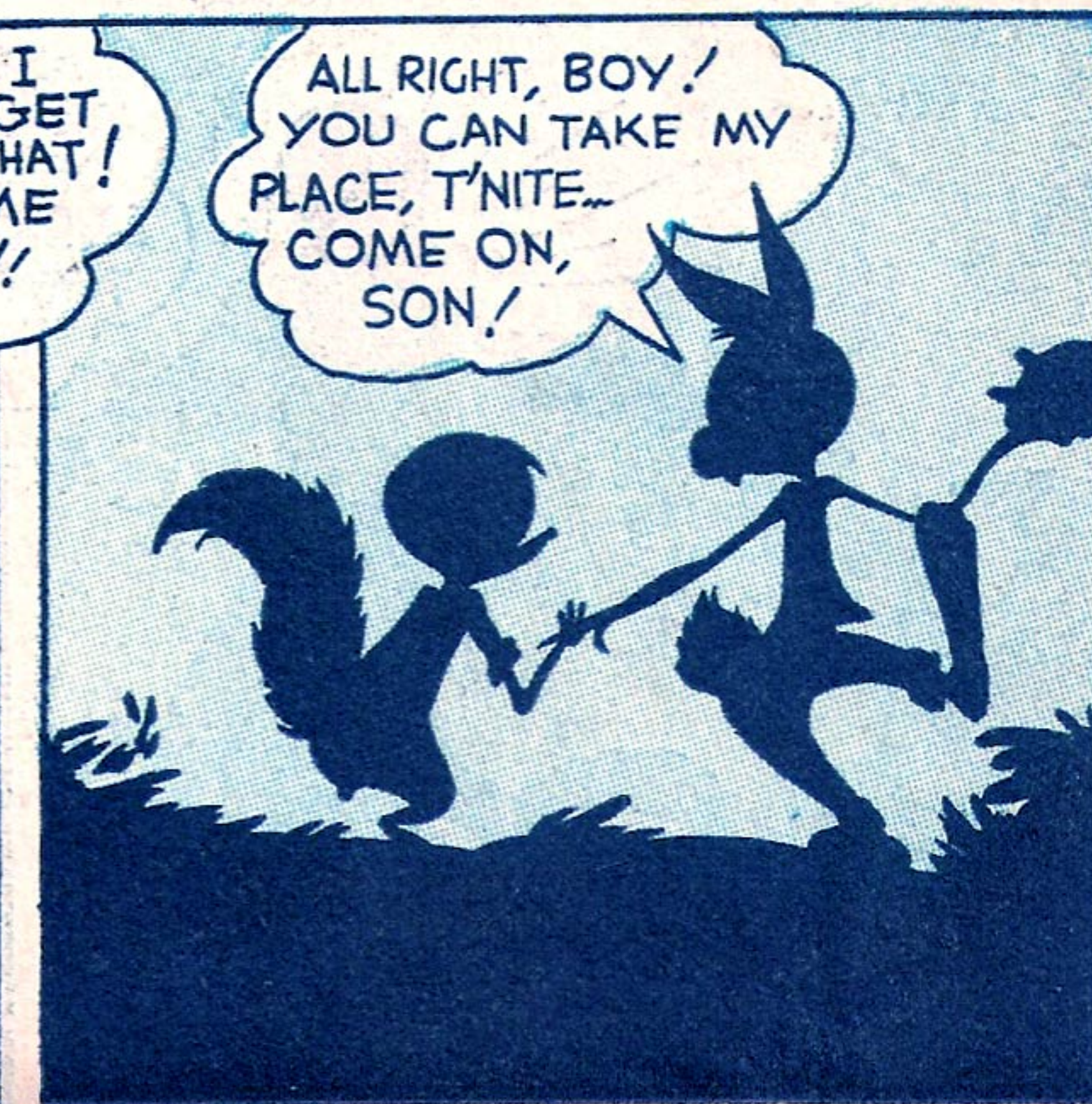
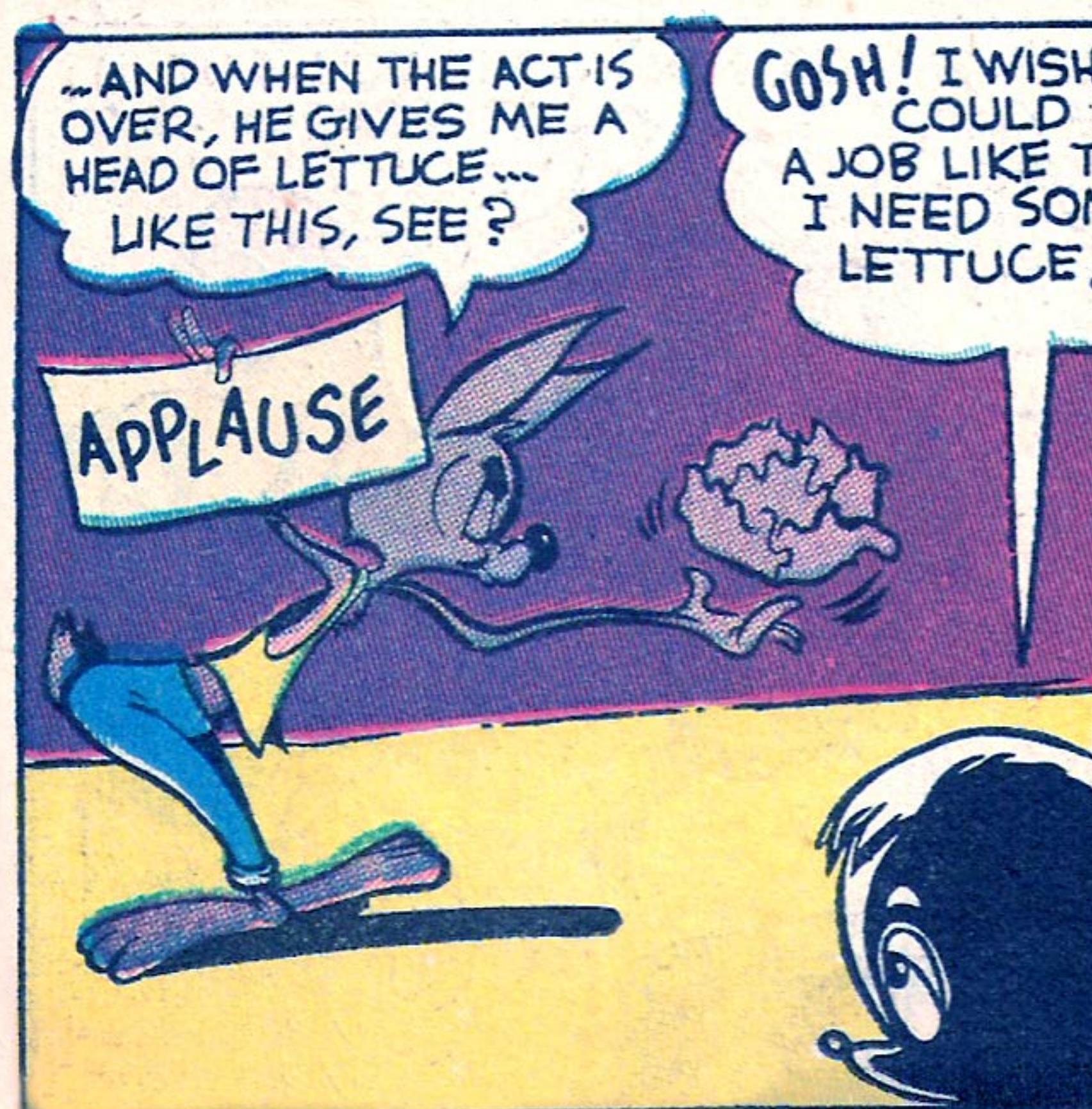
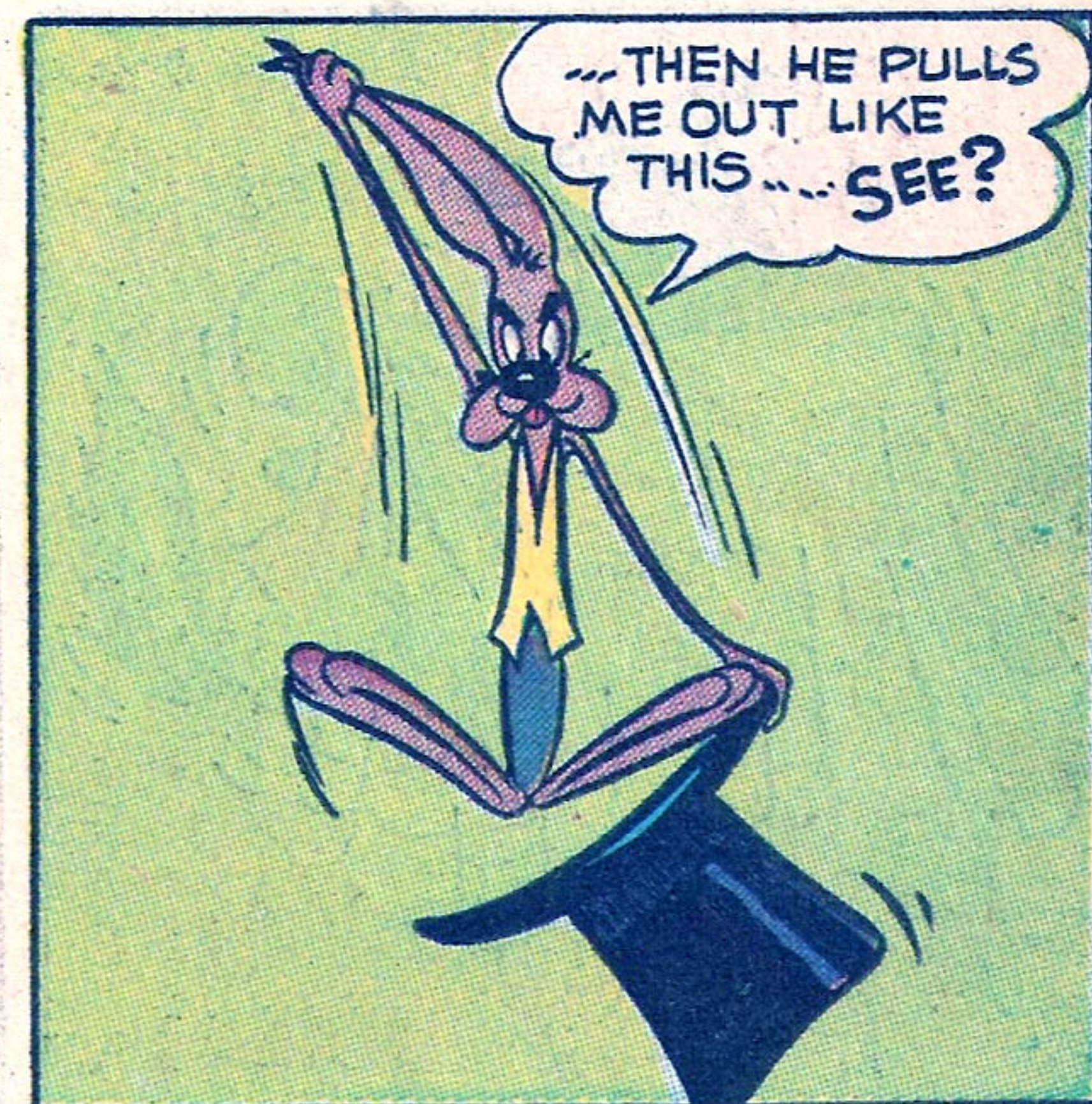
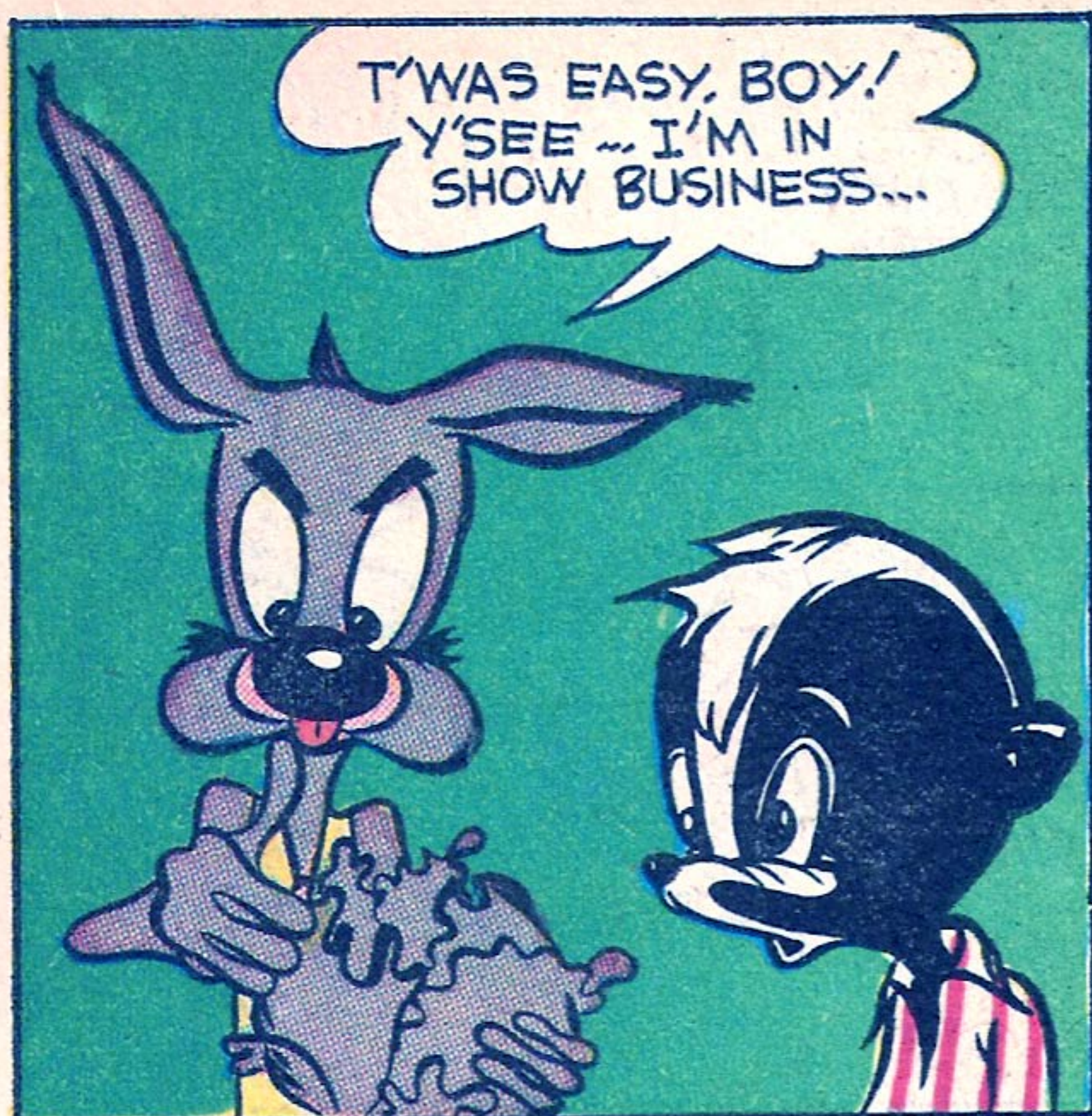


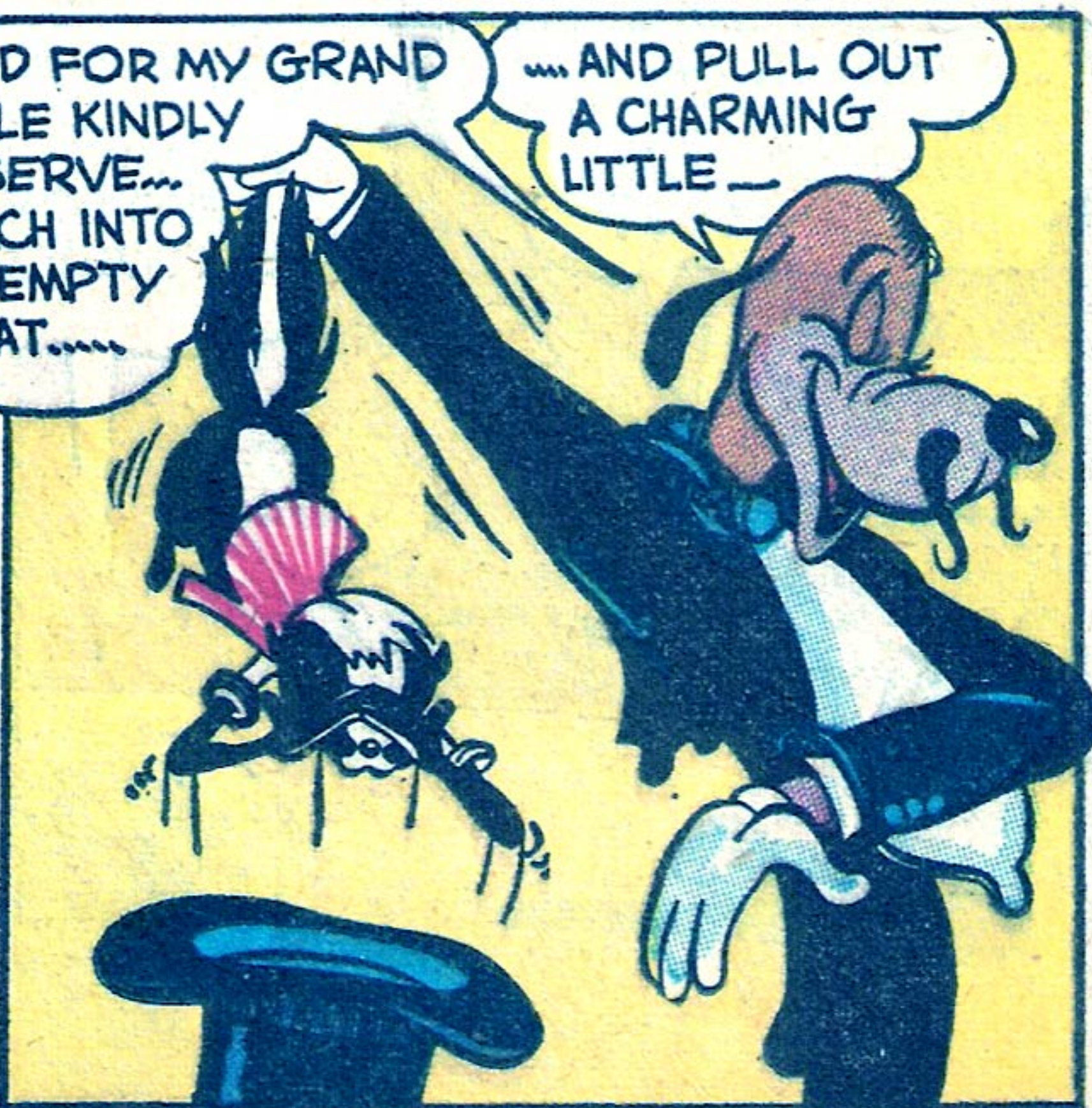
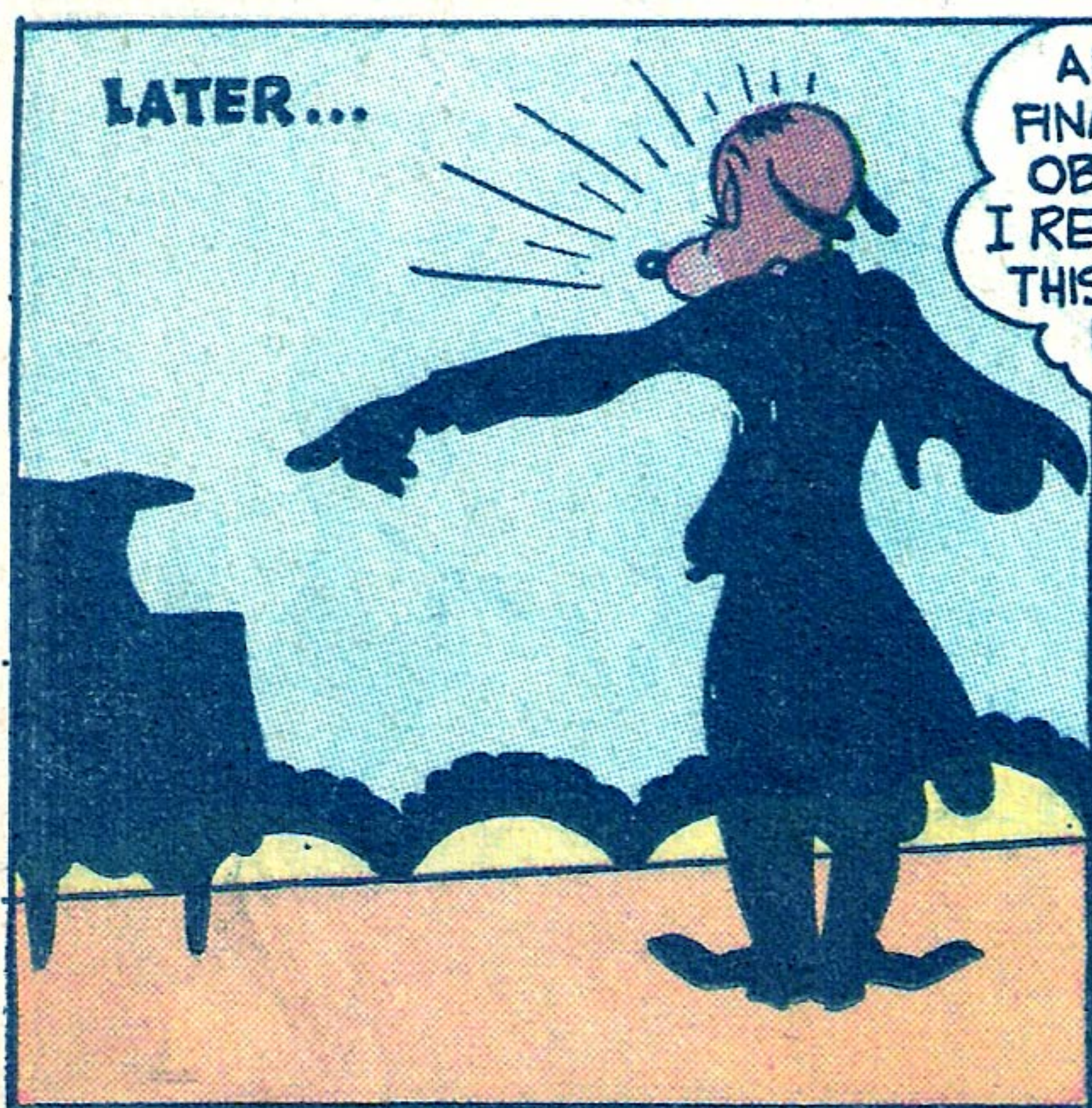
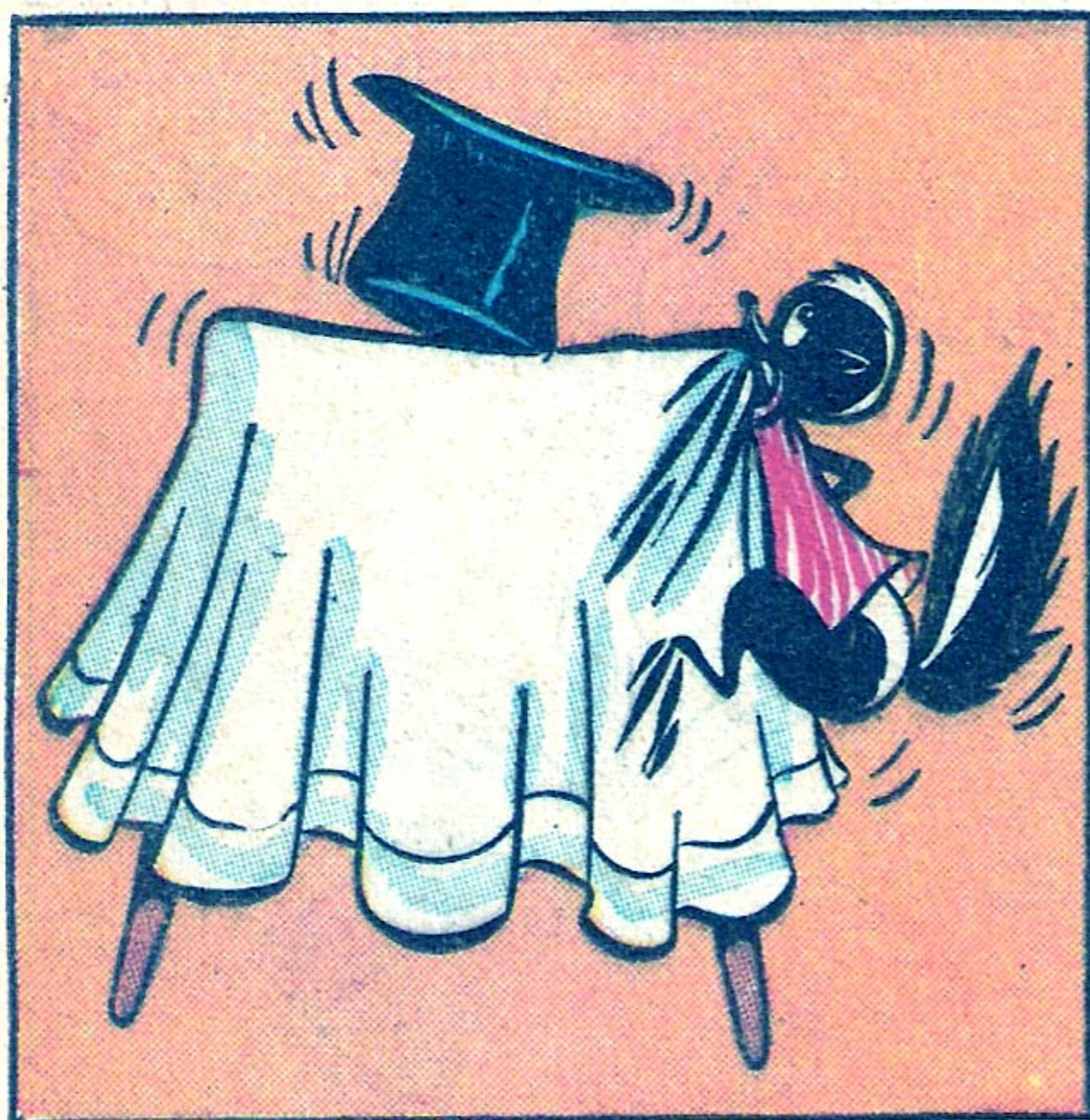
I JUST GOTTA
GET SOME LETTUCE
...MY GARDEN IS
BARE AS MY
ICE-BOX!

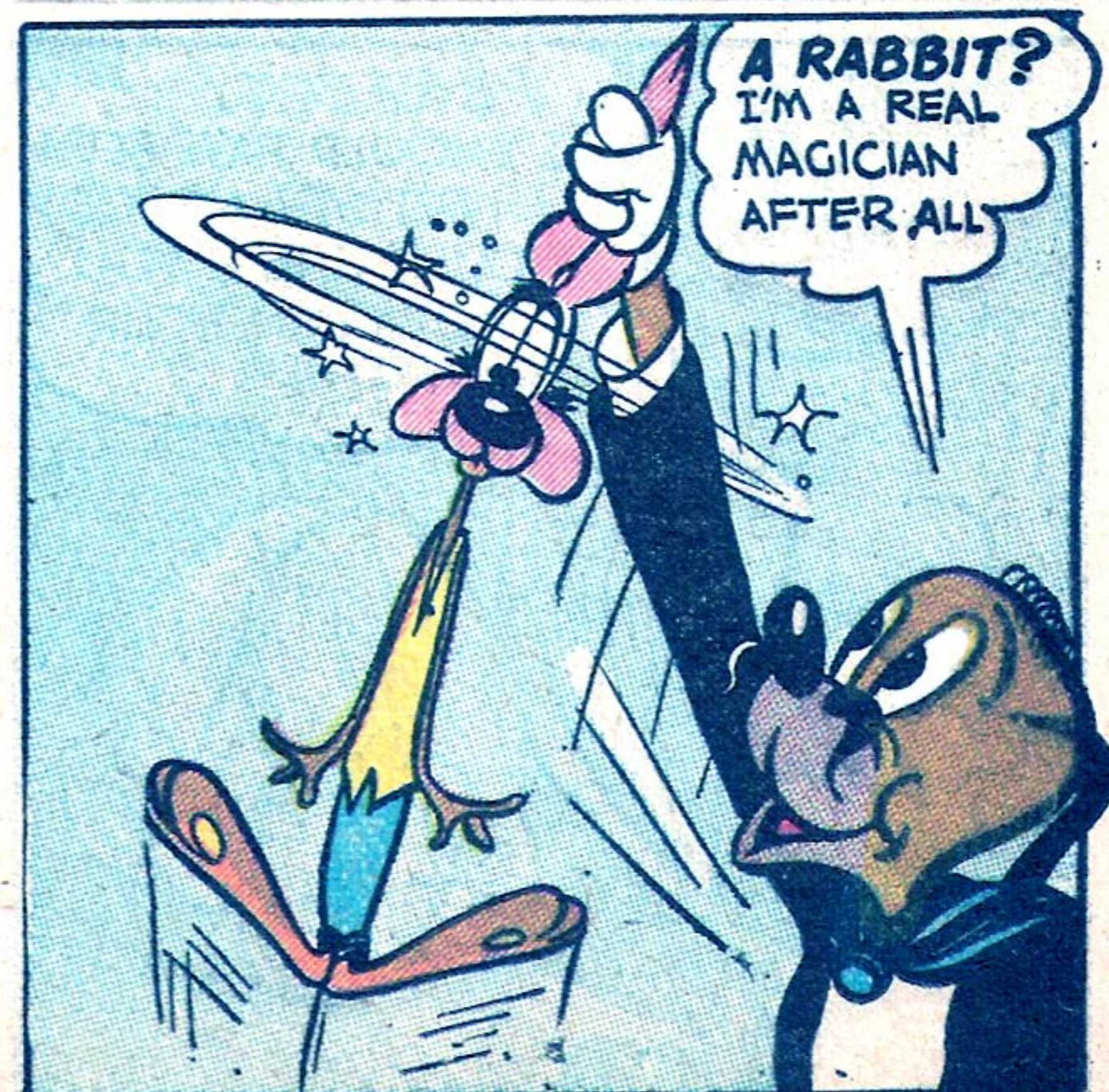
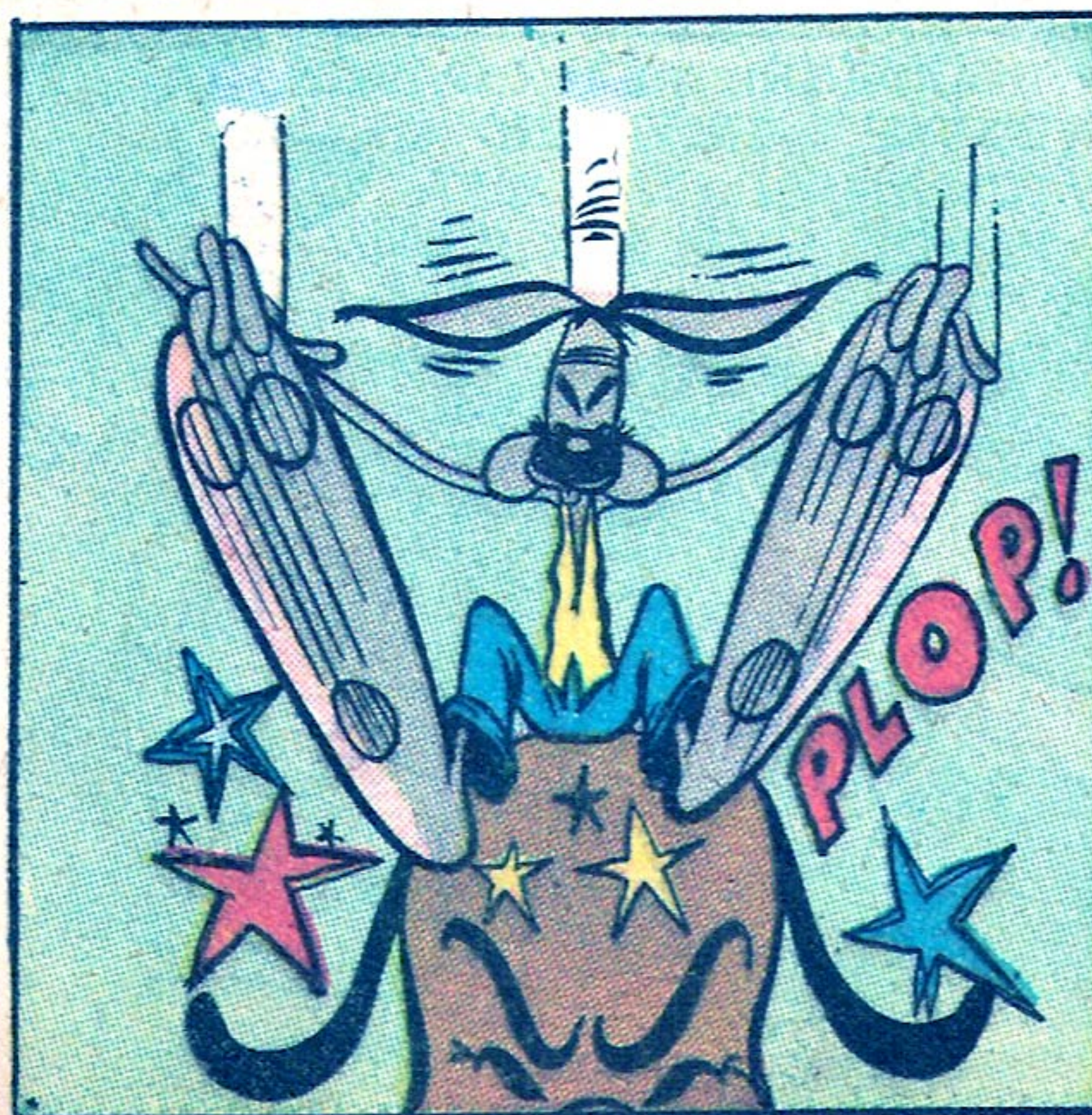
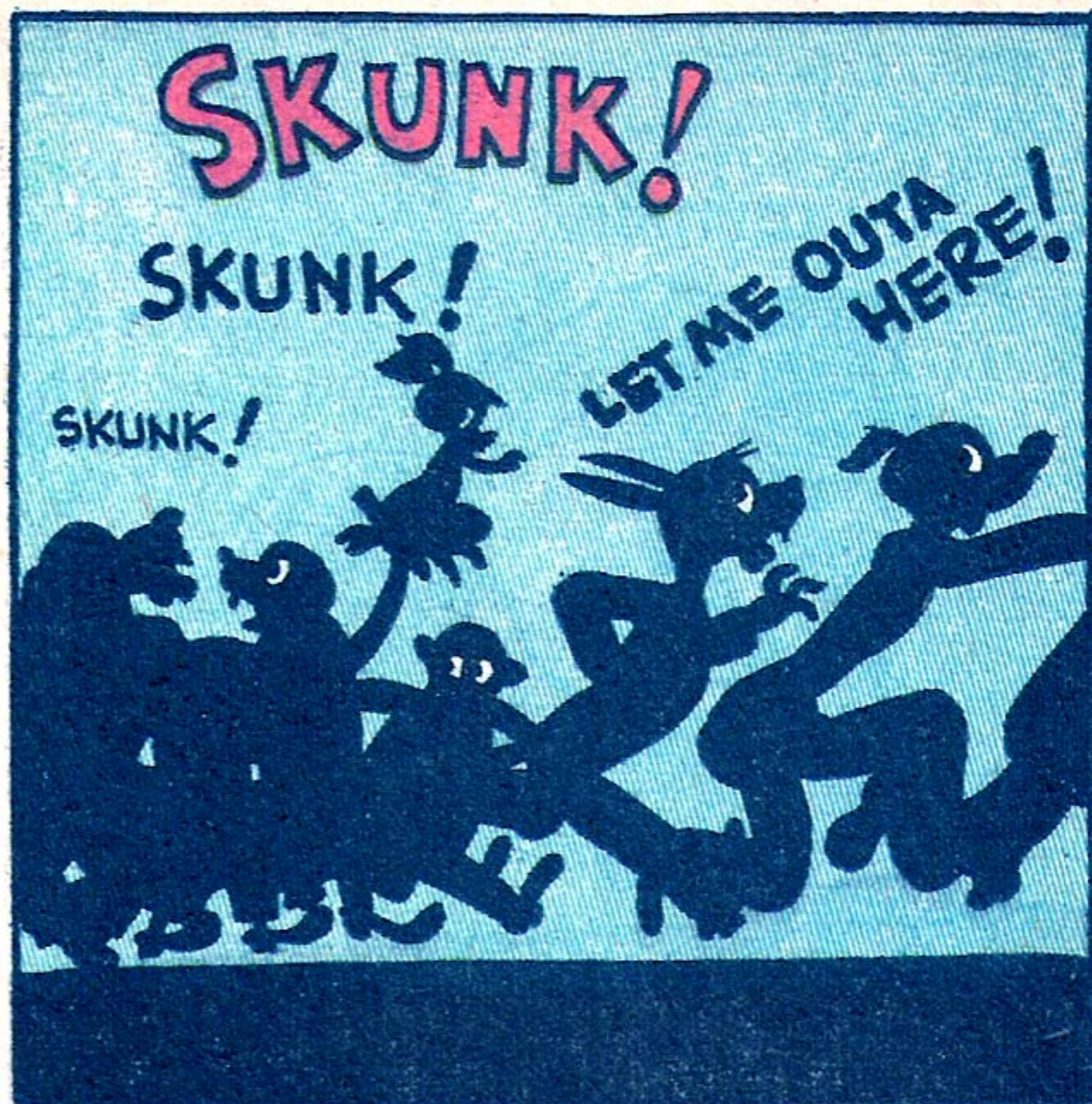
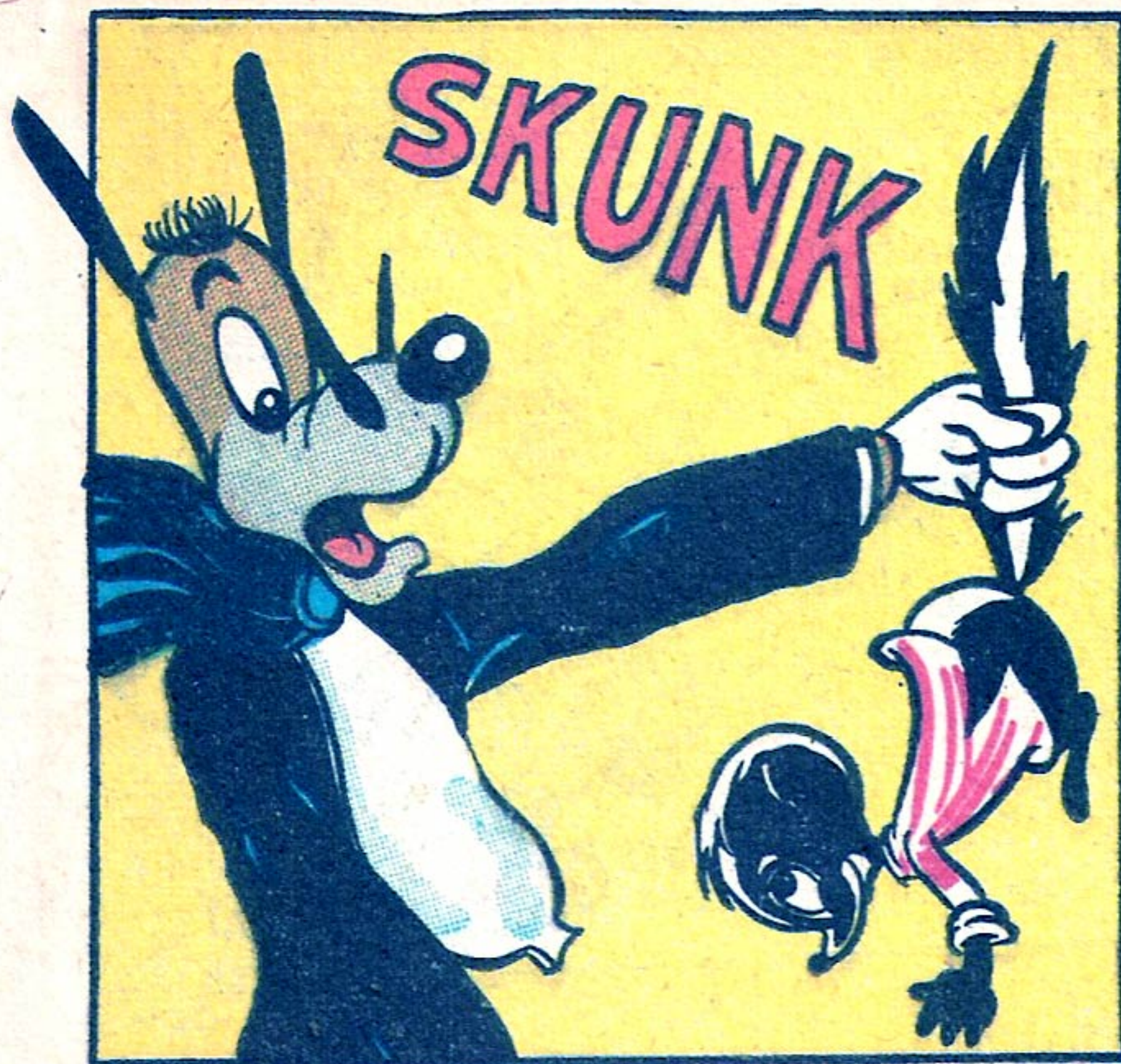


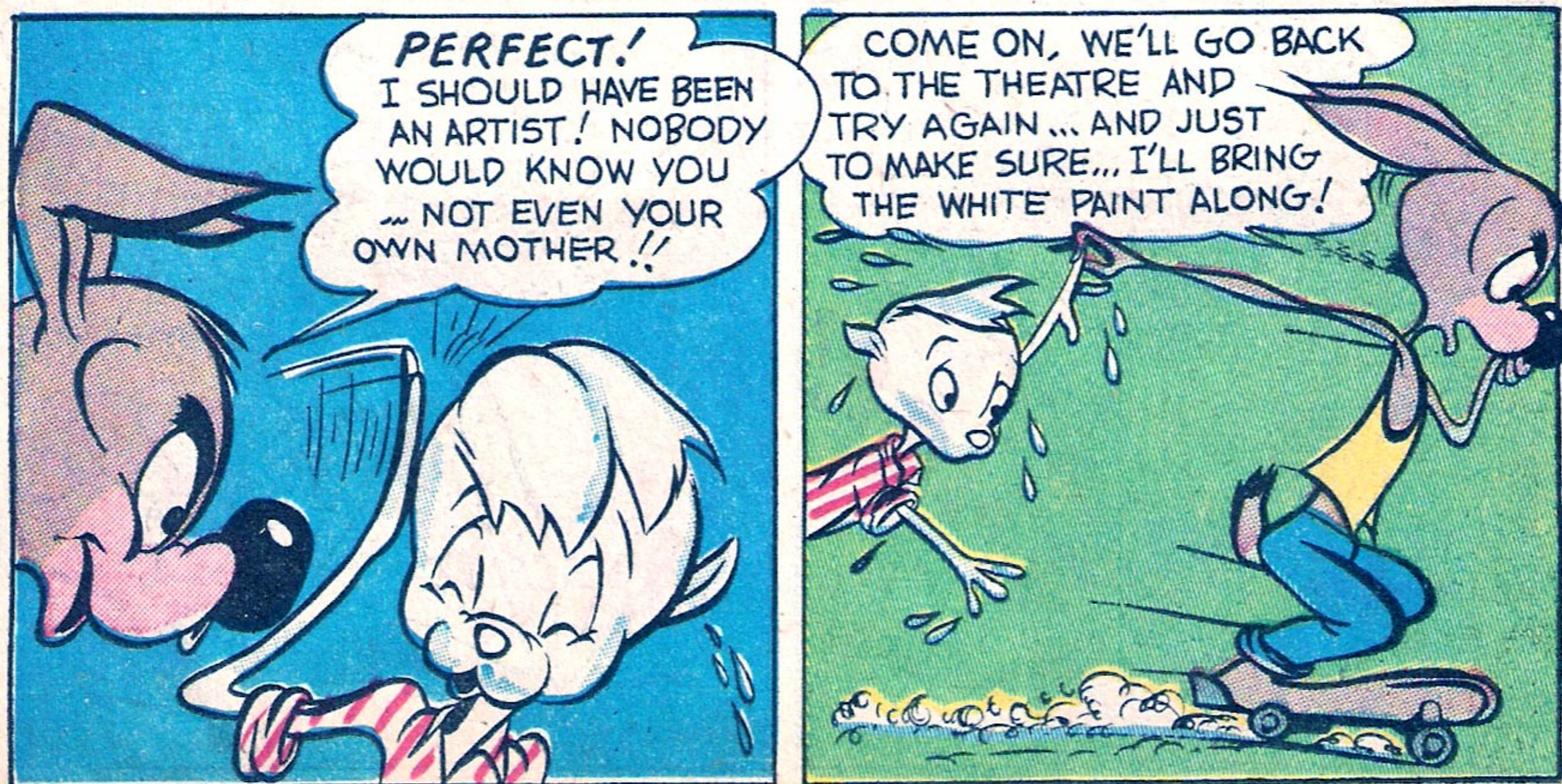
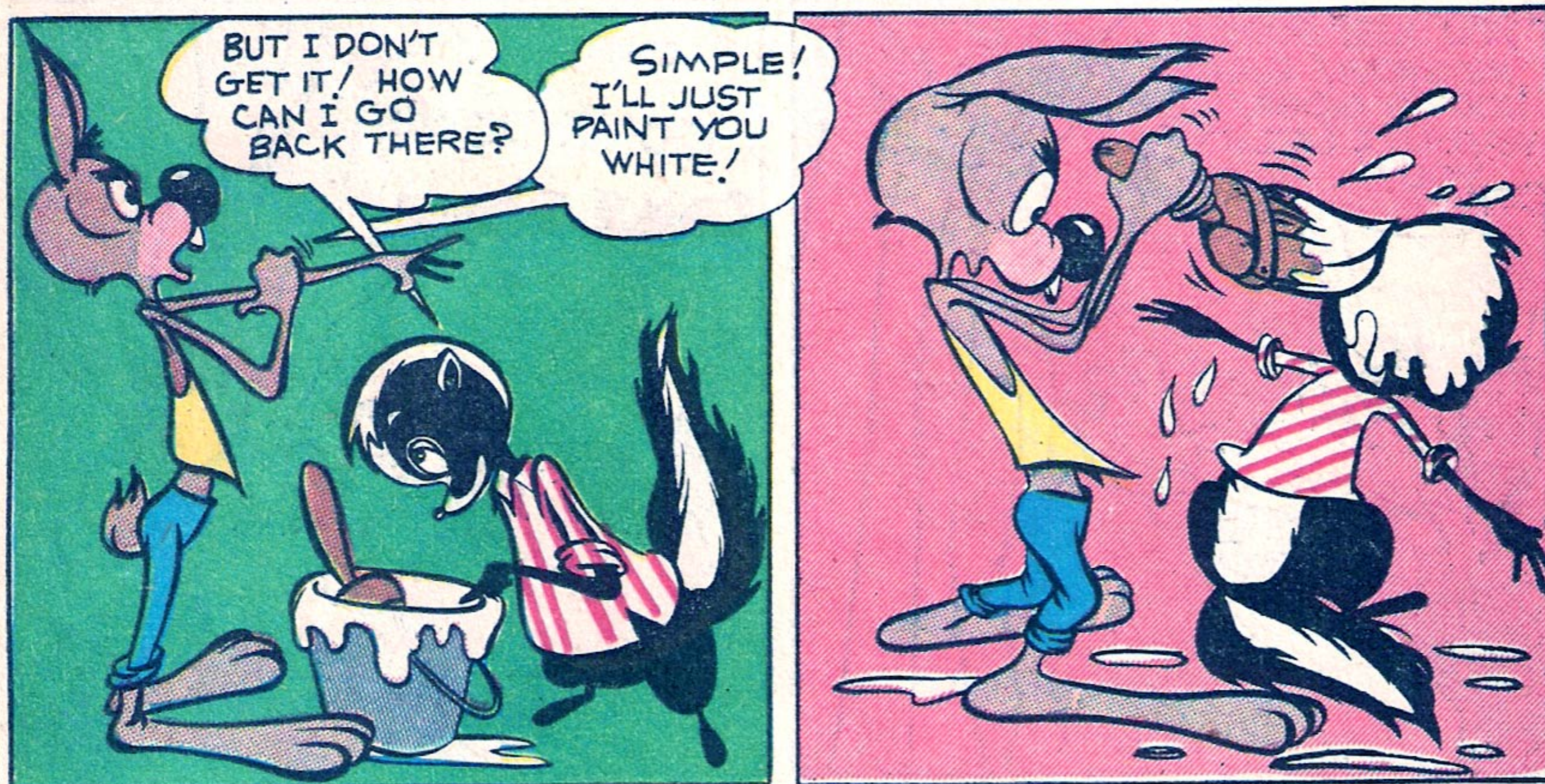
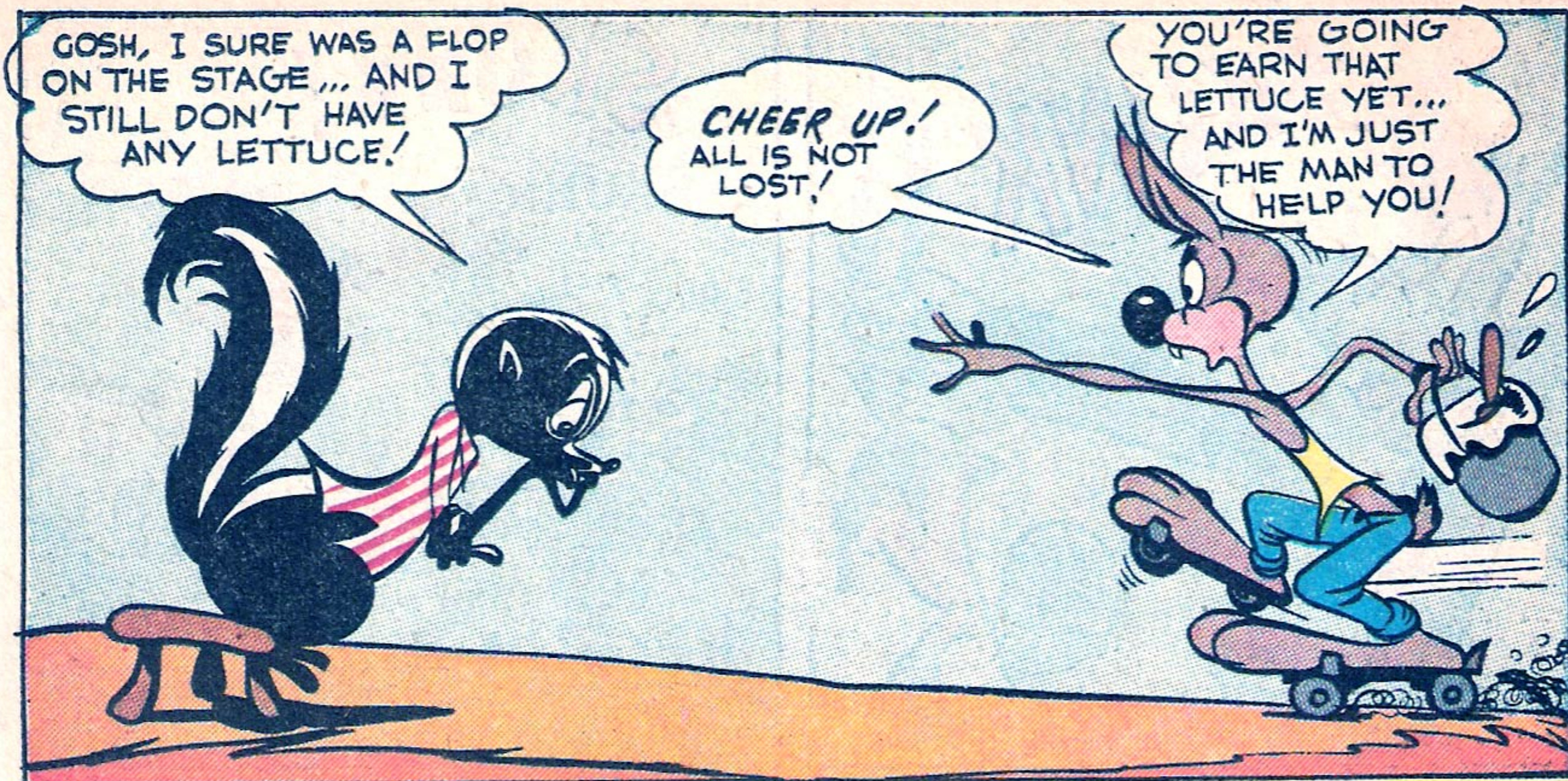
HEY! HERE COMES
HAPPY HARE... **WOW!**
LOOK AT THAT
HEAD OF LETTUCE!

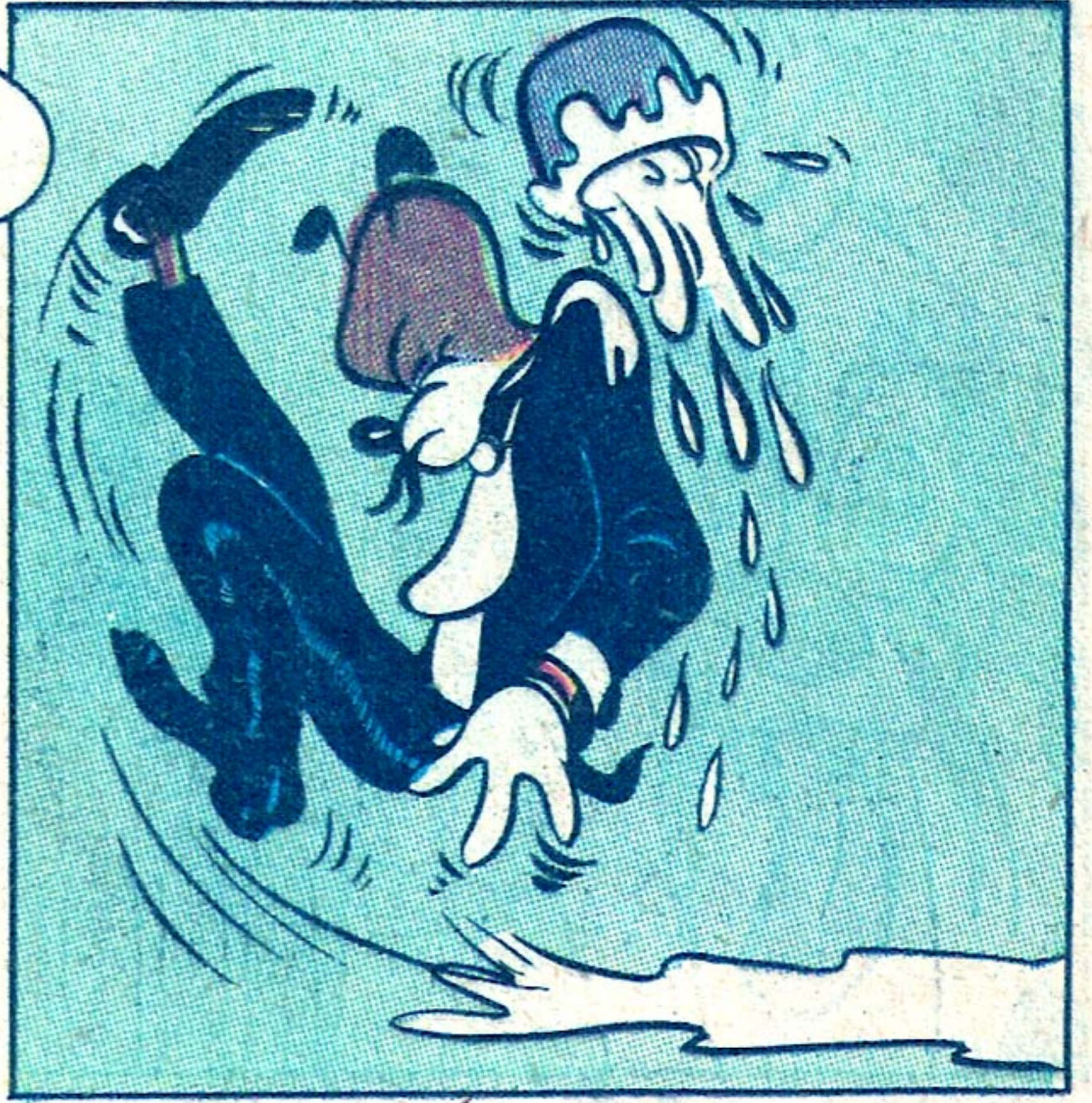
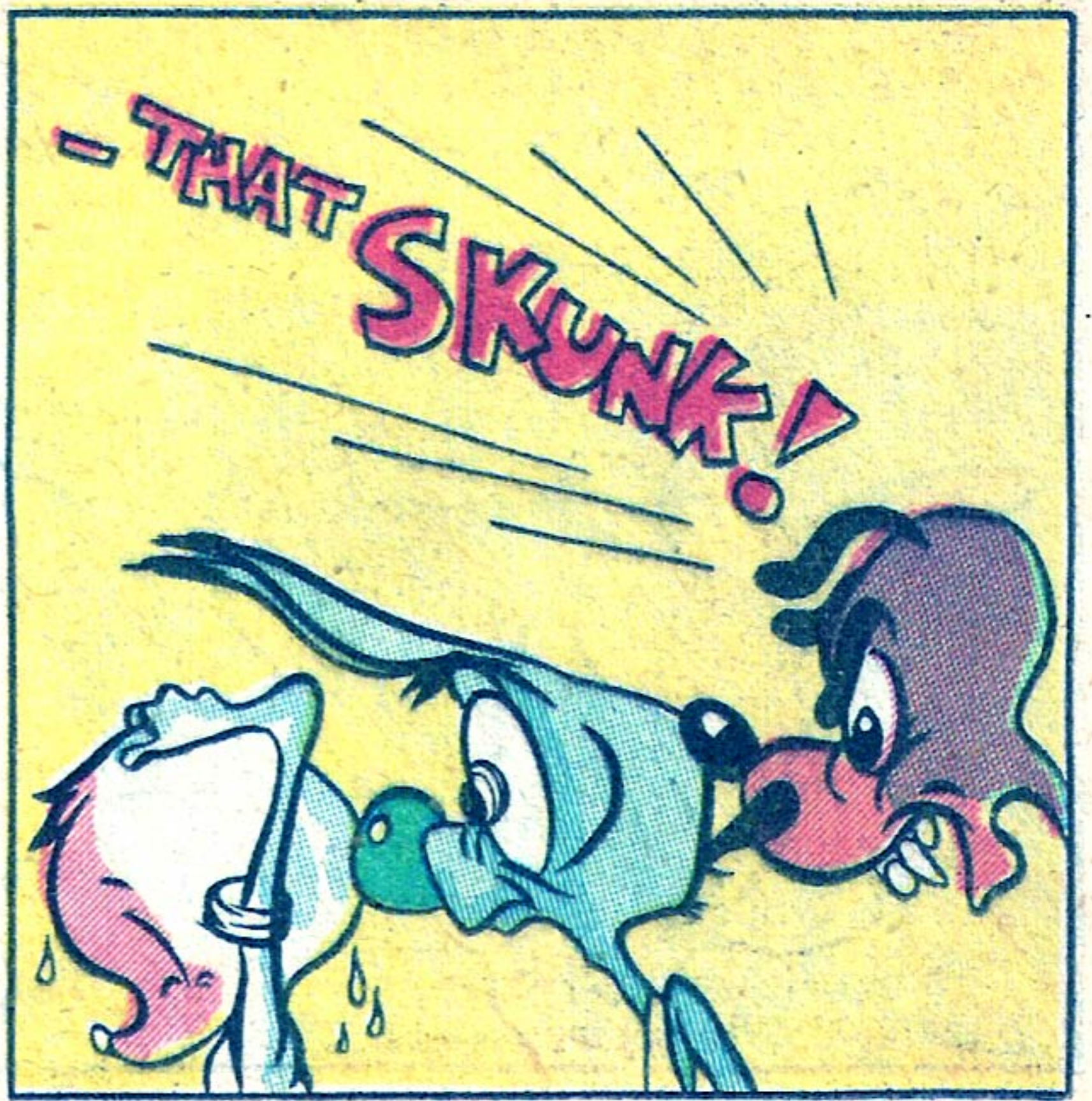


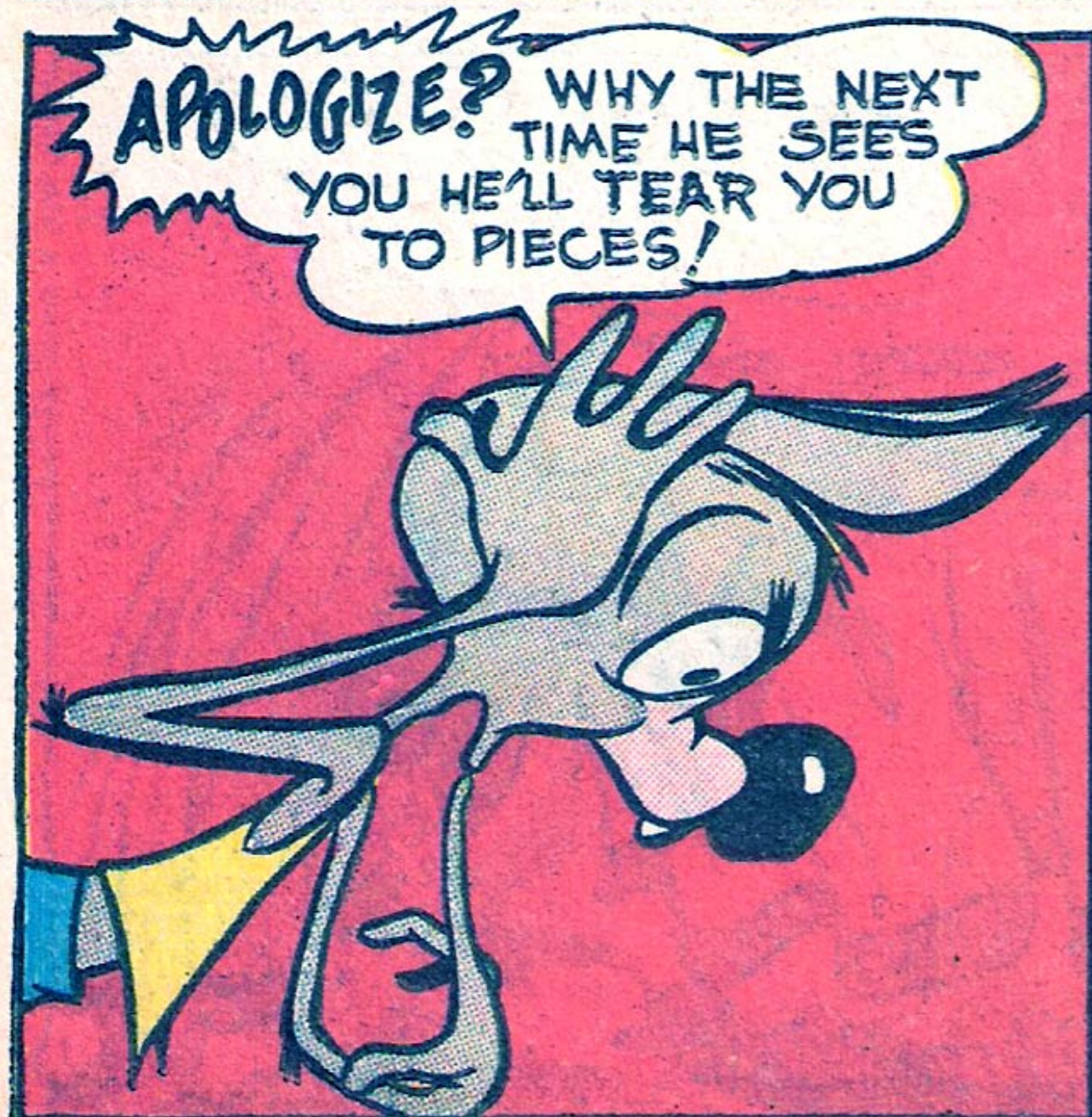
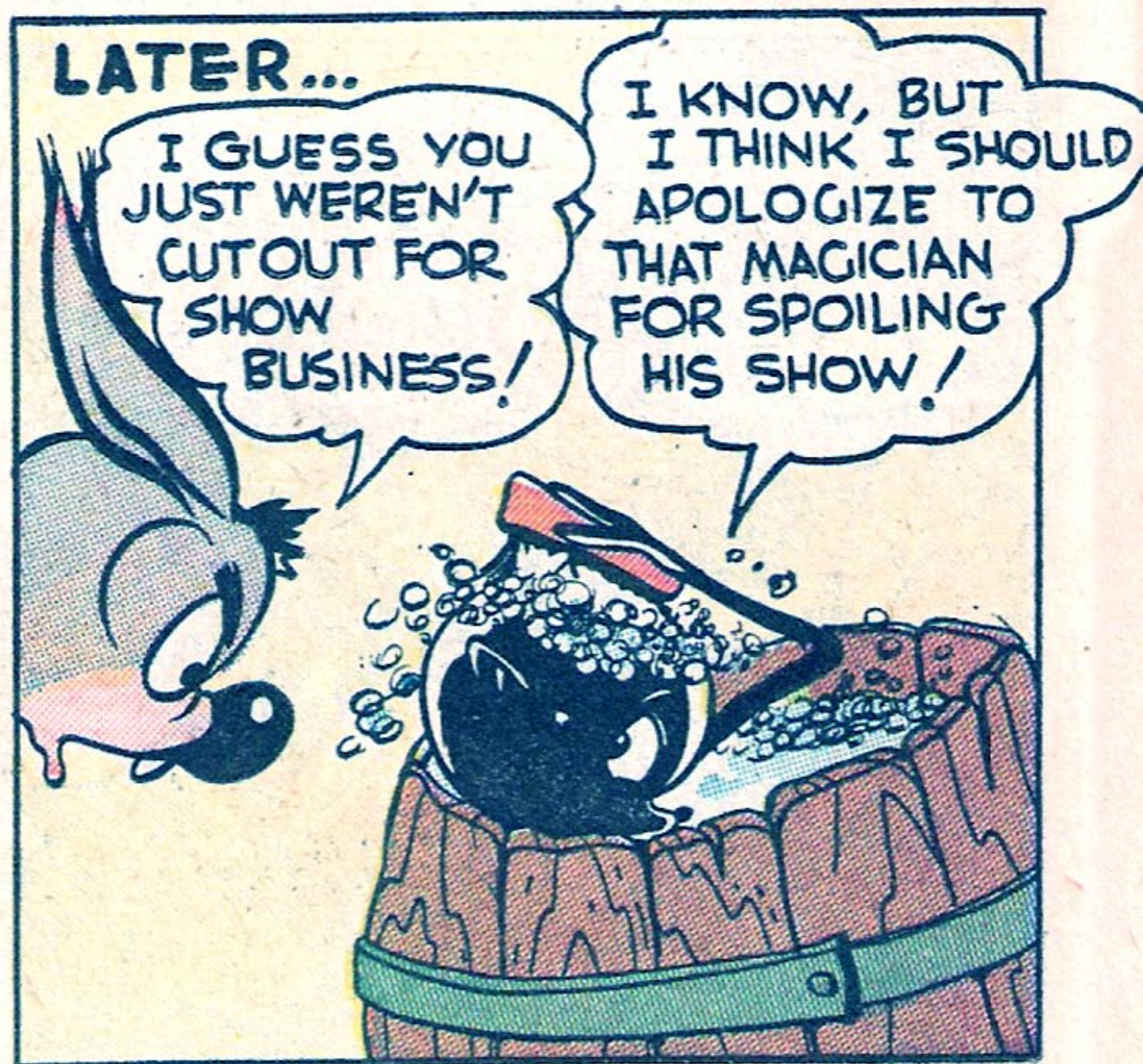


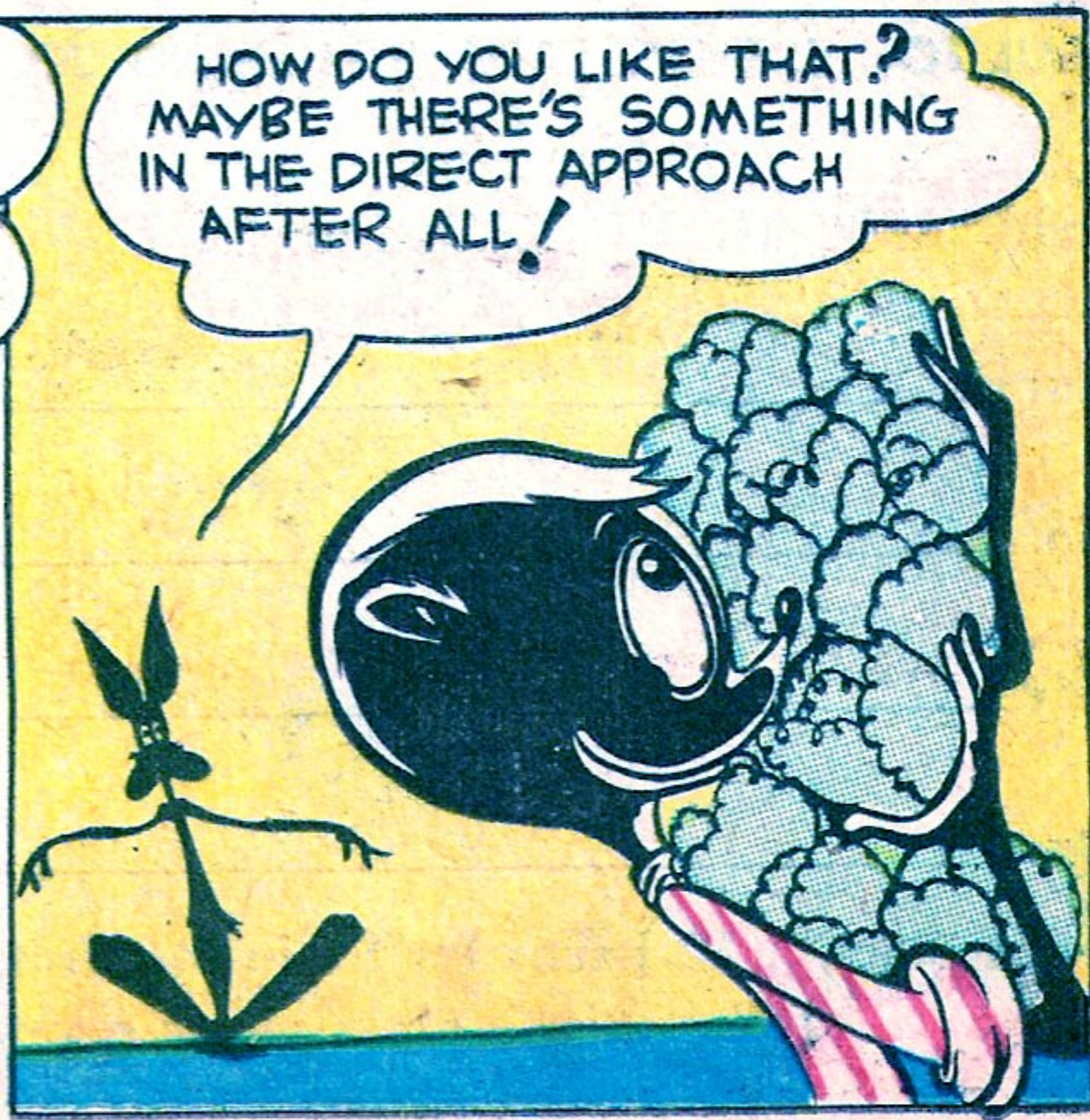
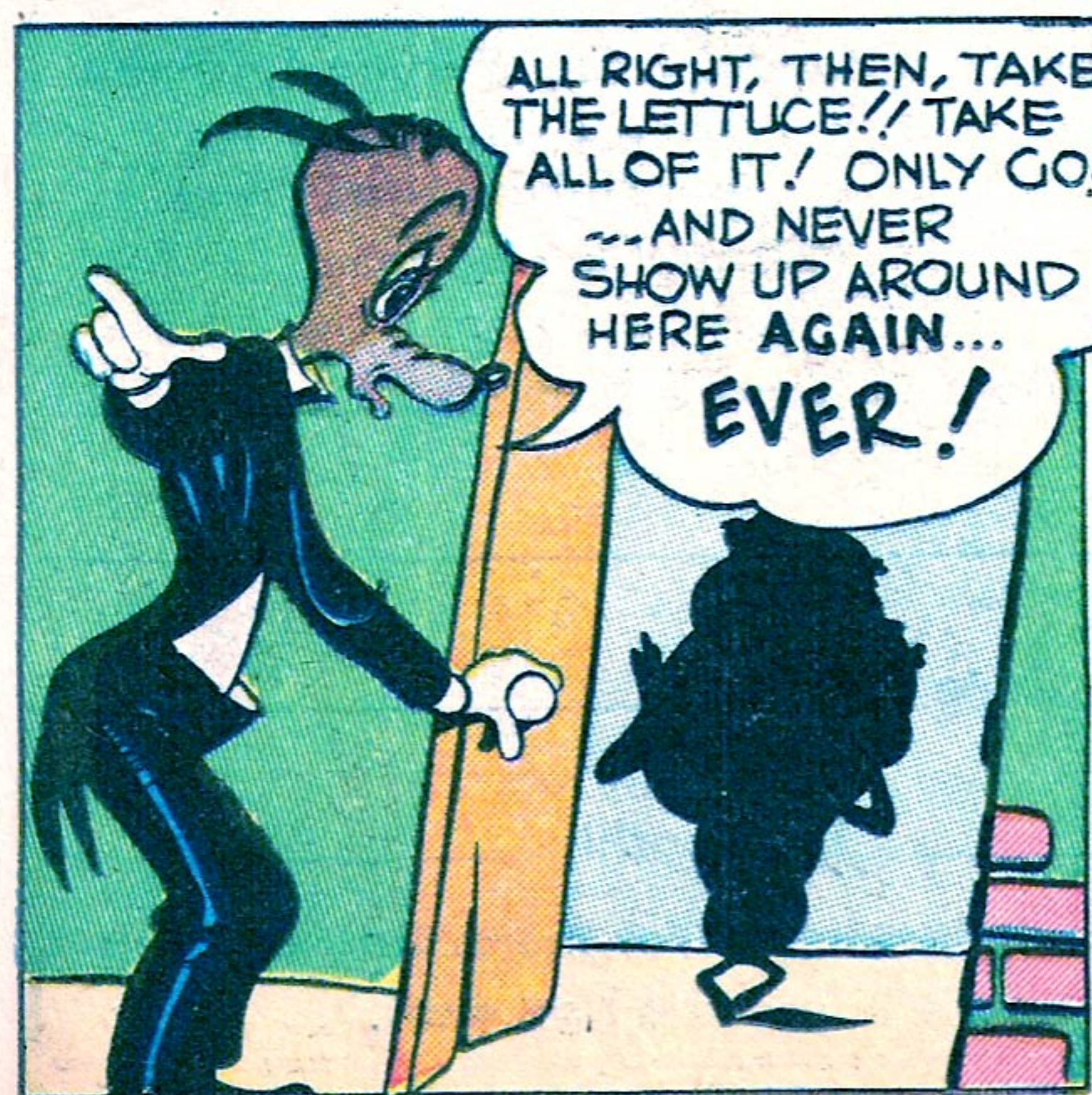
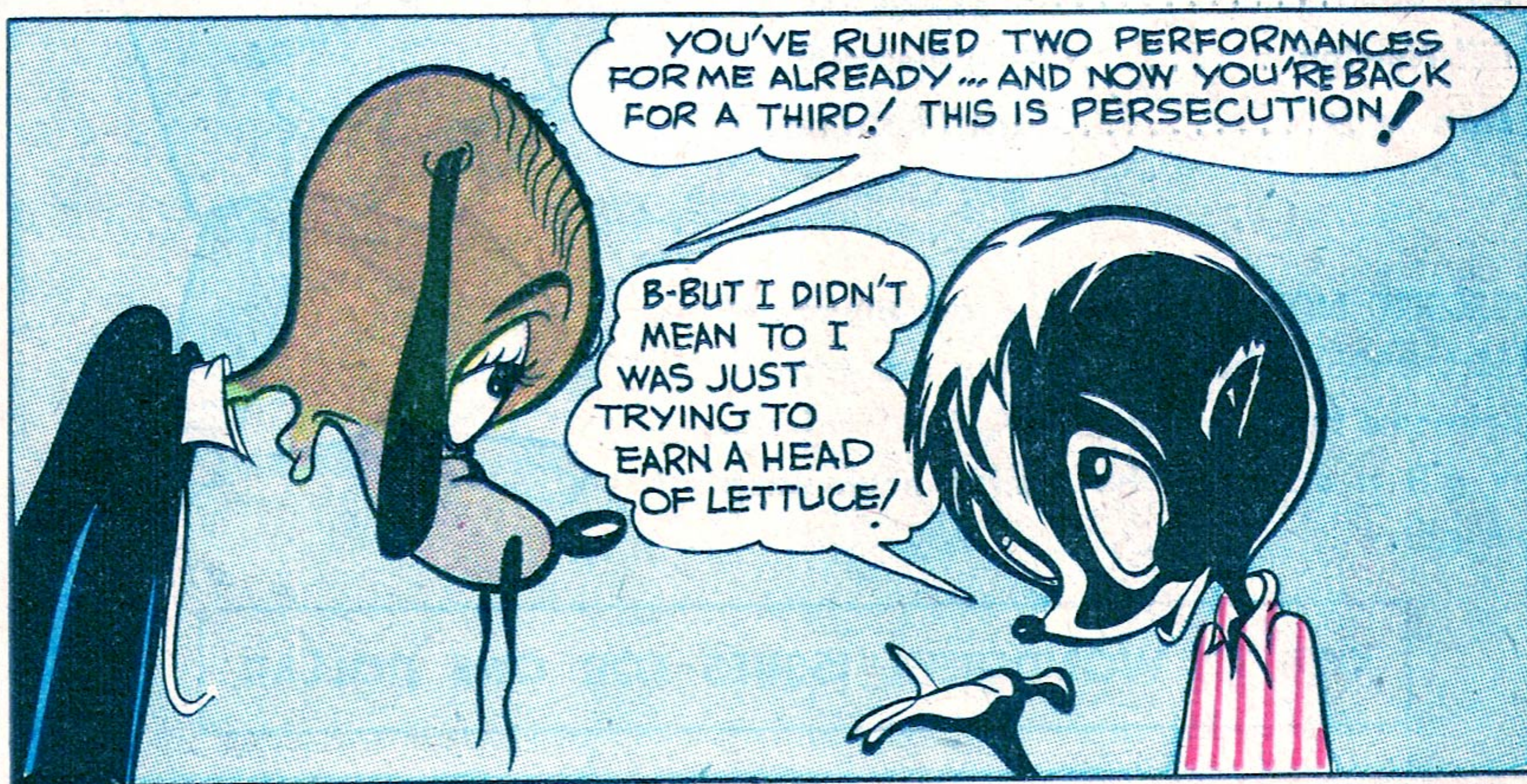
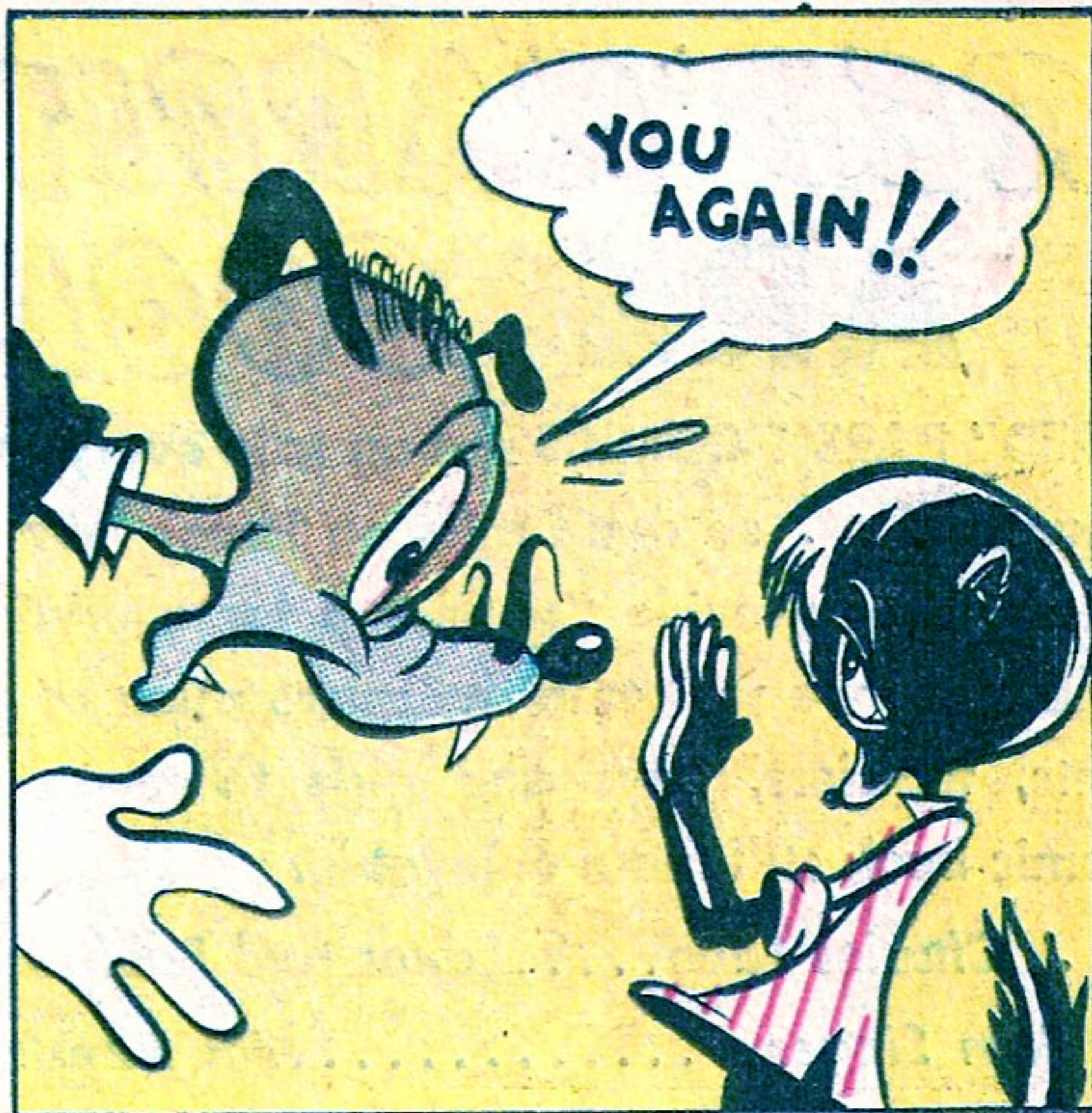












"RED" RABBIT COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS!!

"RED" RABBIT COMICS are on sale every other month . . . so don't miss an issue! We are pledged to provide "good fun for everyone!" Therefore we welcome the cooperation of parents, teachers, boys and girls to make this comic book still more enjoyable:

J. Charles Laue Editor and Publisher
Sam Singer Art Director
Ray Chan Script and Story
Bill Newton Comic Illustration
Stan Louis Comic Illustration



SUBSCRIBE NOW! Follow the adventures of "RED" RABBIT characters. They are tops in wholesome fun. If your subscription is a birthday gift a card will be mailed announcing your gift.

GET 12 WONDERFUL ISSUES FOR ONE DOLLAR

MAIL TO: J. CHAS. LAUE PUBLISHING CO., 54 West Randolph St., Chicago 1, Illinois

Send "RED" RABBIT COMICS to:

Fill out this side if this
is a Birthday Subscription
(Gift card to read from)

Name _____ Age _____ Donor's Name _____

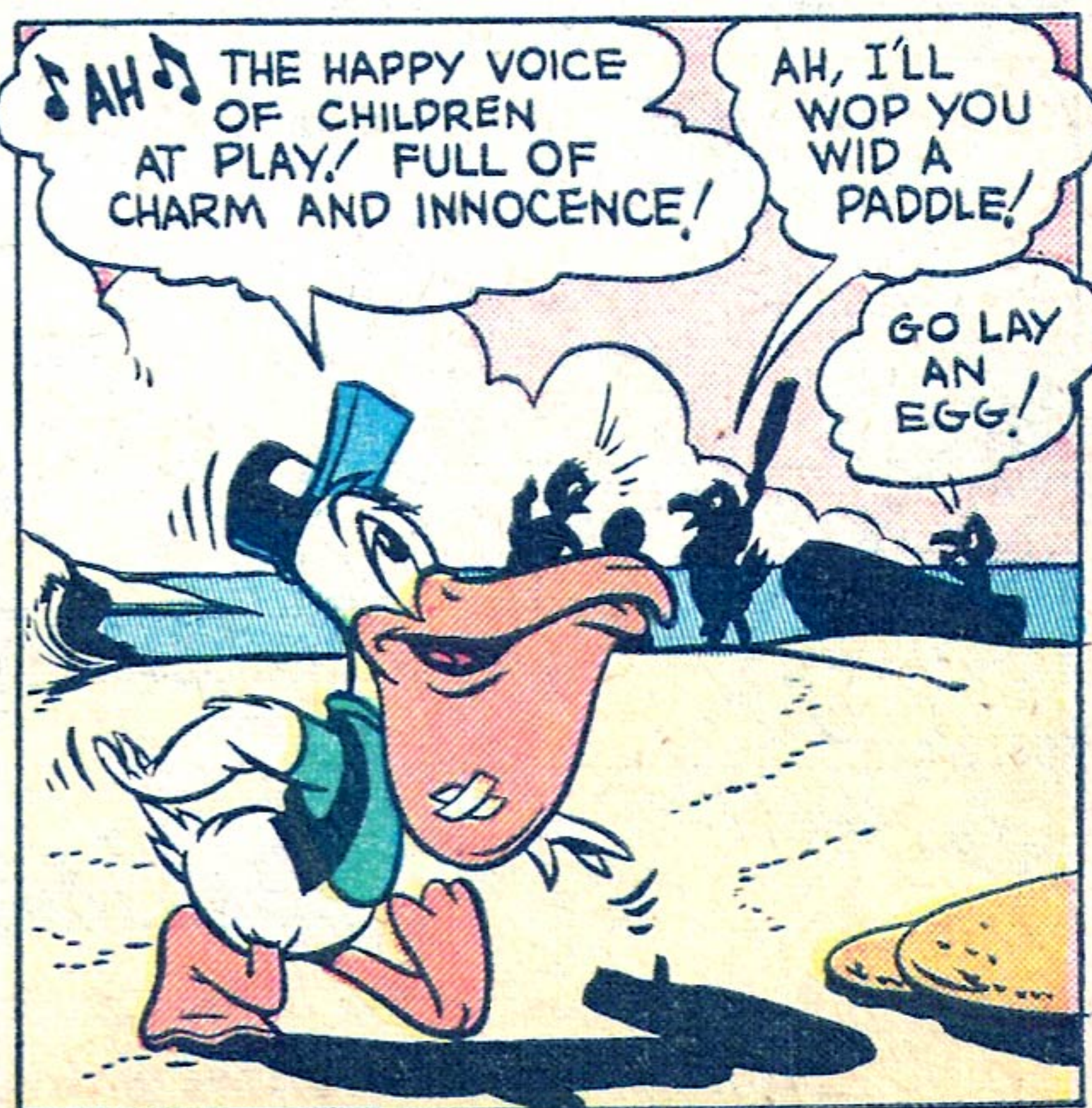
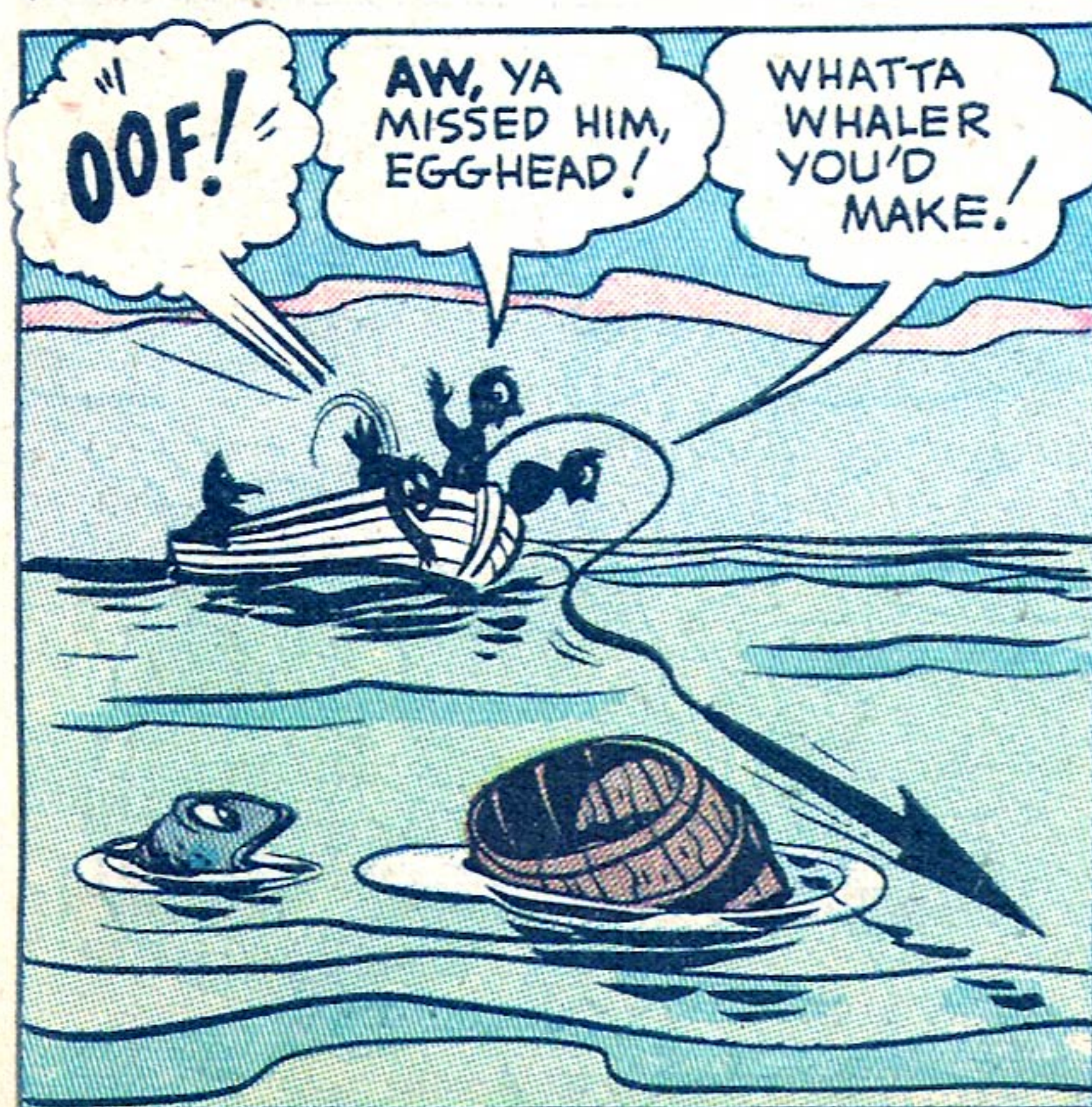
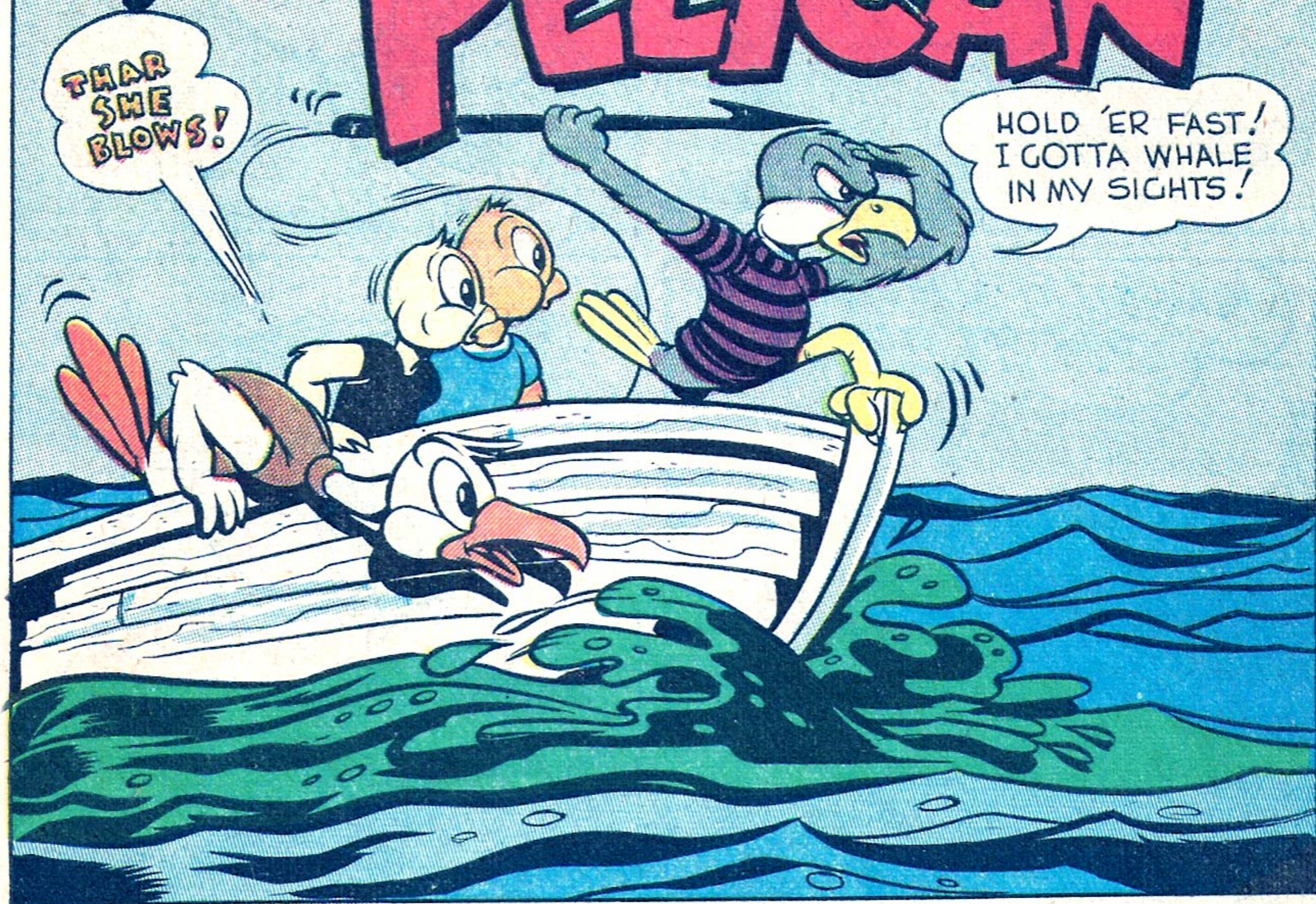
No. & St. _____

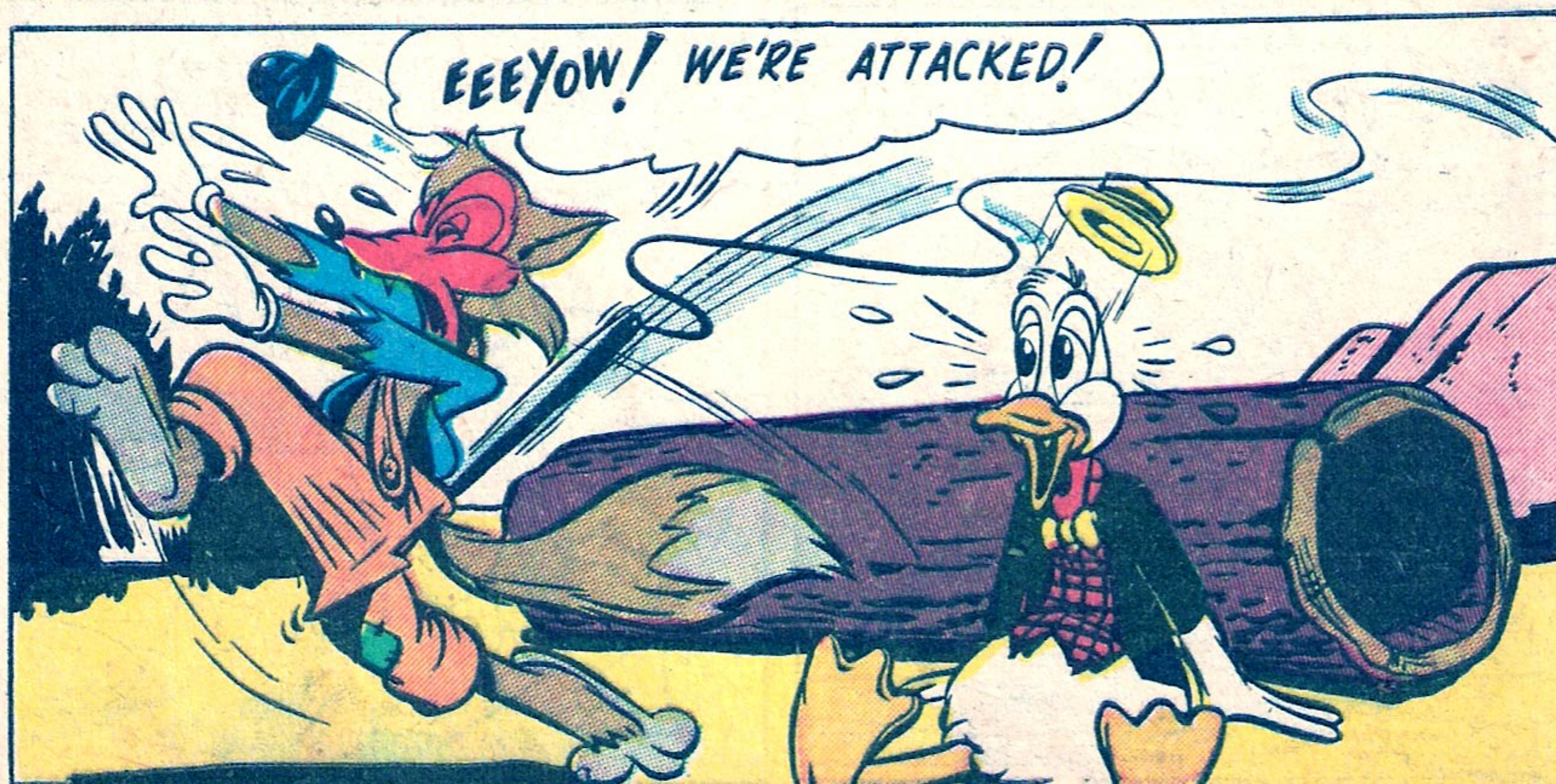
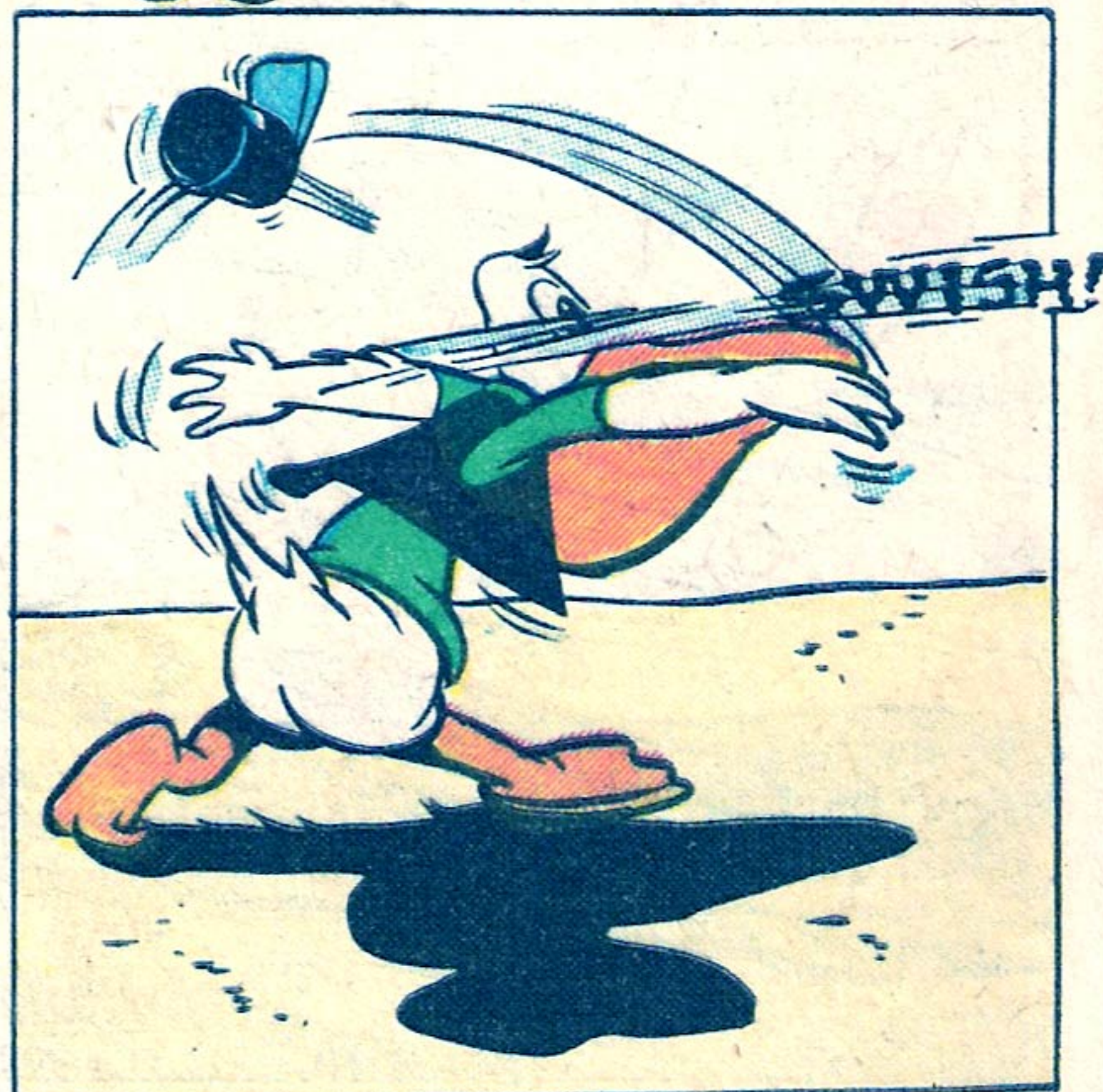
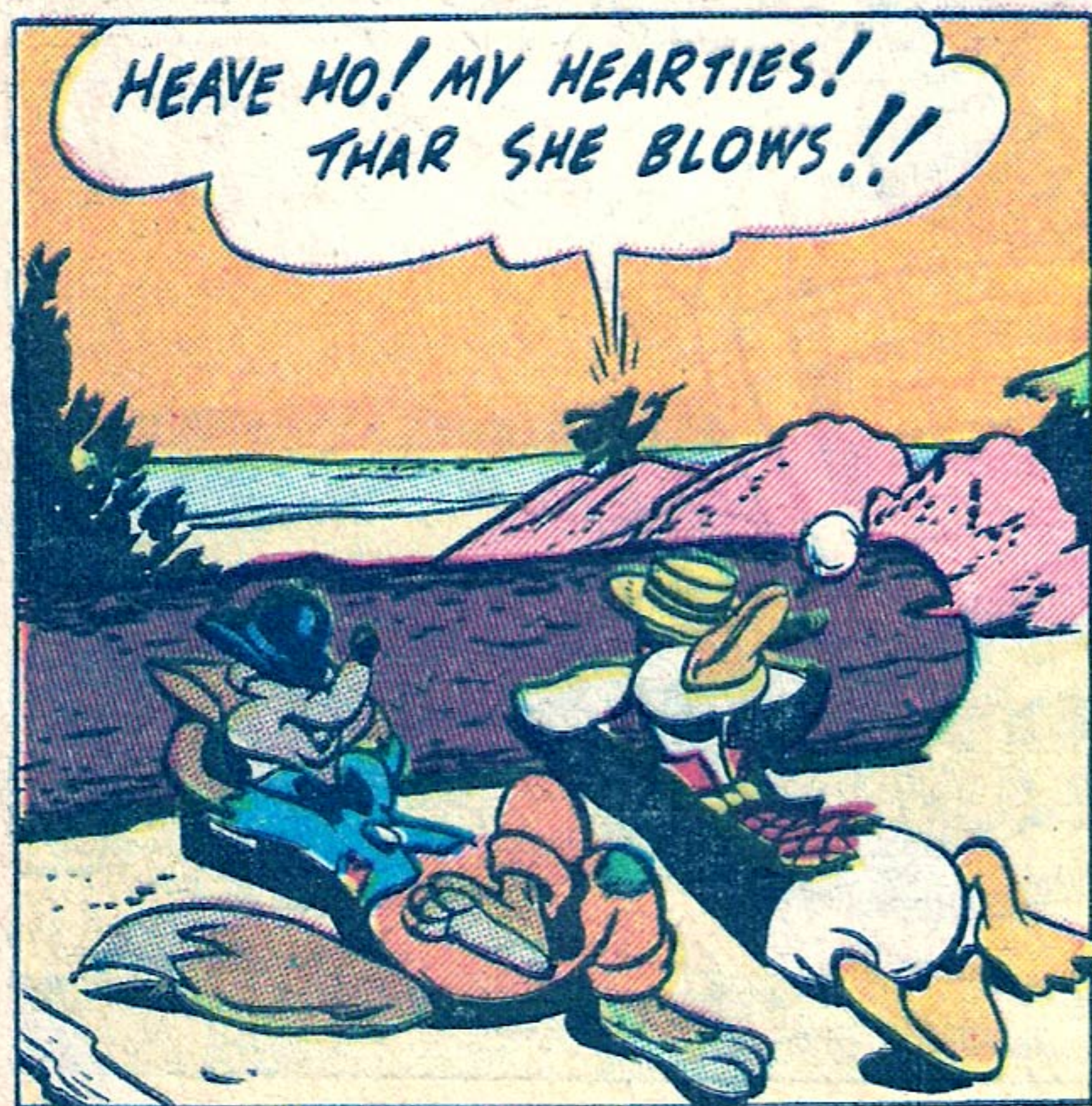
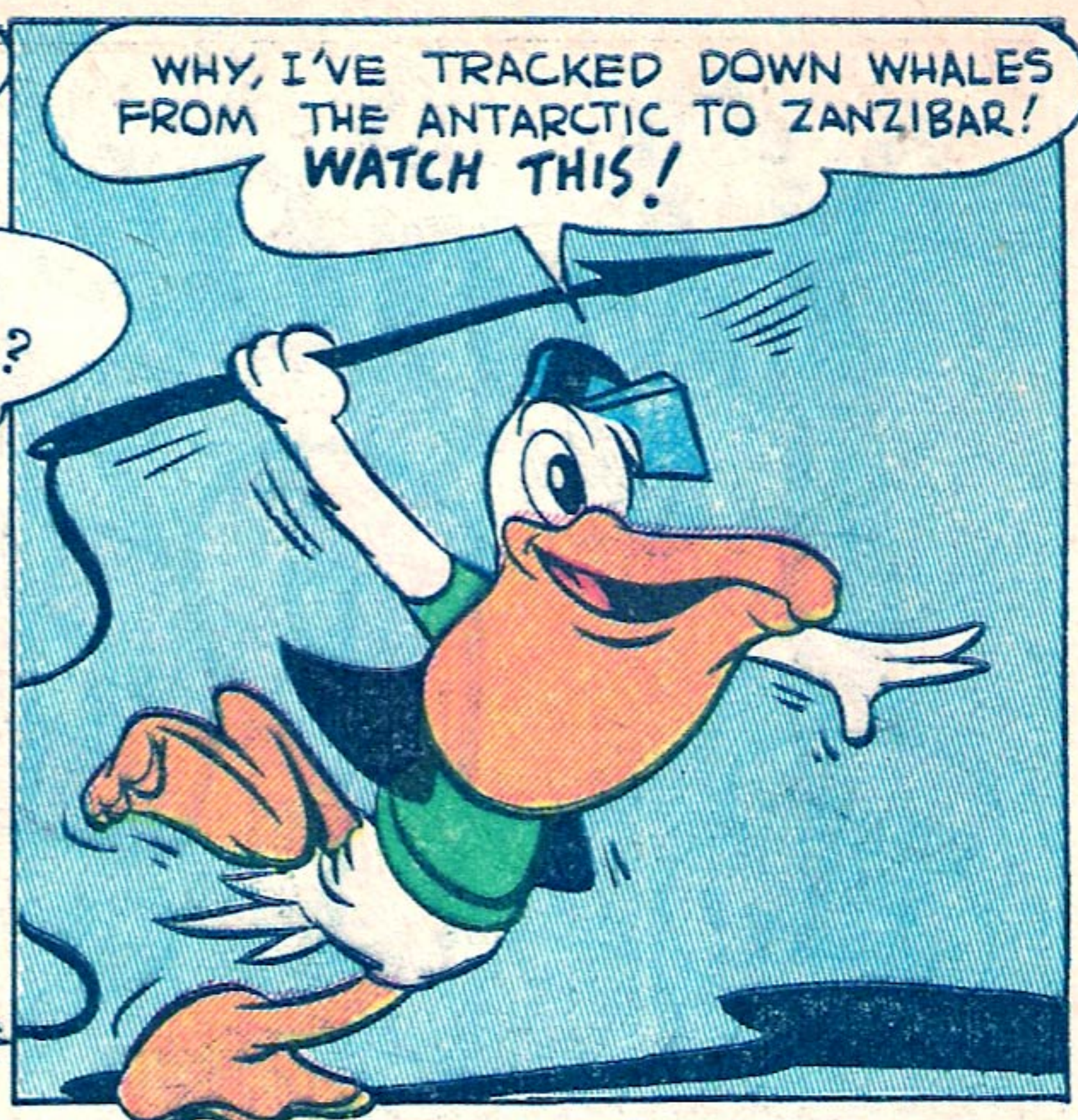
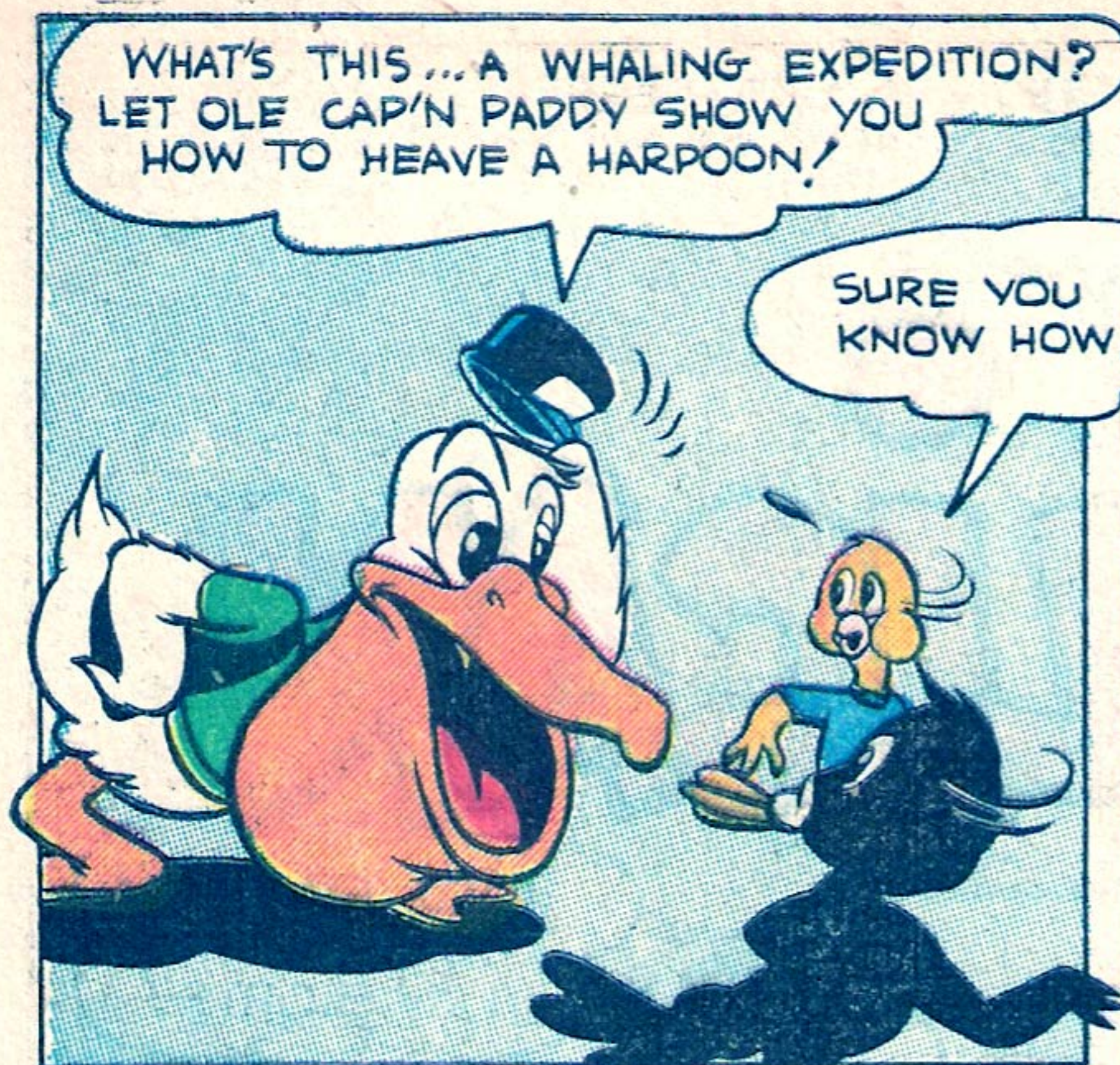
City _____ Zone _____ Address _____

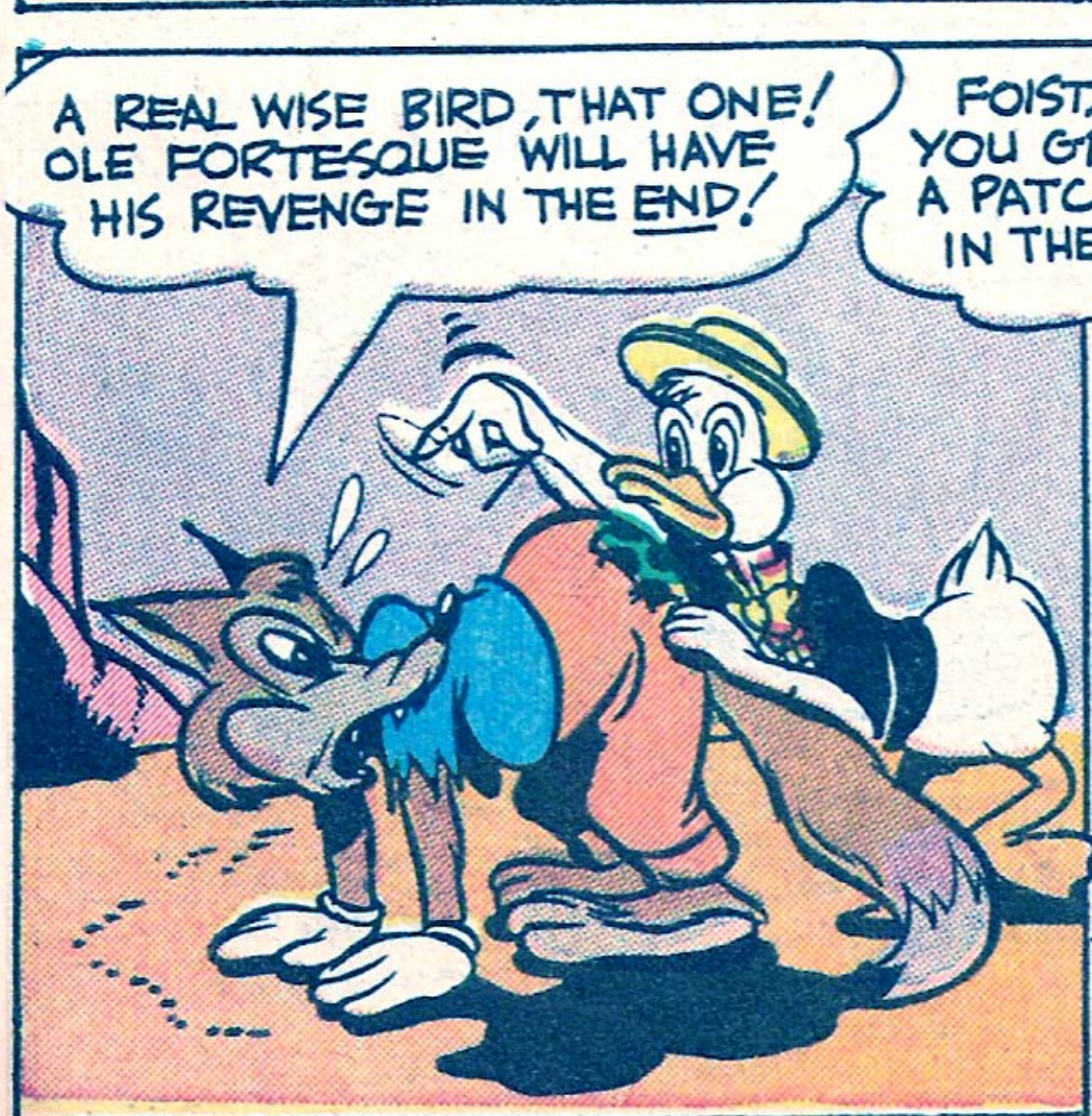
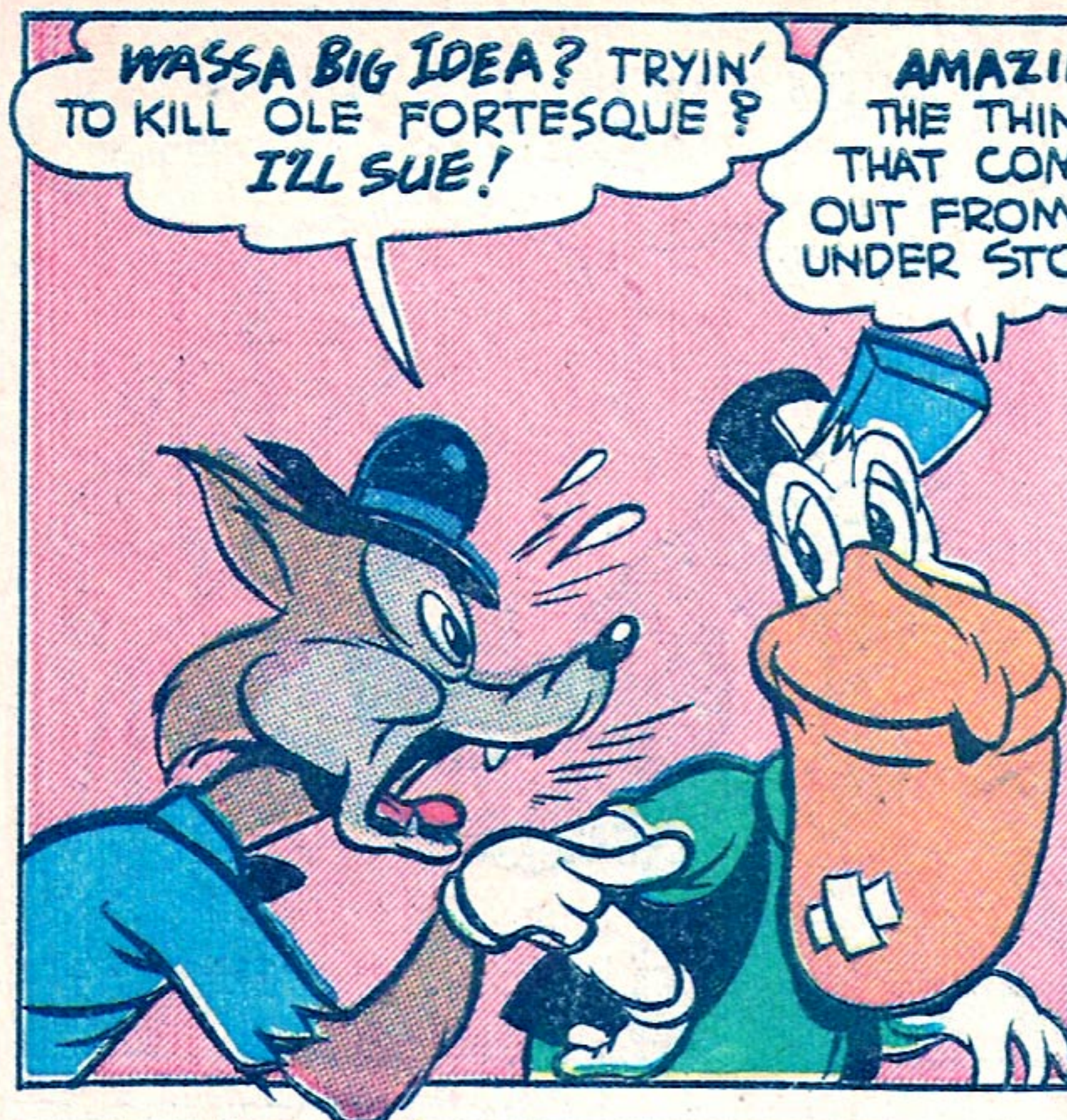
State _____ Relationship _____

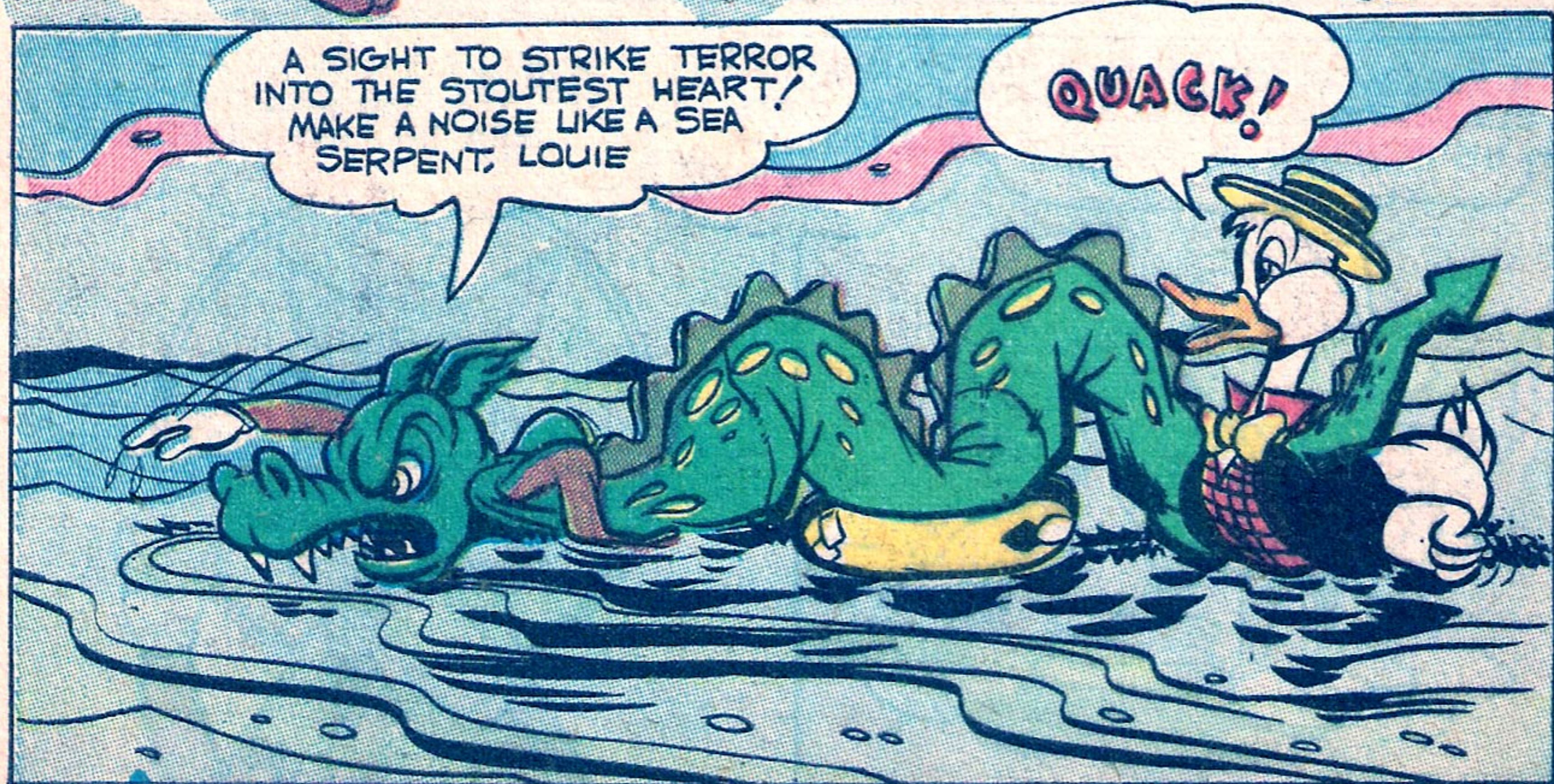
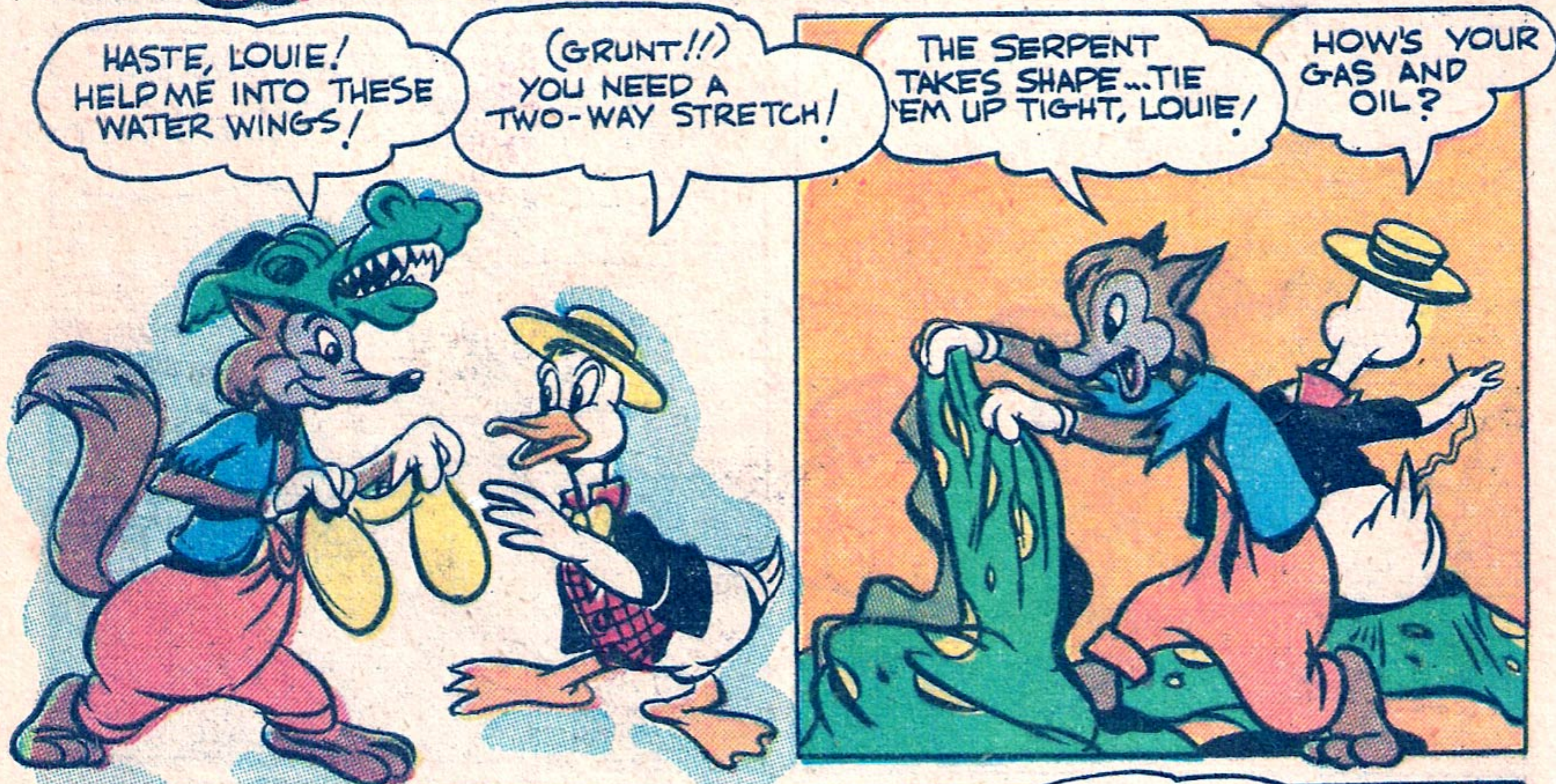
Subscription: 12 issues for \$1 in the United States only. For more than one subscription use plain paper giving above information on each.

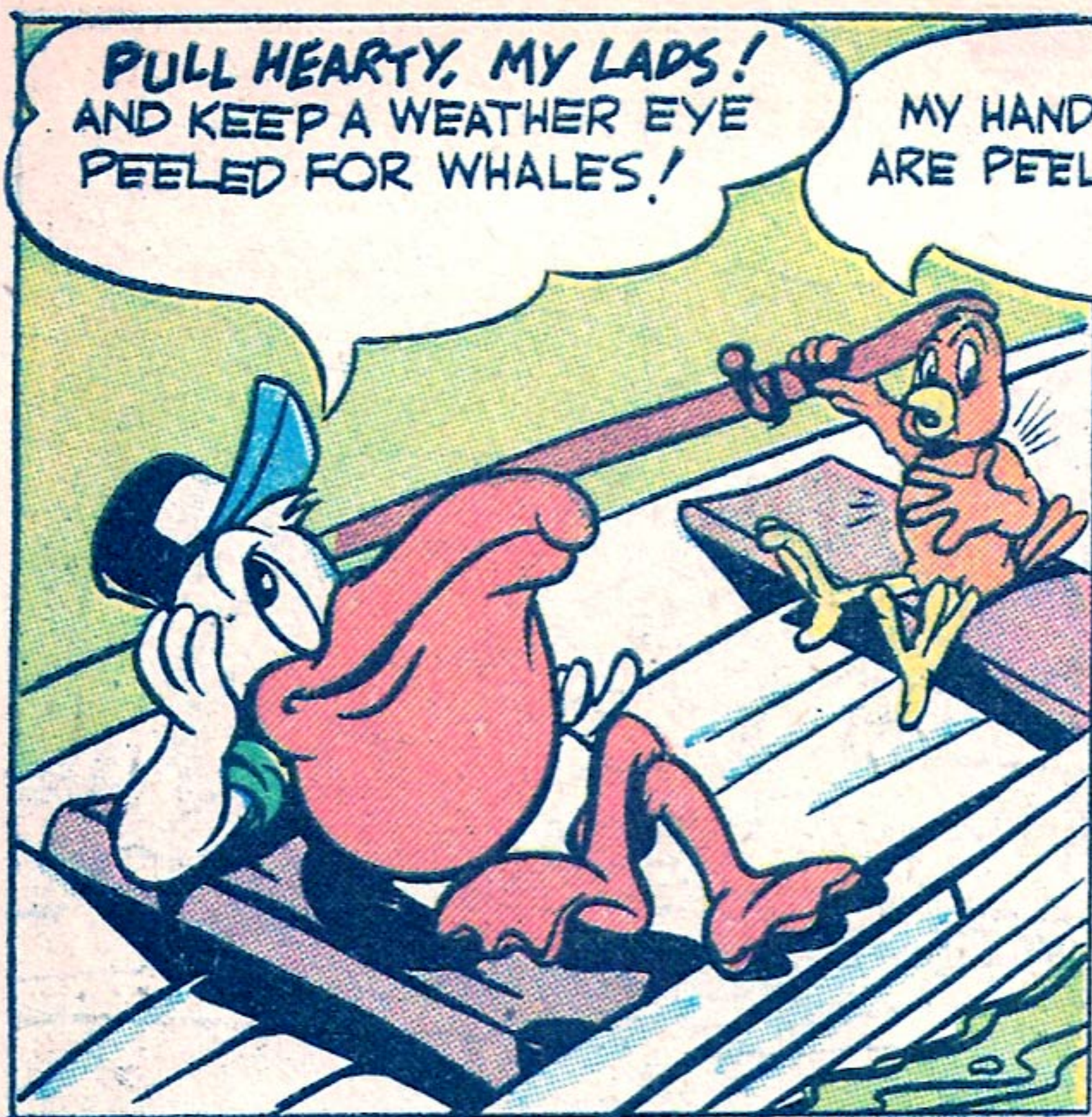
Paddy. PELICAN





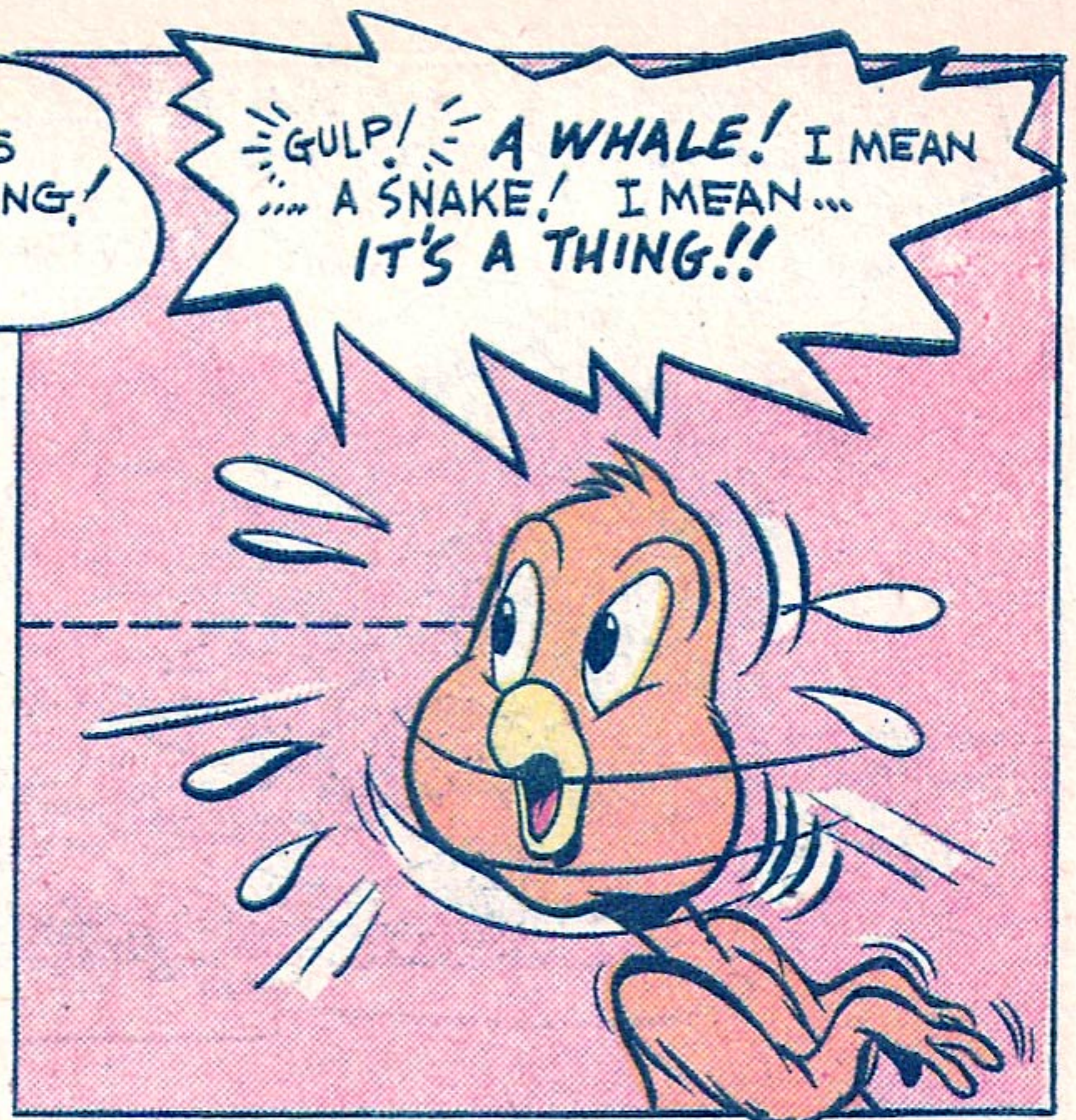




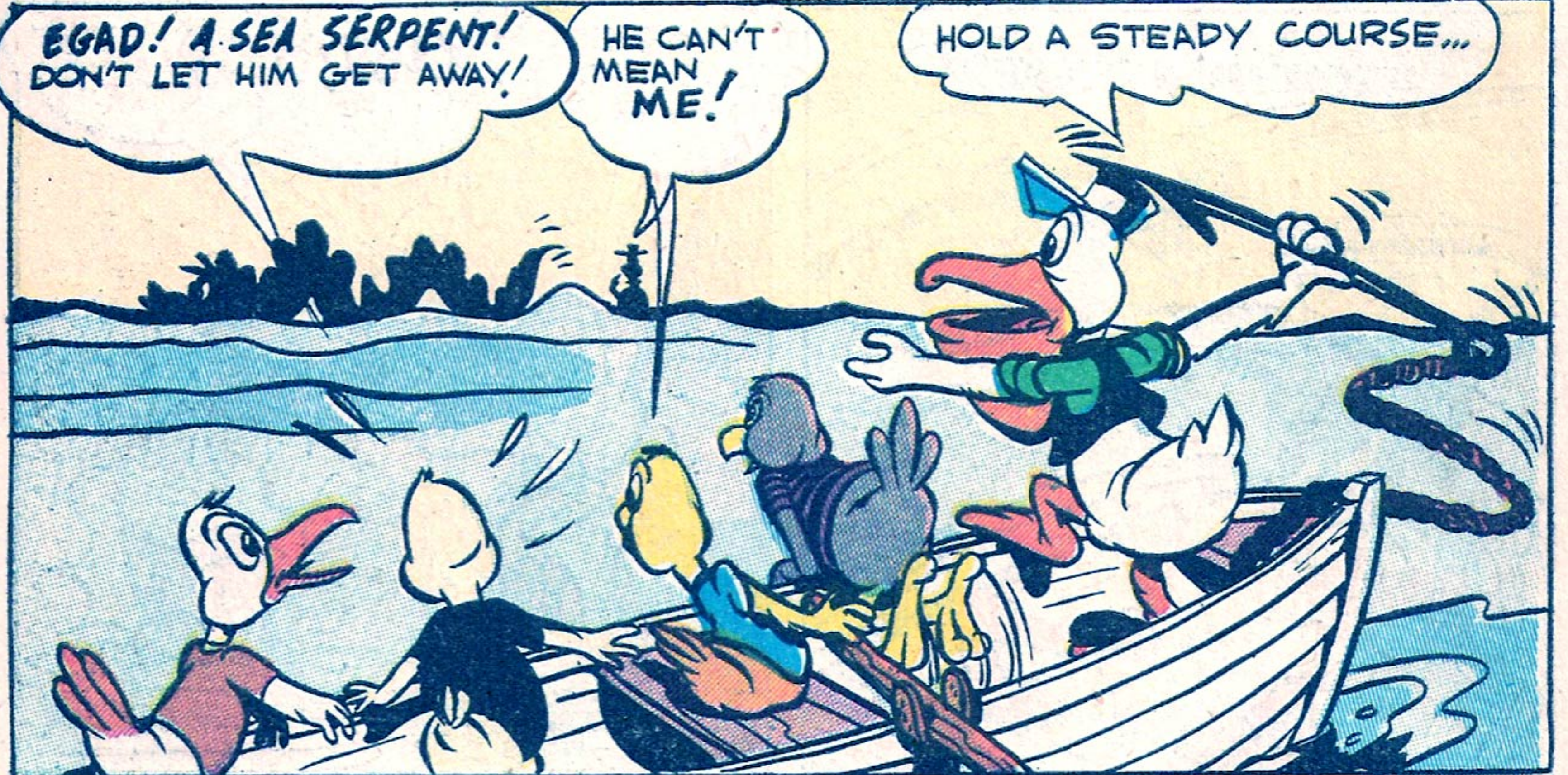


PULL HEARTY, MY LADS!
AND KEEP A WEATHER EYE
PEELED FOR WHALES!

MY HANDS
ARE PEELING!



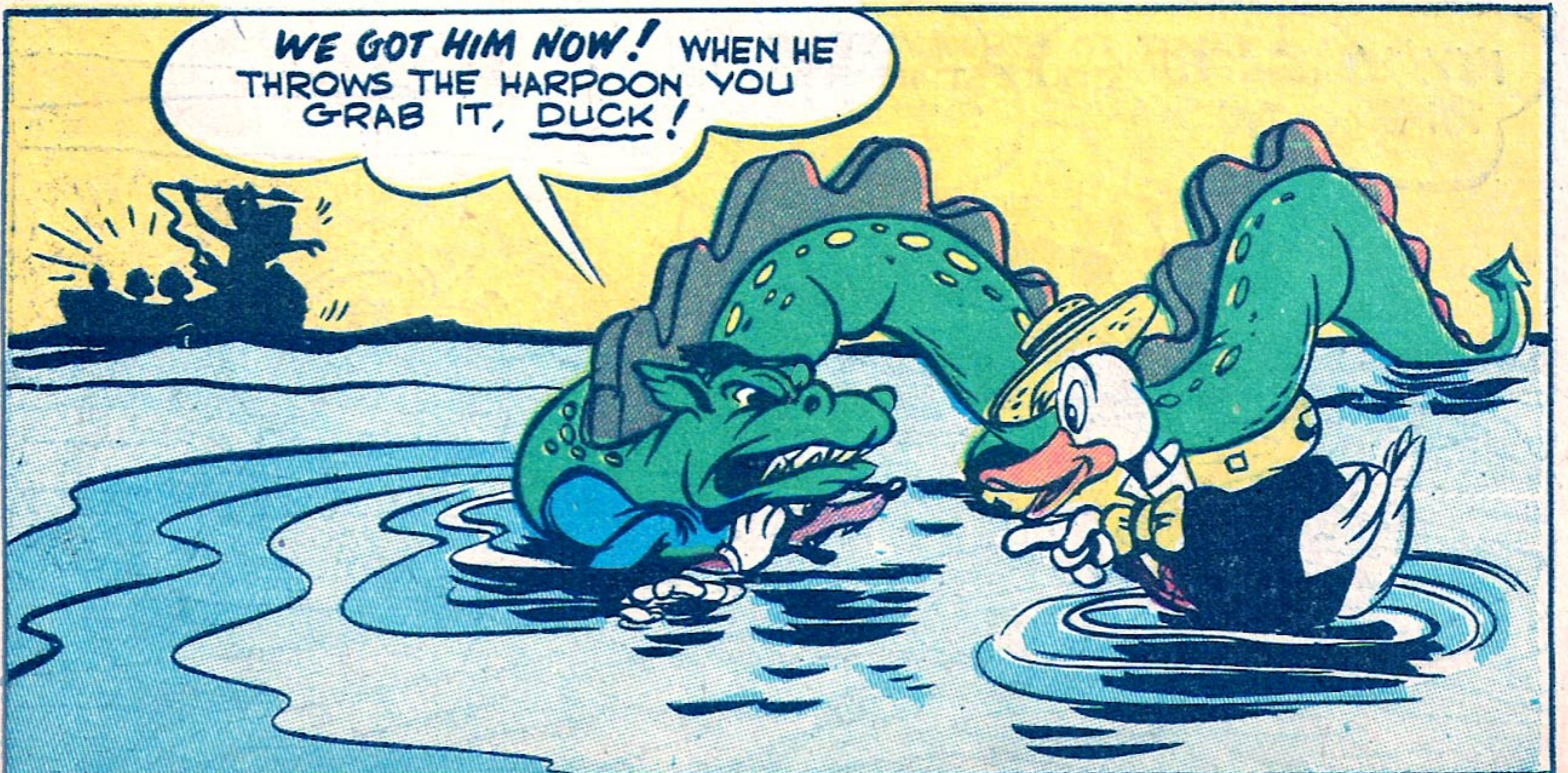
GULP! A WHALE! I MEAN
A SNAKE! I MEAN...
IT'S A THING!!



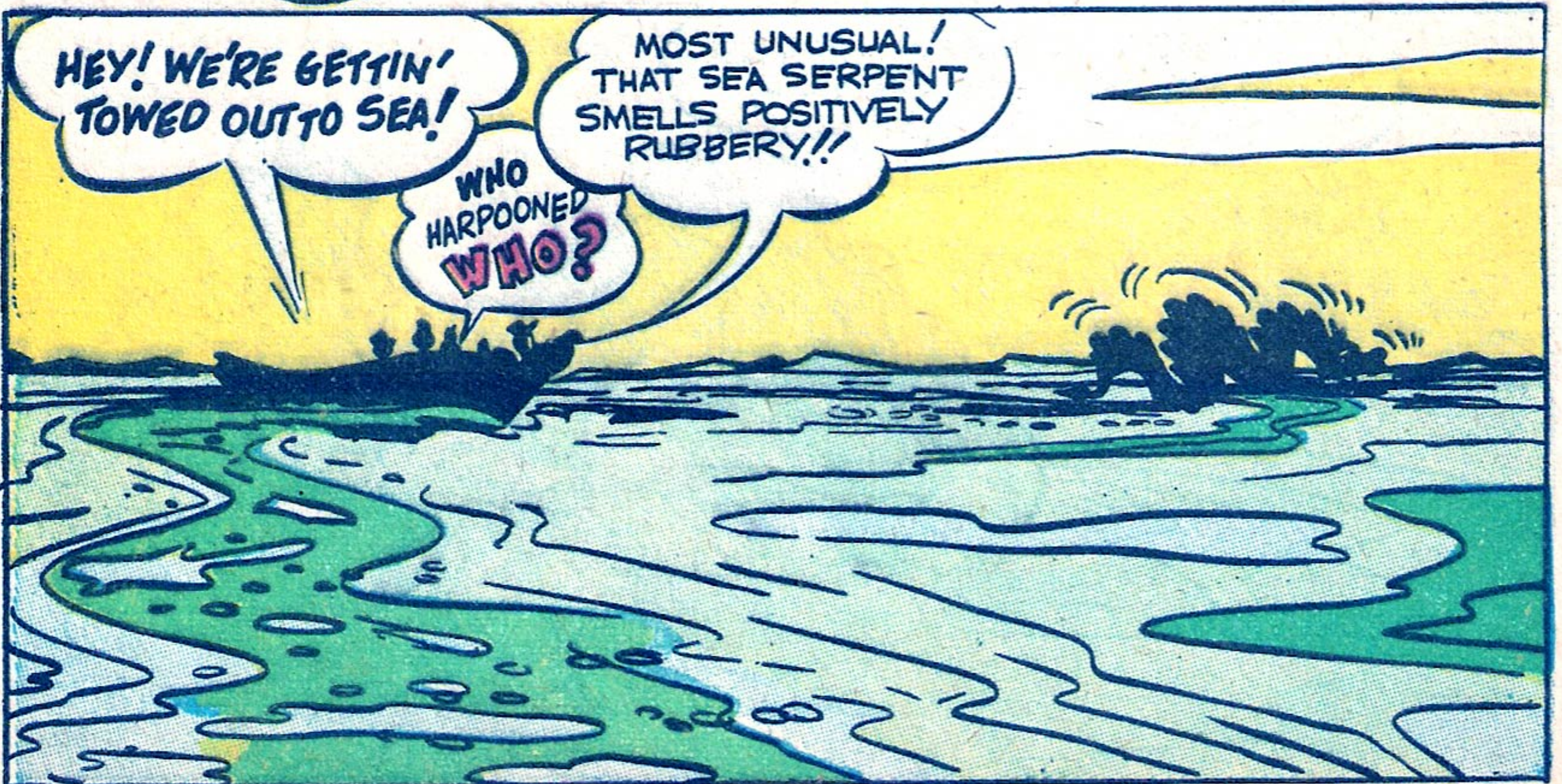
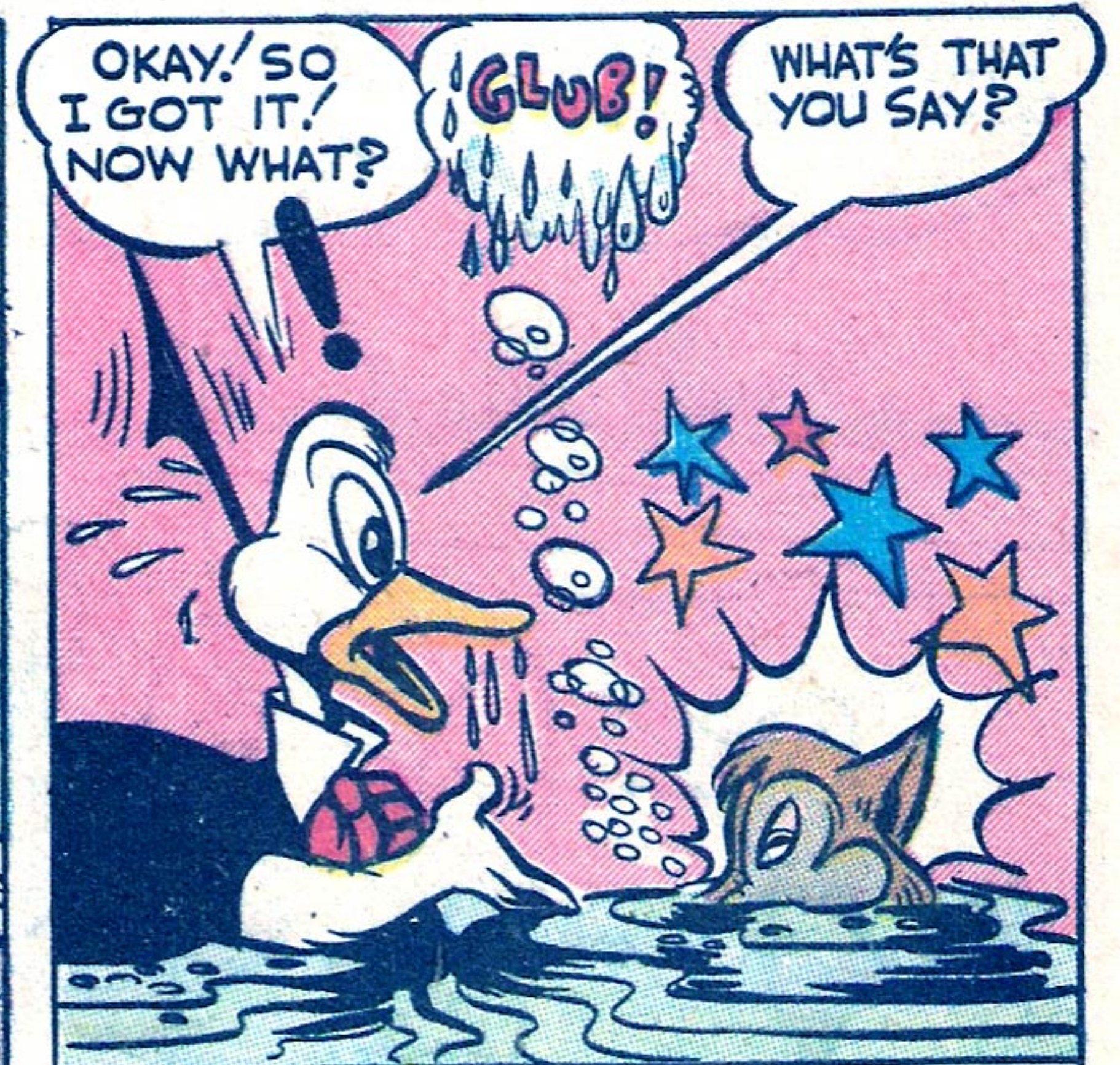
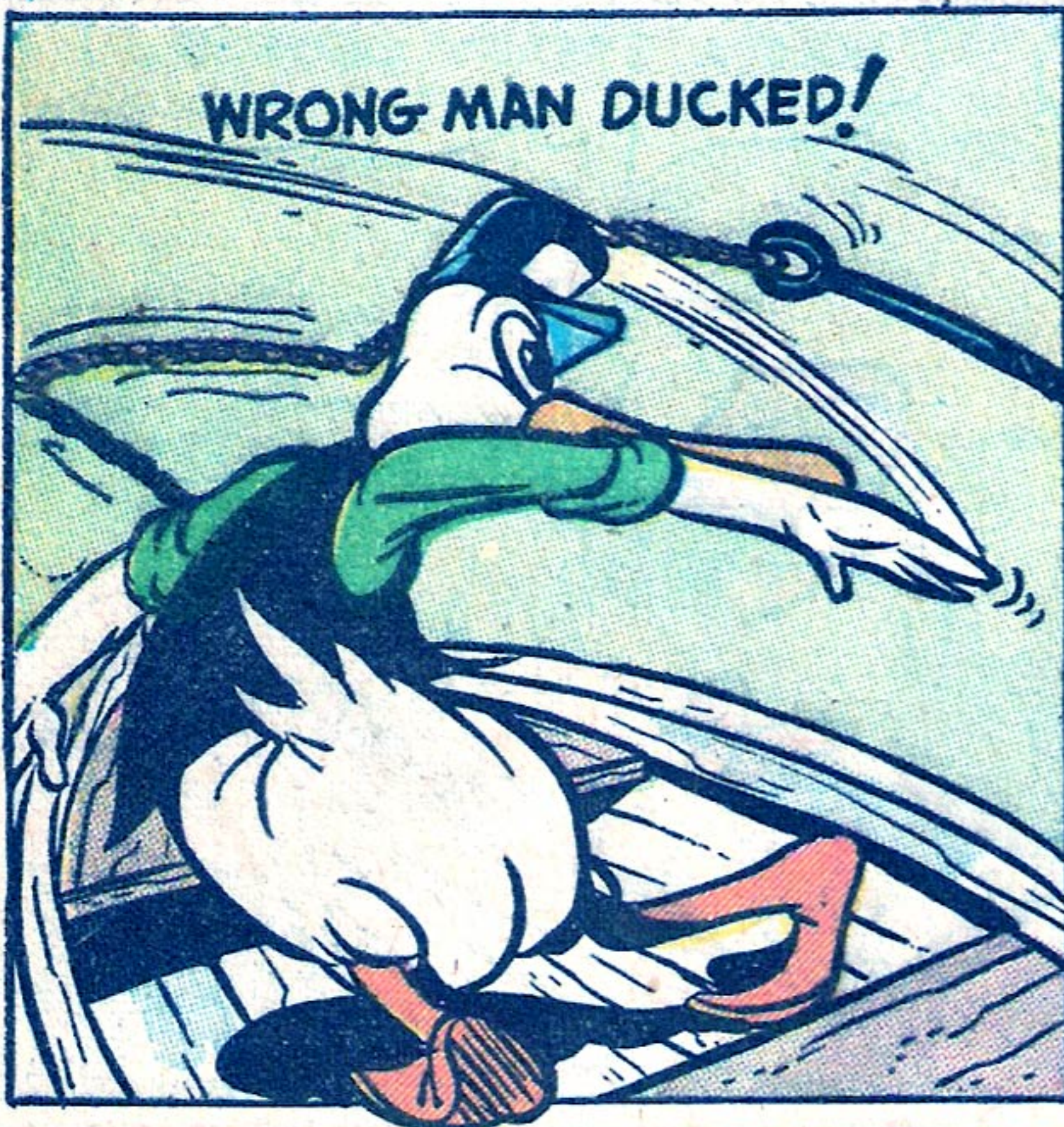
EGAD! A SEA SERPENT!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

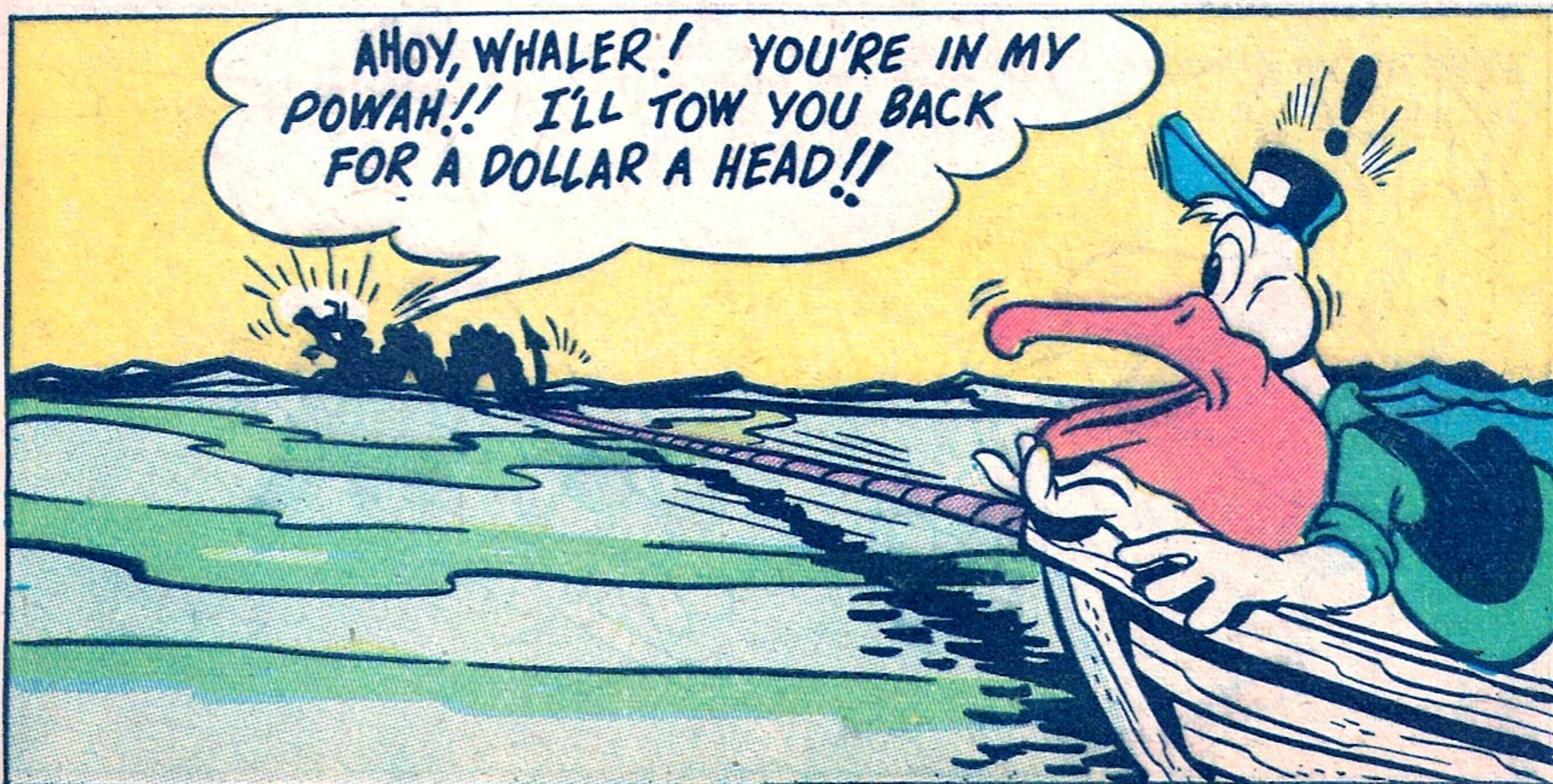
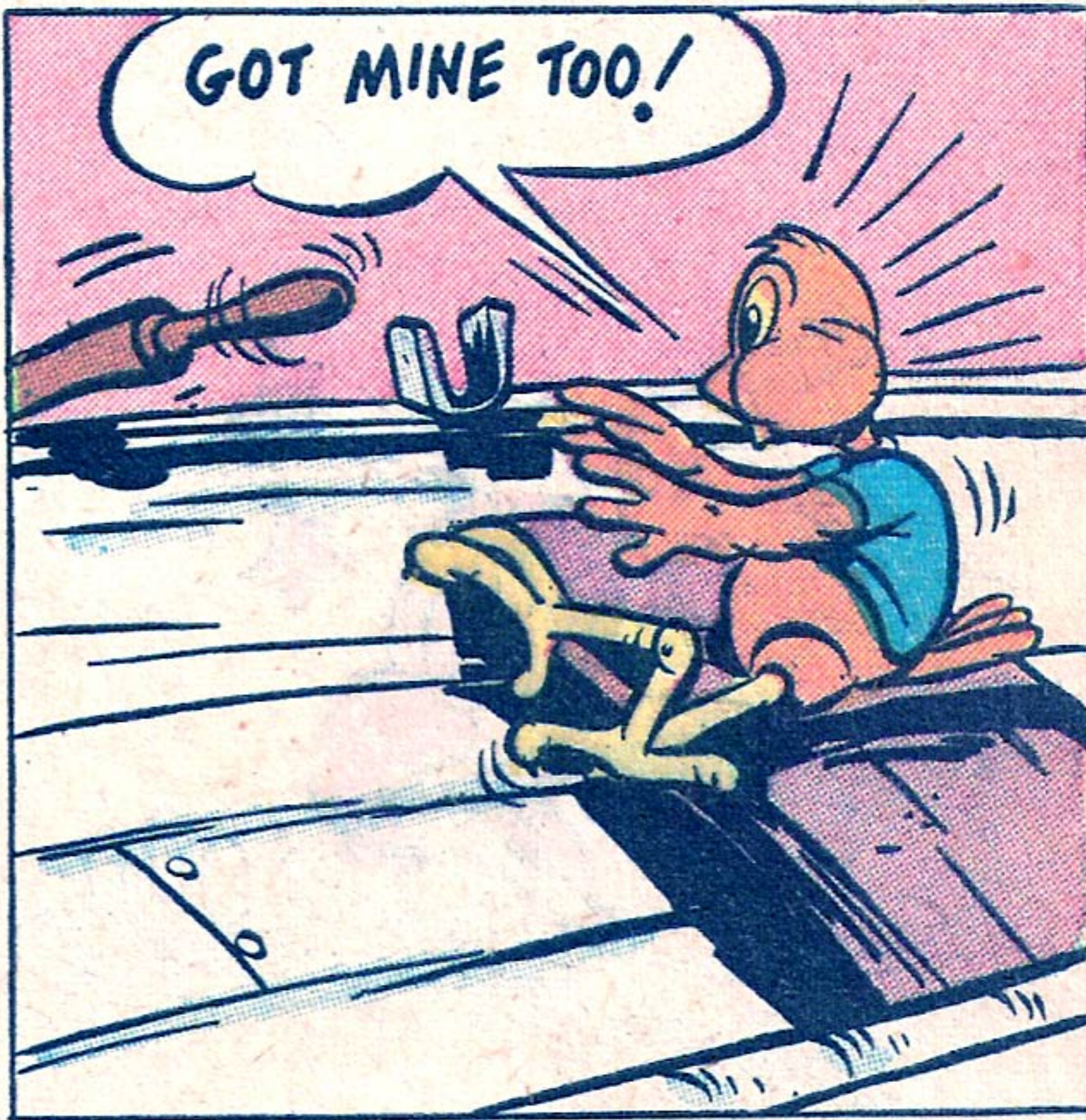
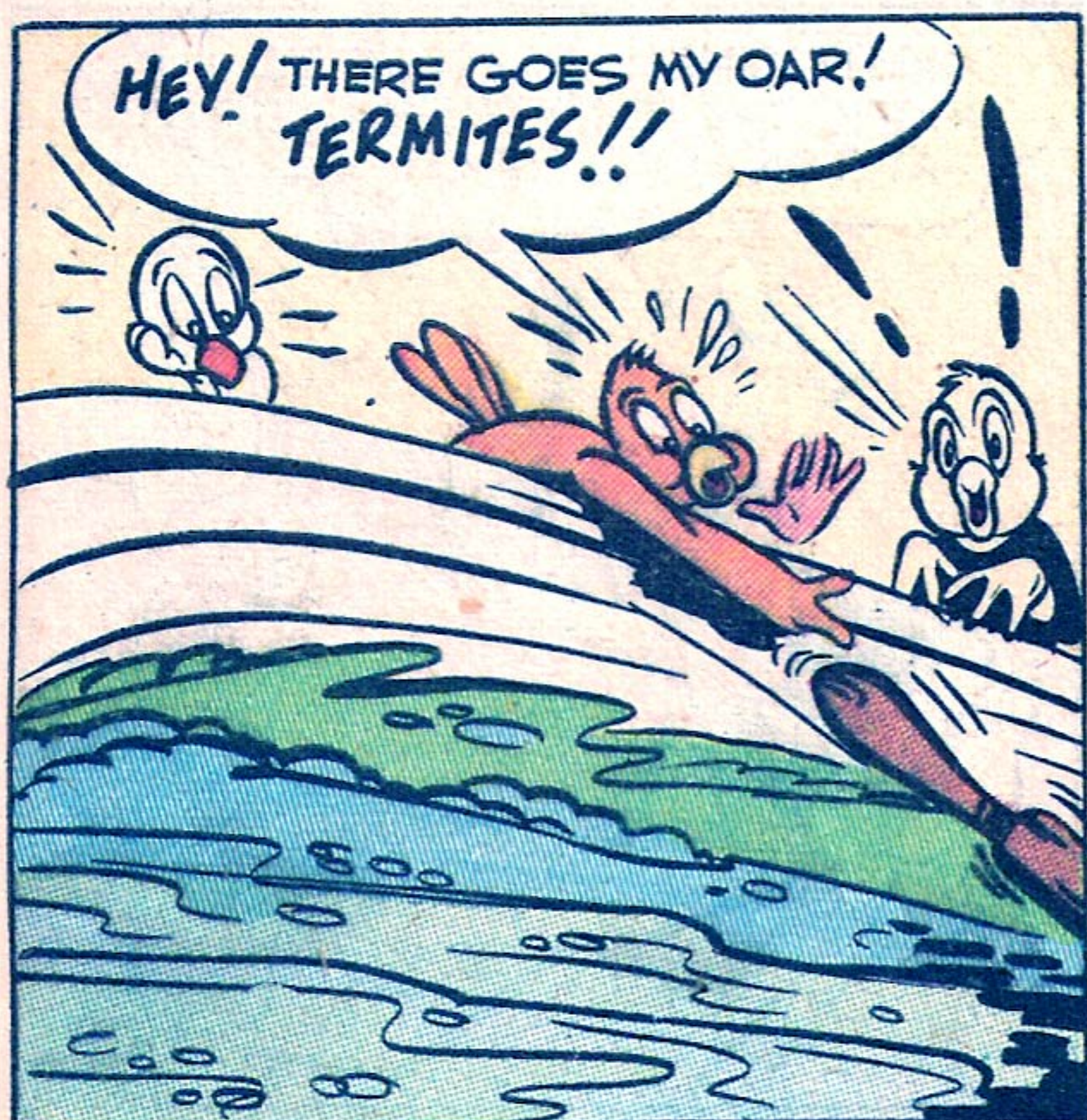
HE CAN'T
MEAN
ME!

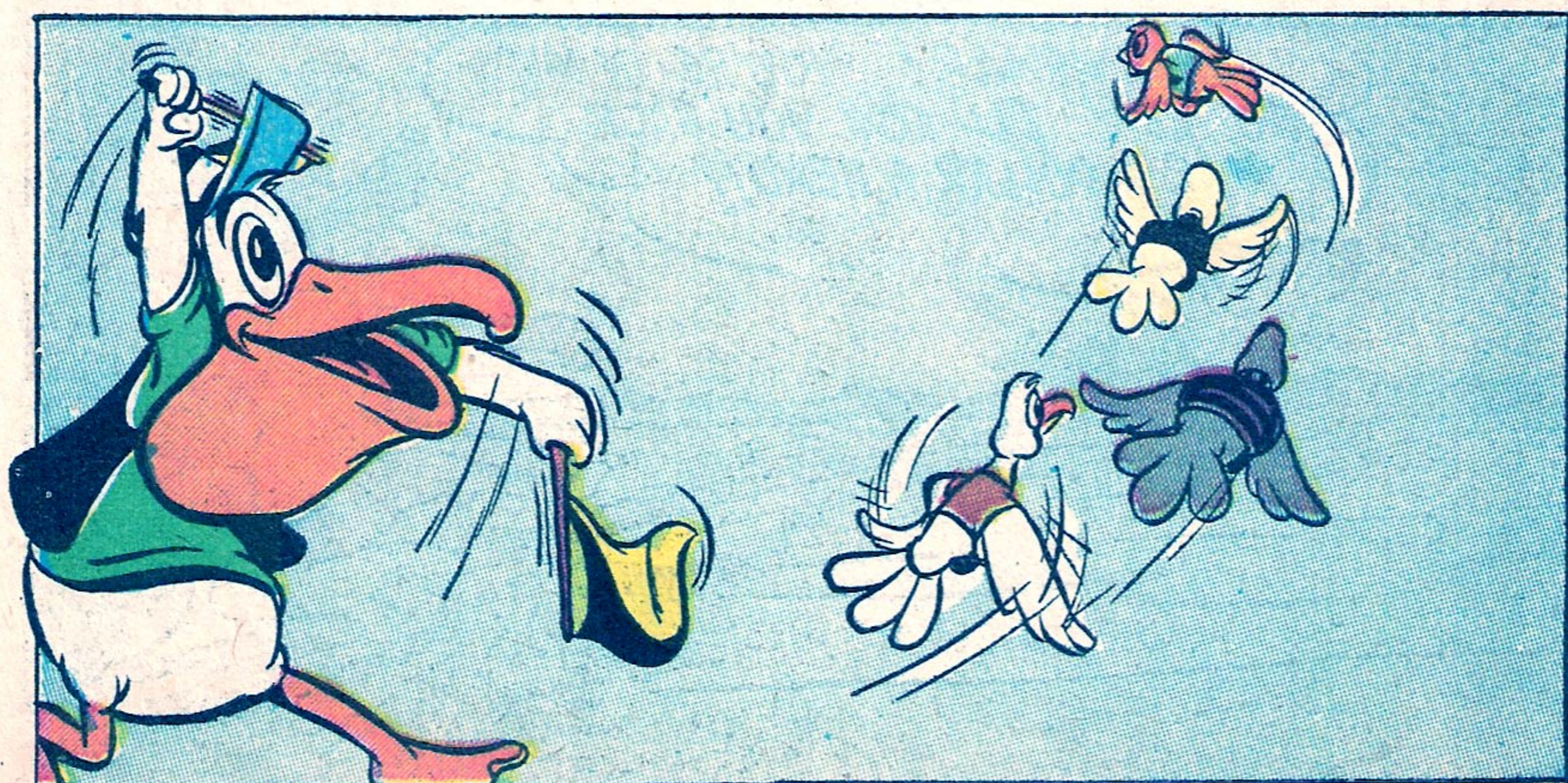
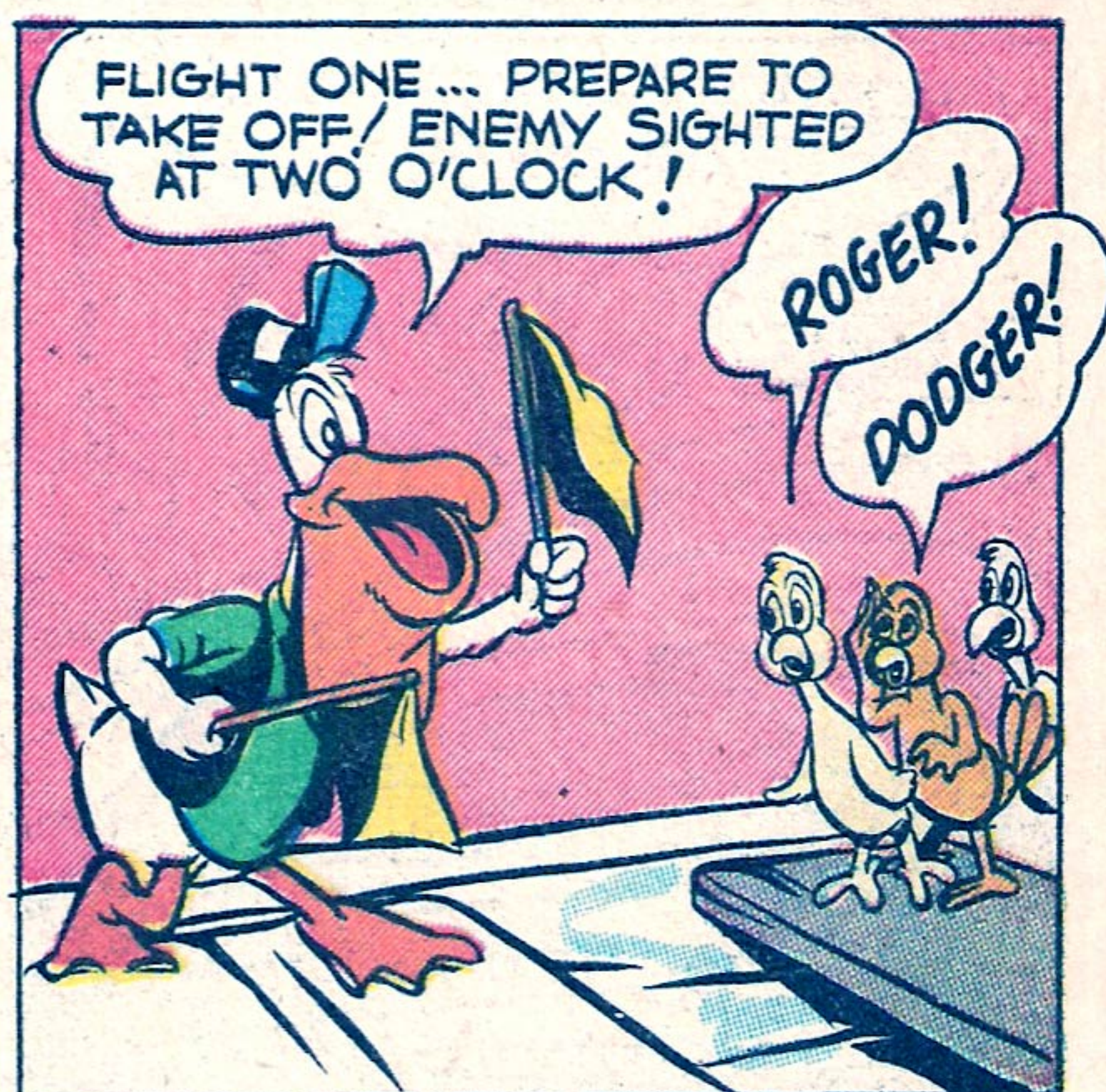
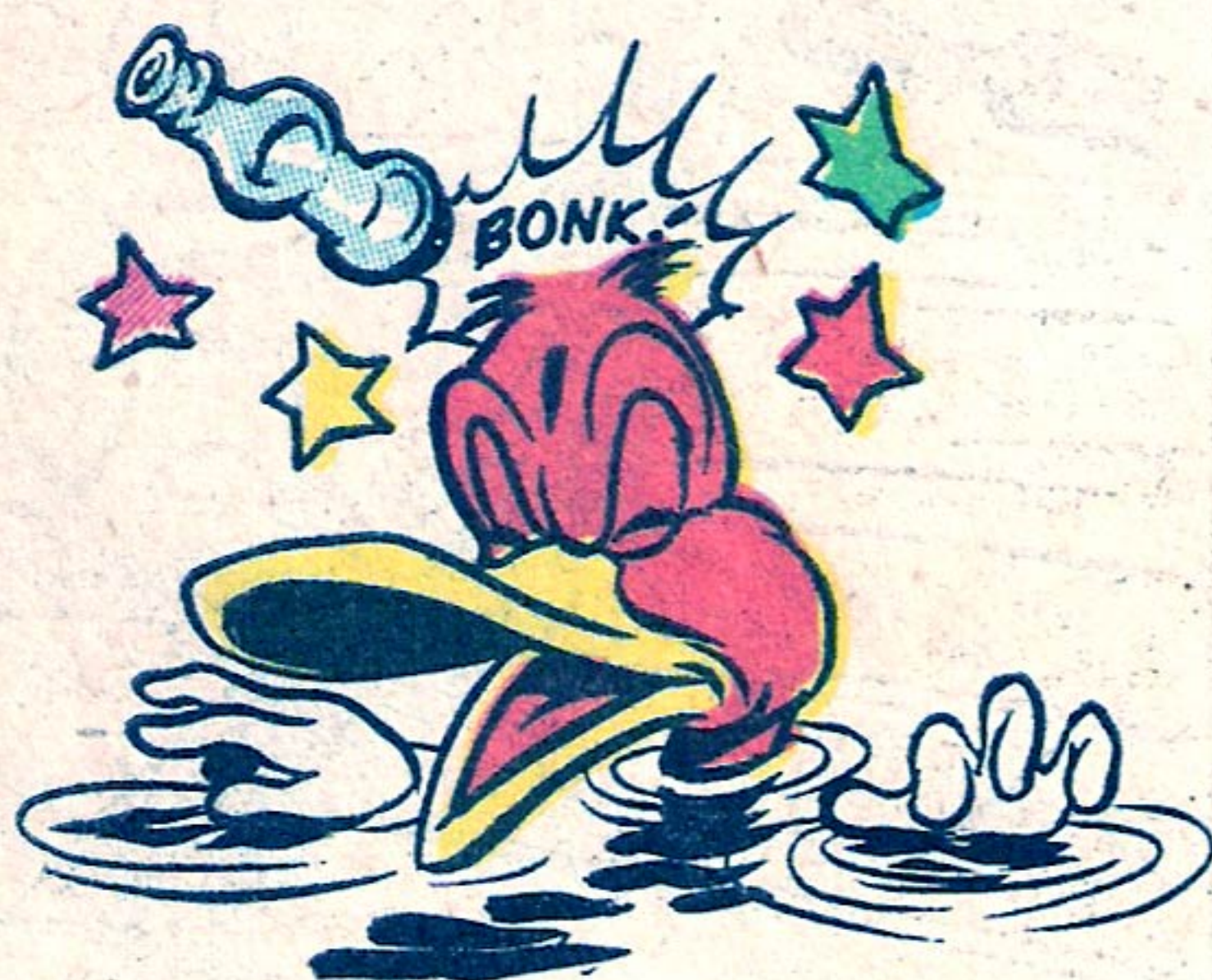
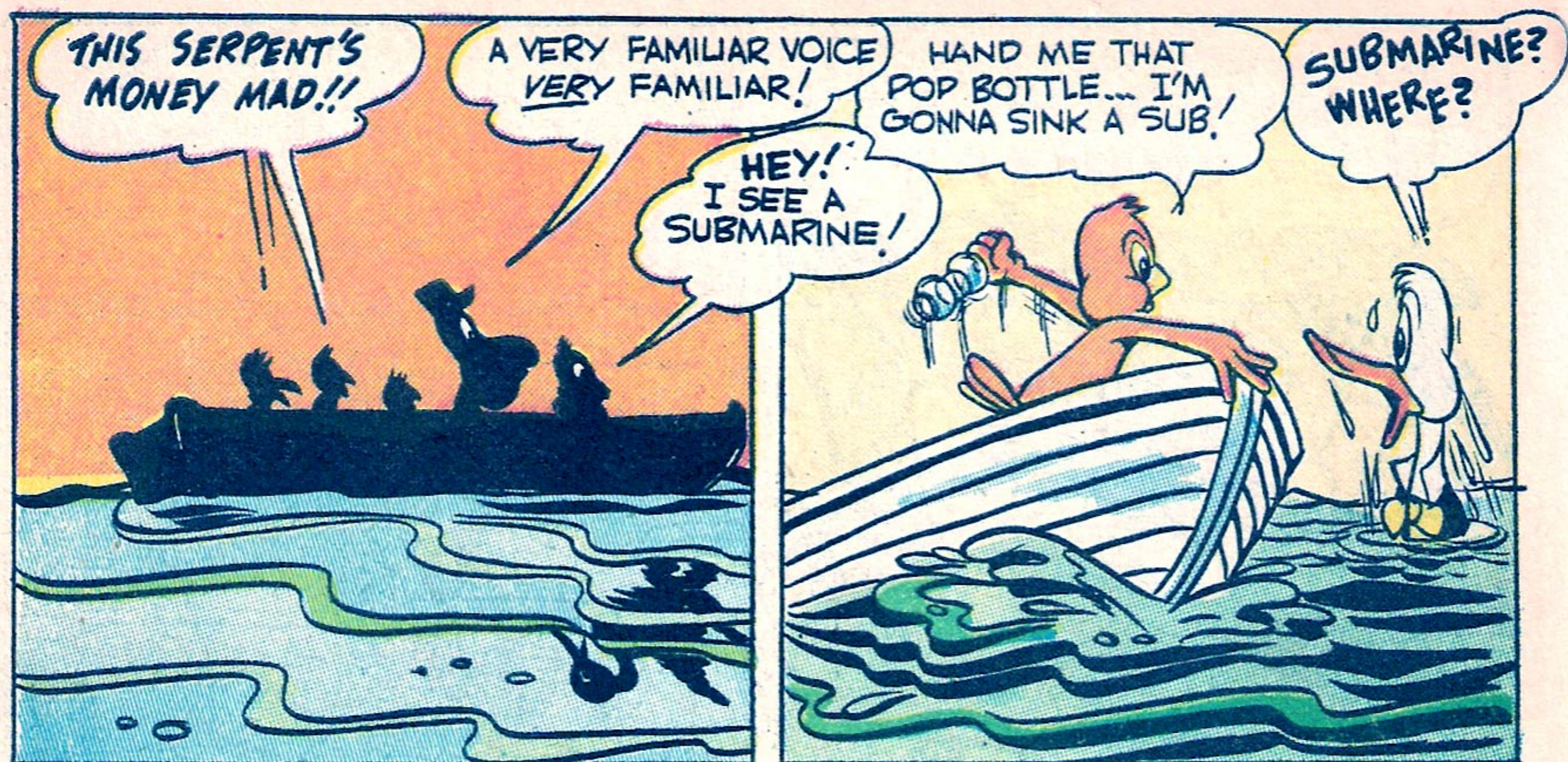
HOLD A STEADY COURSE...

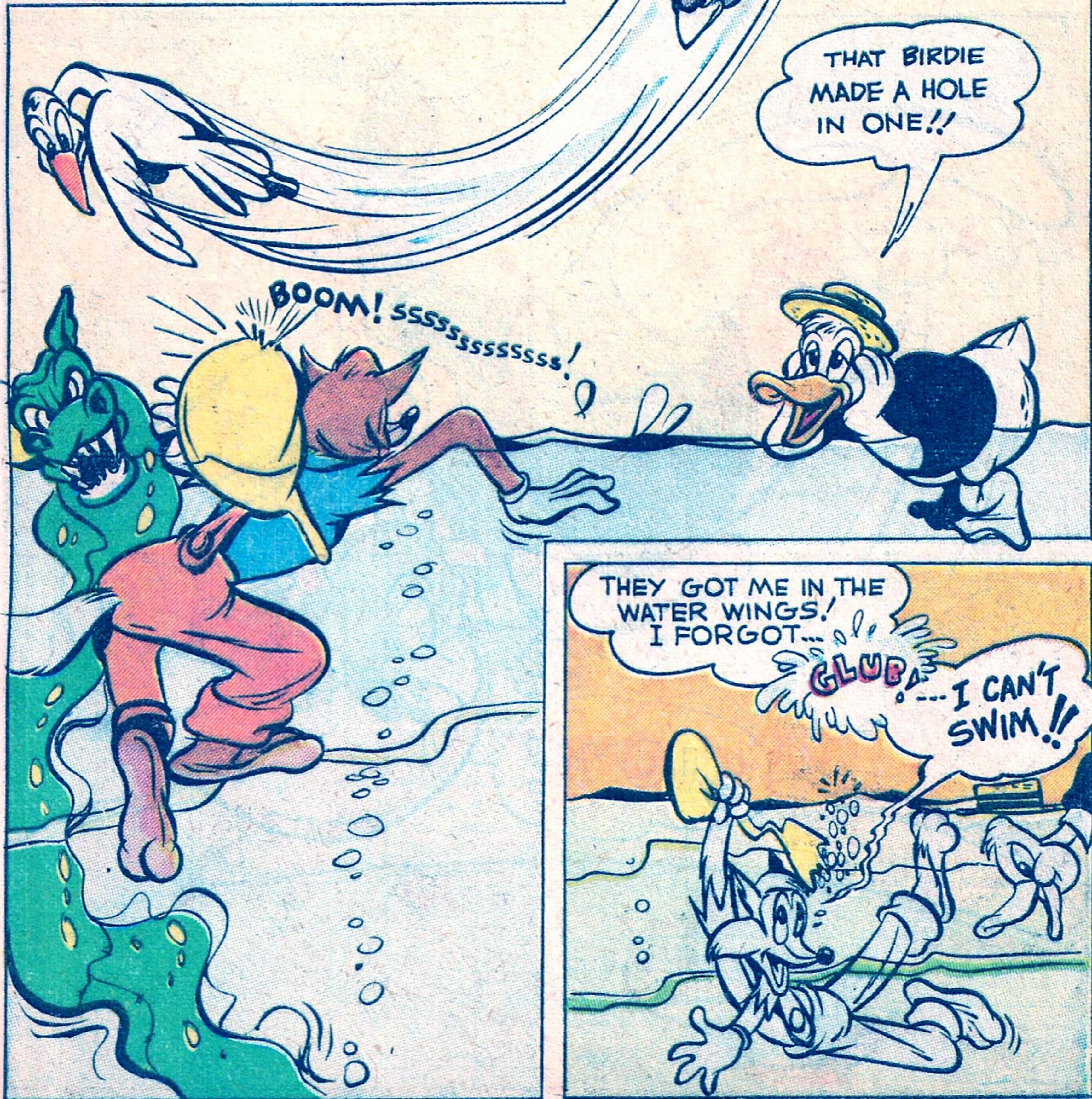


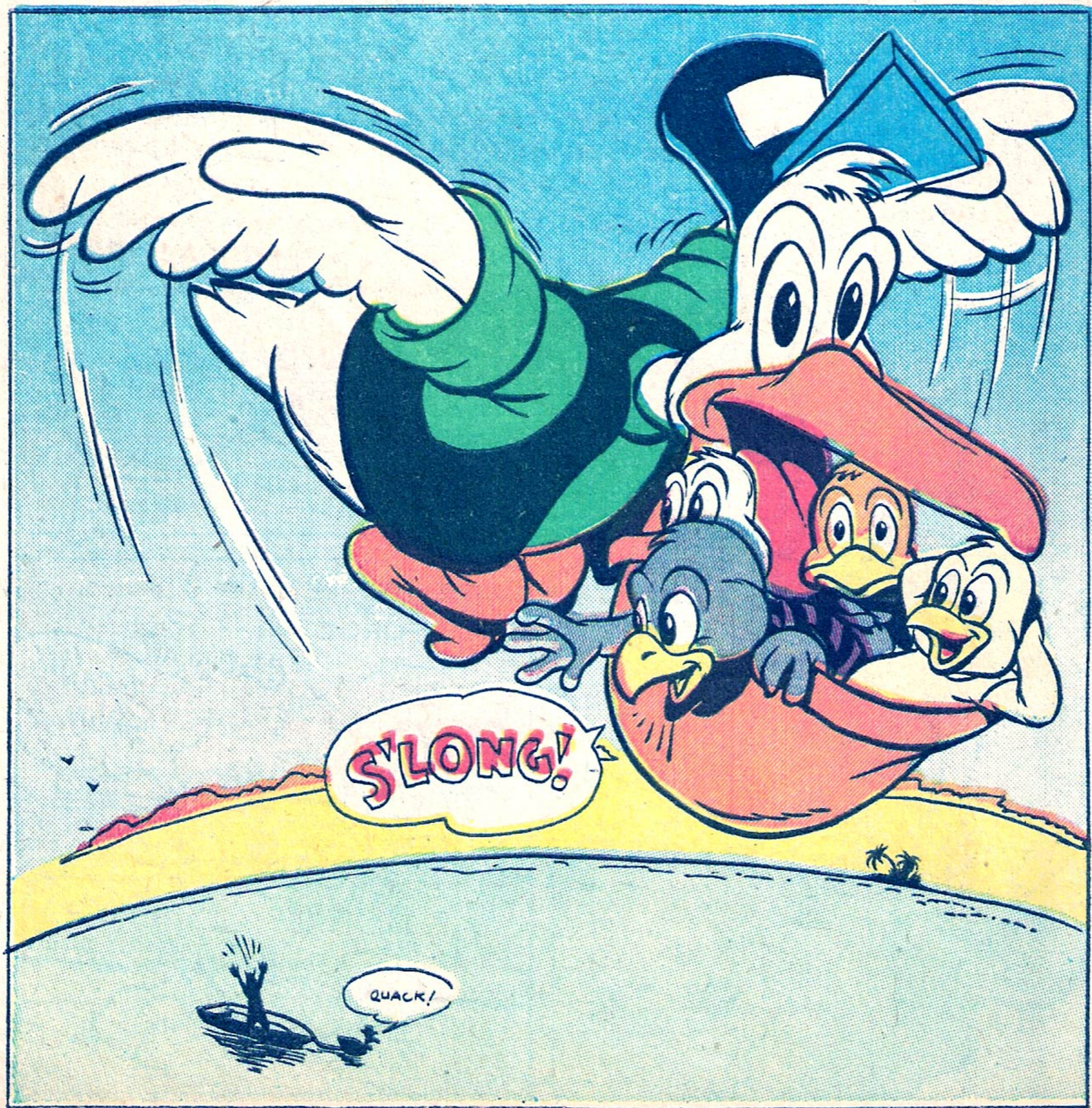
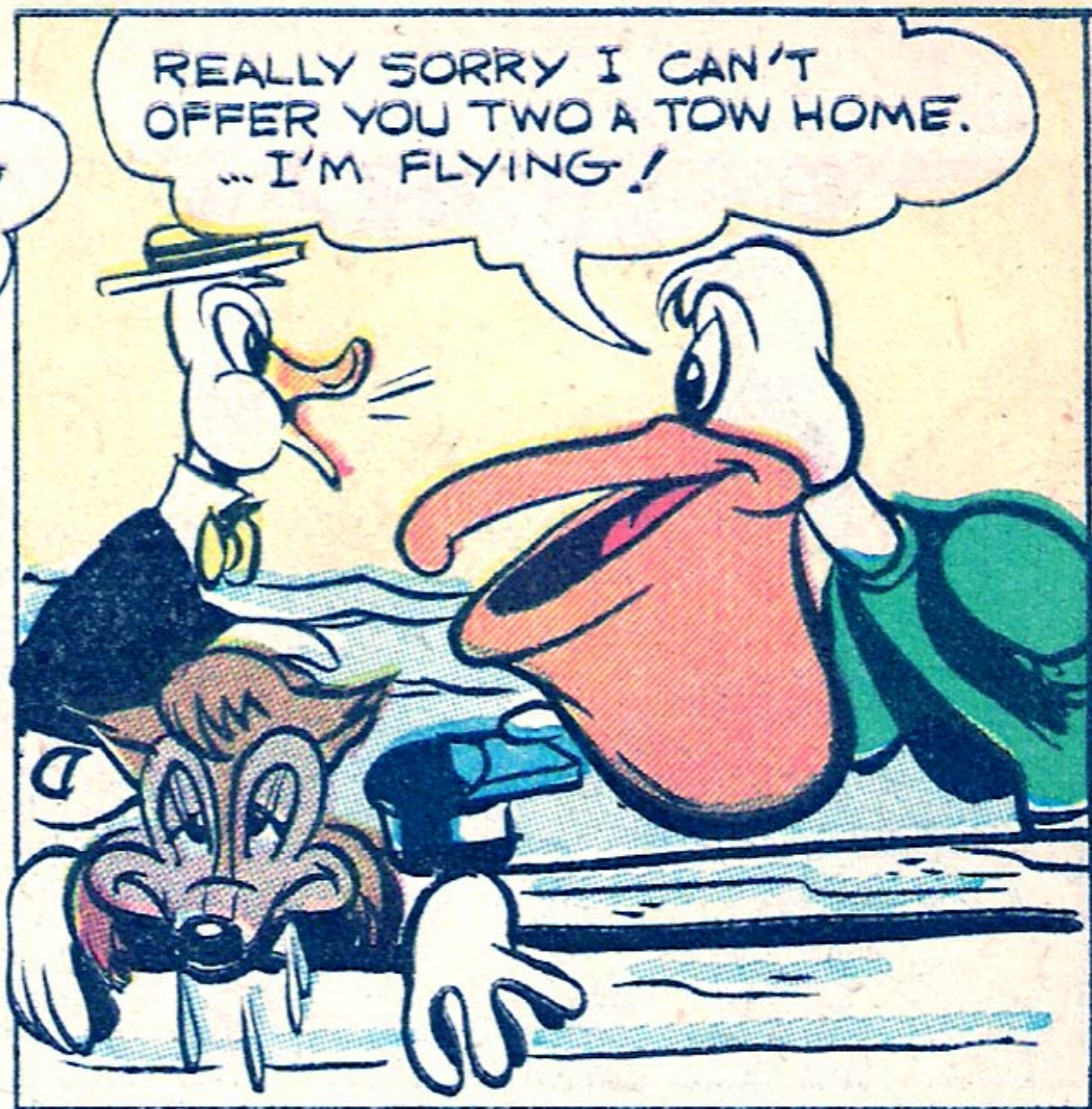
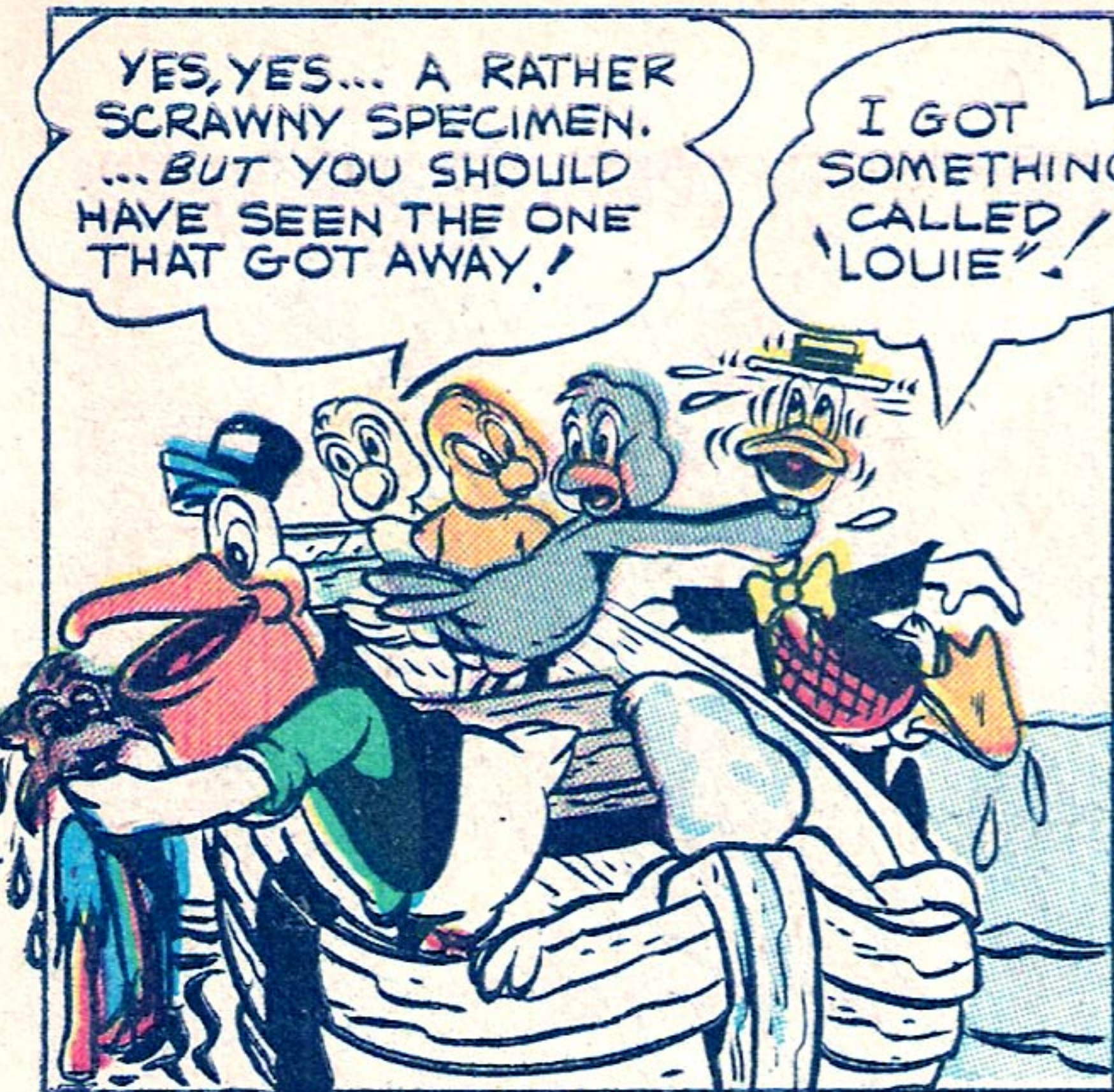
WE GOT HIM NOW! WHEN HE
THROWS THE HARPOON YOU
GRAB IT, DUCK!













Look Girls!

TRAFFIC PINS WITH! DOUBLE MEANINGS!

Wear the signs YOUR MOOD suggests. Change traffic signs to MEET EMERGENCIES, to suit the occasion, to match HIS personality! There are signs for the wolf and signs for the shy boy!

Wear Traffic Sign Pins on your blouse or sweater, jeans or beret. Use them as shoe buckles. TRAFFIC SIGN PINS will definitely create conversation, provoke laughter. They will be a never-ending source of fun!

\$1.98

**SUPER SET
OF 12 PINS**

\$1.00

**ASSORTMENT
OF 5 PINS**

These pins are made from a fine, unbreakable plastic in vivid colors, pressed and machine engraved borders and inscriptions in contrasting colors, with safety clasp fastenings. They are exact replicas of the signs you see on the road—they will be a never ending source of merriment and conversation in your crowd.

\$1 brings you 5 assorted traffic pins, and \$1.98 gets you ALL 12. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—or money refunded.**

SEND NO MONEY—we ship C.O.D. with postal fees added. You can save the postage, by sending remittance with order.

MAXANNE

DEPT RR

505 Fifth Ave., New York, 17, N. Y.

MAXANNE Dept. RR
505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

SEND ME AT ONCE

☐ FIVE ASSORTED TRAFFIC SIGN PINS for \$1.00

☐ TWELVE ASSORTED TRAFFIC SIGN PINS for \$1.98

with postage and C.O.D. charges added. Or, YOU PAY POSTAGE because I enclose \$..... in check, money order or postal note. You guarantee satisfaction, or will refund my money on return of the merchandise to you within ten days.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State, _____



SPECIAL...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to Readers of **RED RABBIT COMICS**



**ALL-IN-ONE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER and
FULL-PACK CASE**
*Personalized with
Your Name*

**FOR MEN
AND WOMEN**

Only \$1.98

*Your Name
Engraved in
23 Karat Gold
without
Extra Cost*

**NEW!
IMPROVED!**

All-in-One Cigarette Lighter and Full-Pack Case gives you a cigarette and a light—BOTH at the same time! Smart, streamlined and modern. This wonderful convenience is compact . . . fits easily in your pocket or purse. No more tobacco crumbs. No more bent or damp cigarettes. Insures lasting freshness. Deep well lighter holds an amazingly large supply of fluid. Built for lifetime service of beautiful mottled plastic. Only lighter case with hinged lid. Opens with a snap of your finger. Your name engraved on case in 23-Karat gold letters. An ideal gift for men or women. Order Now.

SEND NO MONEY
Use 10 Days At Our Risk

Just mail name and address for trial inspection and approval. On arrival deposit \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

EXTRA FOR PROMPT ACTION... If you order now, we will engrave any name in 23 Karat gold without extra cost. Order now for yourself or as a gift for someone else.

H. & S. SALES CO.
Dept. 397-C • 1665 Milwaukee Ave. • Chicago 47, Ill.



**CLIP
AND MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

H. & S. SALES CO.,
1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Dept. 397-C

Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE
NAME TO BE ENGRAVED
(Print Plainly)



HEY, KIDS!
NOW IT'S EASY TO
HAVE ME AS A
TALKING TOY!

HAVE FUN
WITH US,
TOO!

All 3 GIANT "Movie Cartoon" Toys
Now Only \$1⁰⁰

**BUT YOU MUST ORDER NOW
WHILE SUPPLY LASTS!**

Toy Sensation of the Year!

Wow! what fun you'll have when you pull the special patent Talking Tape, and BUGS BUNNY says loud and clear "WHAT'S COOKIN!? DOC!" Just like in the movies! He says it every time you pull the Talking Tape! BUGS inflates over 2 ft. high! MICKEY reaches almost 3 feet! And you'll love 2-foot jolly MONKEY DOODLE Too!

BIG TOY FUN
For Only \$1⁰⁰

Worth much more! Each toy in full, rich color! All 3 stand on special "Feet", they can't tip over! Each toy inflates as large as a small child! Bounce them around. They can take it! Have hours of fun. Carry them anywhere, and inflate when you like!

**All 3
for \$1⁰⁰
only**

**ORDER
SEVERAL
SETS**

SEND NO MONEY, WE SHIP C.O.D.

Simply mail coupon now. Pay postman \$1 per set plus postage. OR SAVE POSTAGE, SEND \$1 per set with this coupon. SUPPLY LIMITED — RUSH ORDER NOW!

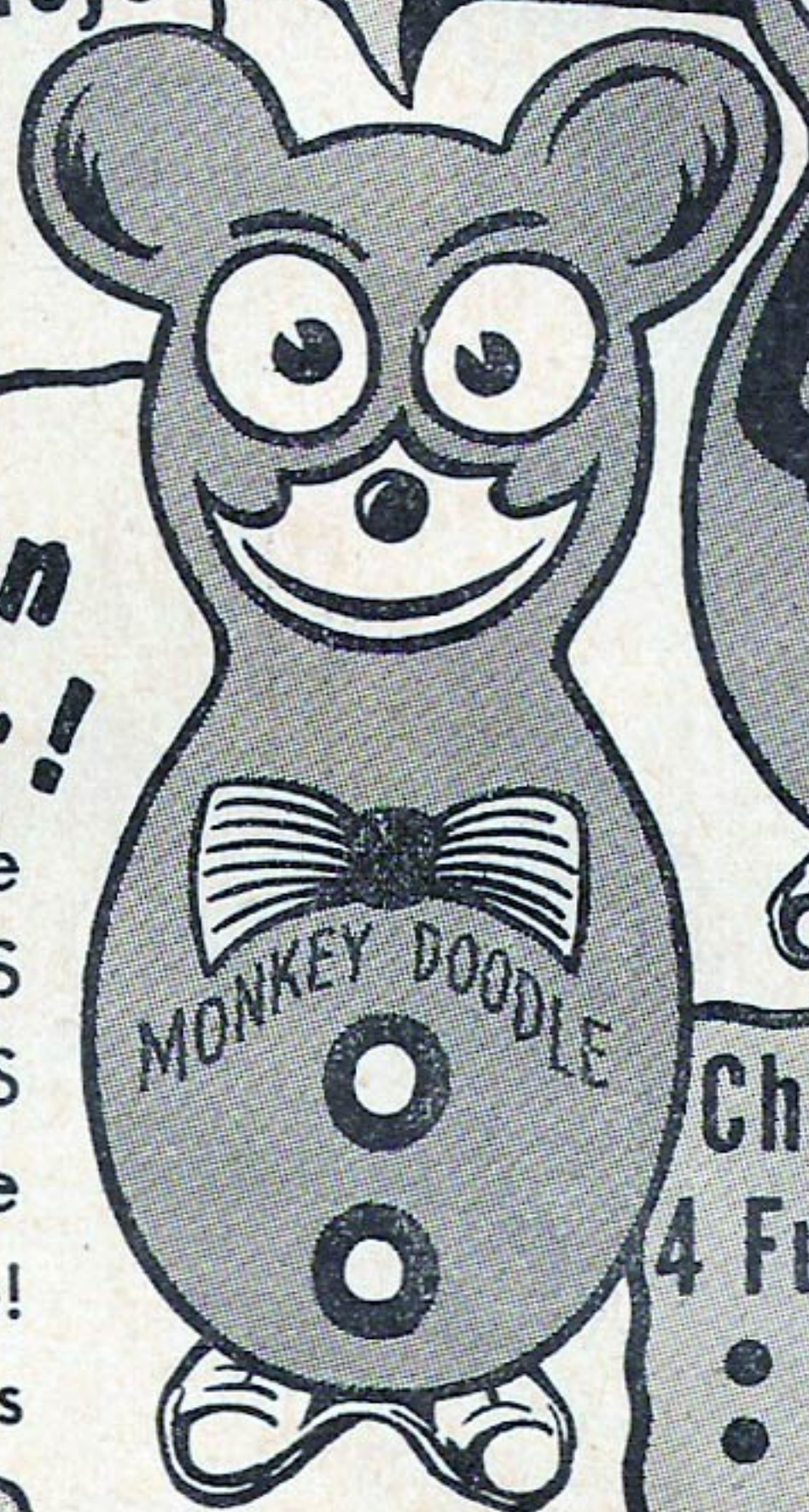
MAIL COUPON TODAY

NO KIDDING
I TALK!



**SURPRISE
YOUR
FRIENDS**

They'll be puzzled and amazed when you make BUGS BUNNY talk! They'll go wild over MICKEY MOUSE and MONKEY DOODLE Too! Put on your own Cartoon Shows ... just like you see them in the movies. But order fast ... we can't get any more at this Low Bargain Price!



Check These 4 Fun Features

- Vari-colored!
- Mickey Mouse approx. 3 ft. High.
- Throw 'em up ... they land on their feet.
- Latex takes hard play!

Show This Coupon To Mother and Dad

NOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. B-45
3 Bleecker Street, New York 12, N. Y.

Rush _____ sets of GIANT TOYS @ \$1 per set.

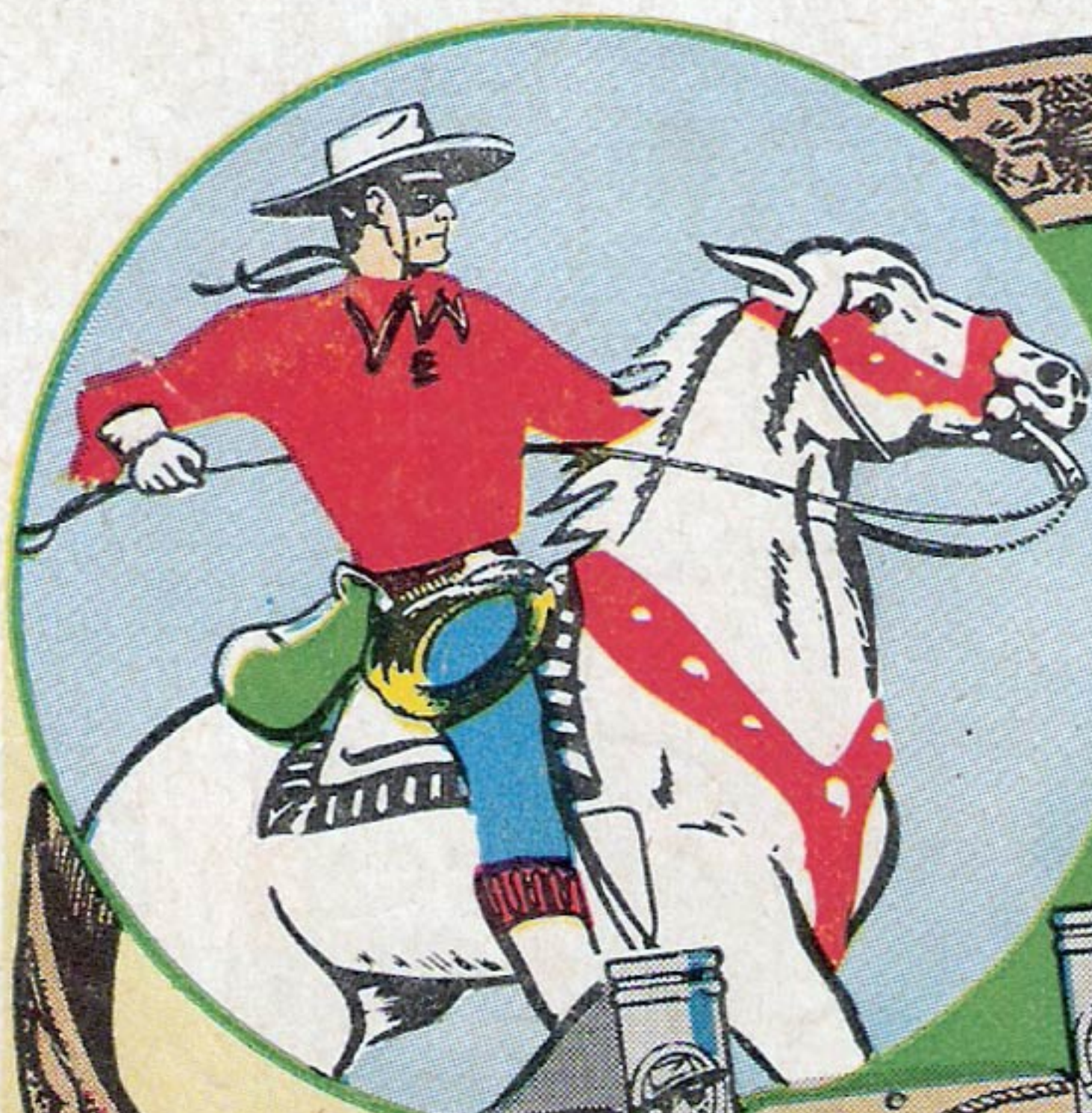
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postman full amount plus postage.
☐ Full amount enclosed. You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I'll return for full purchase price refund within 10 days.



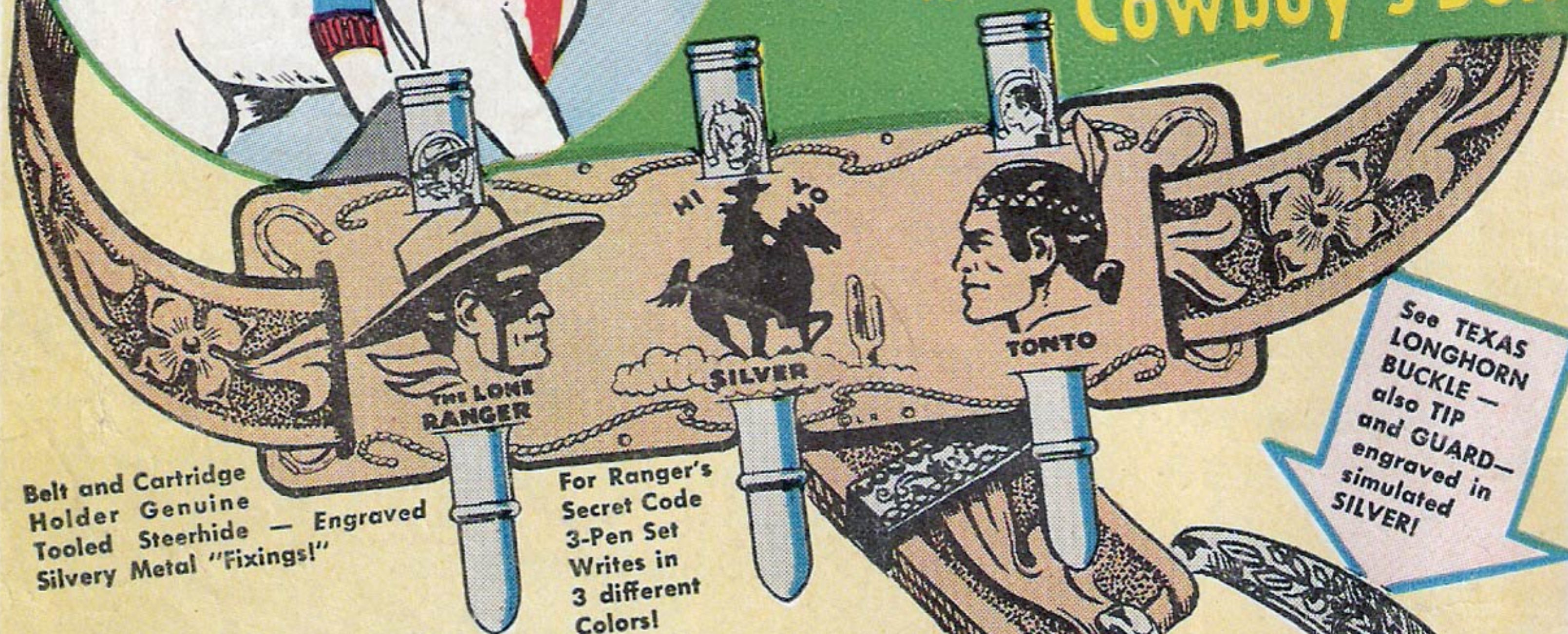
HI-YO! KIDS!

LONE RANGER'S

'Silver Bullet'

BALL POINT Pen Set

With Cowboy's Belt



Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pals! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixin's — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, too! Belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome

YOUR 3 PENS WRITE



RED for danger
BLUE for secret
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

SEND NO MONEY

—Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Tooled Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for \$1.98

all for **\$1.98**

RUSH COUPON NOW

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. PC 57

45 E. 17th St., New York 13, N. Y.

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER AND "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete.

☐ BELT SIZE (Write In)

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

☐ To save postage, I enclose \$2.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State, _____

Money Back Guarantee: — If not delighted may be returned in 10 days for full price refund.